ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS : AUCTIONS : BOOKS FOR SALE AND WANTED : CATALOGUES

Sotheby's
Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co.

Sotheby Beresford Adams
Booth Mansion, 28-30 Watergate Street
Chester CH1 2NA
Telephone (0244) 315531

Tuesday 22nd July at 2.30 pm
and following day at 11 am and 2.30 pm
at Duke Street

Printed Books

including English and Continental Literature of the 18th and 19th Century; including Collections of 18th Century Pamphlets and Plays; also collection of Books and Pamphlets Relating to the French Revolution and others illustrative of Travel and Topography, Sport; the Fine Arts; Science and Natural History with a selection of 19th and 20th Century Continental and English Illustrated Books.

Catalogue £2.50

Thursday 24th July and following day at 1 pm
at 115 Chancery Lane

19th Century and Modern First Editions and Presentation Copies

Conrad's *Youth*, presentation copy, inscribed to Ada Galsworthy, 1902; Eliot's *Ash Wednesday*, signed by the author, New York, 1930; Robert Frost's *North of Boston*, 1914; Hardy's *The Hand of Ethelberta*, 2 vol., 1876; Hudson's *Birds and Man*, 1901, and other works inscribed by the author to John Galsworthy; Joyce's *Day of the Rabblement*, Dublin [1901], and *Ulysses*, one of 100 signed copies, Paris, 1922; Lawrence's *Paintings*, Mandrake Press [1929]; William Morris's *Collected Works*, 24 vol., 1910-1915; J. B. Priestley's *The Chapman of Rhymes*, presentation copy, 1918; Dame Edith Sitwell's *Gold Coast Customs*, presentation copy with the ending rewritten in the author's hand, 1929; *Out of the Flame*, 1923, and other works by Sir Osbert Sitwell, inscribed to Wyndham Lewis, Robert Gathorne Hardy, and Kyrle Leng; Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, 1937, and *Lord of the Rings*, 3 vol., 1954-1955; Yeats' *The Wanderings of Oisin*, 1889, and *Collected Works*, 8 vol., 1908, and others, including a collection of books issued by the Hogarth Press; a portrait of Sherlock Holmes and three illustrations by Sidney Paget to illustrate *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and other stories; a cigarette case with inscription "from Sherlock Holmes"; and other related material.

Catalogue £1.40

Monday 28th July and following two days
at 11 am
at New Bond Street

Printed Books

Colour plate books, including Rowlandson's *Hungarian & Highland Broad Sword*, 1799, Williamson & Howett's *Oriental Field Sports*, 1807, Ackermann's *Public Schools*, 1816, Alken's *Sporting Notions* [1831-33], Jenkins's *Martial Achievements* [1815]; Travel and Topography, including Anghiera's *History of Travayle in the West and East Indies*, 1577, Staunton's *Embassy to China*, 1797, Blagdon's *History of Ancient and Modern India*, 1805, Daniell's *Picturesque Voyage to India*, 1810, Mayer's *Views in Egypt and Palestine* [1804], Mornay's *Picture of St Petersburg*, c 1825, Lear's *Views in Rome*, 1841, Yosy's *Switzerland*, 1815, Fielding's *Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, large paper, 1822, Camden's *Britannia*, 1637, Bowen's *Complete System of Geography*, 1747, and works illustrating the costumes of different nations; English literature of the sixteenth to nineteenth century, including Marlowe's *Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta*, 1633, Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts*, 1633, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (Teerink's "A" edition), 1726, Gibbon's *Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire*, 1776-88, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, 1776, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 1791, Keats' *Endymion*, 1818, and a well bound collection of early English newspapers; Books on science, medicine and natural history, including Donovan's *History of British Birds*, 1794-1819; Continental books of the fifteenth to nineteenth century; books on art, antiquities and architecture; printed books and manuscripts in Hebrew a collection of Chinese drawings on rice paper.

Catalogue £1.80

Thursday 31st July and following day at 1 pm
at 115 Chancery Lane

Printed Books including Art Reference

including Hobson's *Reliures à la Fanfare*, 1935; Humphreys' *Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages*, 1849; Wheat's *Mapping the Transmississippi West*, 5 vol. in 6, San Francisco, 1957-1963; Bartolozzi and others, *Italian School of design*, 2 vol., 1835; Degas' *Catalogue des Tableaux [etc.]*, 4 vol. in 2, Paris, 1918-1919; Turner and Monkhouse's *Turner Gallery*, 3 vol. in 6, no date; Goodwin's *Domestic and Cottage Architecture*, 4 vol. in 2, 1833-1835; Macquoid's *History of English Furniture*, 4 vol., 1938; Nocq's *Poinçon de Paris*, 5 vol., Paris, 1926-1931; Kendrick and Tattersall's *Hand-woven Carpets Oriental and European*, 2 vol., 1922; Sarre and Trenkwald's *Alt-Orientalische Teppiche*, 2 vol., Vienna and Leipzig, 1926-1928; Audsley's *Ornamental Arts of Japan*, 2 vol., 1882-1884; and other works of Bibliography, Painting, Prints, etc., Architecture and Furniture, Ceramics and Glass, Metalwork, Textiles, and Travel; and Literature including Beattie and Bartlett's *Danube*, no date; London County Council's *Survey of London*, 39 vol., 1900-1973; Moll's *Set of Fifty New Maps of England*, 1724; Roberts' *Holy Land*, 6 vol. in 3, 1855-1856; Tennyson's *Poems*, 1880; Cannon's *Historical Records of the British Army*, 77 vol. in 73, 1837-1878; Cockayne's *Complete Peerage of England*, 13 vol. in 14, 1910-1959; Herbert's *De Veritate*, 1633; Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, 2 vol., Munich, 1925-1927; *King Penguins*, 76 vol., 1939-1959; Mitchell's *Royal Navy*, 2 vol., 1875-1881; *Private Eye*, 412 issues, 1962-1977; and others.

Catalogue 70p

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Welsh Arts Council Conference

THE WRITER IN A MULTI-CULTURAL SOCIETY

To be held at Gregynog Hall, Newtown, Powys, 17-19 October, 1980, and attended by Derek Walcott, winner of the Welsh Arts Council's International Writer's Prize.

For further details, contact the **Literature Officer, Welsh Arts Council, 9 Museum Place, Cardiff CF1 3NX (0222 394711).**

LITERARY

THREE Canadian academics, working on the life and letters of Susanna Moodie, [illegible]

All advertisements are subject to the conditions of acceptance of Times Newspapers Ltd., copies of which are available on request.

© Times Newspapers Ltd., 1980 [illegible]

EDUCATIONAL

NORTH EAST LONDON POLYTECHNIC

FACULTY OF HUMANITIES—BARKING PRECINCT SCHOOL OF EDUCATION AND HUMANITIES

CREATIVE WRITING FELLOWSHIP, SPONSORED BY THE ARTS COUNCIL

[illegible]

Salary: £6,300.

[illegible] Closing date: July 31, 1980.

PERSONAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£100 to £20,000
No security needed
REGIONAL TRUST LTD.
8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.
Phone 01-734 5983/01-734 2914

RESEARCH assistance, translation, catalogues, archives, experienced qualified staff; London and U.K. [illegible]

COLLEGE EXTERNAL DEGREES

Many good American universities offer non-resident degrees based on life experience, plus independent study. I am an educational consultant specialising in non-resident degrees. For details of my inexpensive counselling by mail service send five 10p stamps to John Bear, Ph.D., Dept. [illegible], P.O. Box 534, Birmingham B15 9PU.

MORTGAGES, remortgages, [illegible]

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE. [illegible]

FOR SALE & WANTED

ALFRED KOFFLER
[illegible]

Always wanted: Journal of the Textile Arts, Parliamentary Debates, Anthropological Journal, The Apollo, Notes and Queries, Annual Register, School of Oriental and African Studies, Bulletin, Africa, Journal, Punch, Fliegende Blätter, London and Westminster Review, etc.

CATALOGUES

CARDS, CHESS and other indoor games [illegible]

Don't miss these PBFA July

BOOK FAIRS

LONDON—Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, July 31, Noon-8, July 23, 10-5.30.

Royal National Hotel, Woburn Place, July 20, 6-9, July 21, 10-6. Over 100 specialist dealers with antiquarian and out-of-print books, prints, etc., for sale. Admission free.

CAMBRIDGE—The Corn Exchange, July 18, Noon-9, July 19, 10-5. 100 Exhibitors. Admission 30p.

Free Calendar of PBFA Fairs available from Frances Books, 3 Crescent Road, Worthing, Sussex (0903) 31169.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

university college of swansea

Chair of English Language and Literature

Applications are invited for the

CHAIR AND HEADSHIP

of the

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

which has become vacant on the retirement of Professor G. J. L. Price.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea SA2 8PP, to whom applications (10 copies) should be sent by Tuesday, September 30, 1980.

MONASH UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

CONTINUING LECTURER IN CHINESE HISTORY

Teaching responsibilities mainly in nineteenth and twentieth-century period, but research interests may be in other periods of Chinese history. $A17,621 to $A22,561. Superannuation, travel and removal expenses, temporary housing assistance. Outside Studies Programmes. Inquiries to Professor A. M. McBriar or Professor M. C. Ricklefs.

Applications, including reference number 108121, curriculum vitae, list of publications, three referees and a statement of the applicant's knowledge of Chinese and other languages to the Registrar, Monash University, Clayton, Victoria 3168, Australia with copy to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts.), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

Applications close October 31, 1980.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

TUTORSHIP (PART-TIME) IN PALAEOGRAPHY

Applications are invited for this half-time post, tenable for three years initially but renewable. The appointee will be responsible for teaching and examining undergraduates and for advising postgraduates and members of staff on palaeographic problems. Initial salary [illegible] in the full-time range £5,051 to £8,003 per annum.

Particulars and application forms (returnable by August 4th) from the Registrar, The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Quote ref. 159/80/TLS.

LIBRARIANS

School Librarian

for Boarding Academy in

MALAWI

Kamuzu Academy—just 92 miles from the capital Lilongwe—is a new addition of the highest academic standing in the educational development programme of this Central African country.

As Librarian, you would be involved in setting up and running what will be one of the finest school libraries in Africa.

You should hold a degree in Library Science, with at least five years' experience in a large secondary school and college and be available by November, 1980.

The salary is £7,500 p.a., plus 25% terminal gratuity paid tax-free after three-year contract. Overseas benefits include air fares, free housing and services, baggage allowances, car loan and health care.

Write quoting Ref. SB/2 before 1st August, 1980, to Malawi High Commission, 33 Grosvenor Street, London W1X 0HS.

Malawi... the warm heart of Africa

HON. SOCIETY OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ADMIN LIBRARIAN from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS. Knowledge of legal materials not necessary but some experience of enquiry work would be an asset. Salary on AP4/5 £3,791-£5,097, including London Weighting, non-contributory pension scheme, free lunches in hall.

Recent applicants for another post who wish to be considered should notify the Librarian.

Application form from Librarian and Keeper of the Records, Middle Temple Library, Middle Temple Lane, London EC4Y 9BT. 01-353 [illegible], to be returned by August 1, 1980.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Requires a LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Junior post). Previous training and experience is not necessary (though this, with typing, would be an advantage). But a thorough practical knowledge of music is essential. Salary according to age and qualifications.

Please apply in the Librarian, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5HT, by August 1.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SERVICE

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

P.N.L. Libraries have vacancies for library assistants.

Duties include providing lending and interlending services in one of the six libraries of the Polytechnic, operating photocopy and media services, book ordering and processing.

The qualities required are a pleasant and outgoing manner and a willingness to work hard under pressure.

A degree is not essential but a good education and an ability to communicate clearly are important prerequisites.

The current salary is on scale £3,051.84 at age 22 rising to £4,074.81 inclusive of London allowance.

Further details and application forms available two weeks from the appearance of this advertisement.

Contact: Secretary to the Head of Library Services, The Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Road, London N7 8DB.

CATALOGUES

ANY American Books now out-of-print. Write, Grady [illegible] Avenue, [illegible] New York N.Y.11474.

ALL Greek books and on Greece bought and sold—Zeno, 6 Denmark St., London WC2H 8LP.

DETECTIVE fiction.—Catalogue issued, David Monaghan (Books) Ltd., Knowl Warehouse, Dale St., Ossett, West Yorks WF5 9HQ.

DETECTIVE fiction and criminology. Write for either lists or phone 01-352 7725 to visit any day including Sunday. Grey House Books, 12a Lawrence Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.

NAVAL and Maritime History Bookshop, 125 Pitshanger Lane, Ealing, London W5 1QX (01-998 6431). Shop open Wednesdays to Saturdays. Antiquarian, second-hand and new. Apply for catalogue.

OLD BOOKS on 5 firs. Sheppard, 255 Royal College St., N.W.1. Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. [illegible]

THE GREENLIST fortnightly, 1,000 old books in each issue. Sample copy free. Wigley's Books, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

THE Middle East Catalogues issued, A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

PRIVATE PRESS, Typography, major works on Furniture, etc. Catalogues issued. Chapter, [illegible] Morris Hill, Polesworth, Tamworth.

REVIEW copies and other books, fine condition, bought by Gillian Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, W.C.1. 01-242 [illegible]

EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH LIBRARY, in British Museum. Christopher Saxton and Tudor Map-making. Until September 1981. Benedictine in Britain. Until November 30. Weekdays 10-5, Sundays 2.30-6. Admission free.

LIBRARIANS

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Senior Under-Librarian
(Cataloguing)

from 1 January, 1981

To be responsible for Cataloguing Division with 40 staff. Experience of MARC based systems essential. Stipend £12,[illegible] a year.

Further information may be obtained from the **Secretary of the Appointments Committee, University Library, West Road, Cambridge CB3 9DR**, to whom applications should be sent, including a curriculum vitae and the names of three referees, so as to reach him not later than 22 August, 1980.

COMMONWEALTH AGRICULTURAL BUREAUX

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE OF HELMINTHOLOGY
St. Albans, Hertfordshire

Applications are invited for the post of LIBRARIAN.

Duties: Maintenance of library service, records and statistics; to provide in-house reference, abstract and information service for scientific staff. Planning the removal and re-housing of the library in new premises in 1981.

Qualifications: The minimum qualification would be success in the professional examination of the Library Association plus at least one year's practical experience in specialist library work.

Salary scale: £4,400 to £5,[illegible] with Outer London Weighting of £325 per annum at each point.

Application forms and full particulars can be obtained from: Executive Director, Commonwealth Agricultural Bureaux, Farnham House, Farnham Royal, Slough SL2 3BN. Closing date: August [illegible] 1980.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON

LIBRARY SERVICES — ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN — ENVIRONMENT LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of an ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN to join a team primarily serving the needs of the School of Environment. Candidates should preferably have previous experience in an academic library.

Salary scale—ILEA Librarian Scale, £3,381.64 to £4,520.64 (inclusive of London Allowance), currently under review.

Closing date—August 1, 1980.

Application forms and further details from the Establishment Officer, PCL, 309 Regent Street, London W1R 8AL. (Tel. 01-580 2020, Ext. 212).

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR PUBLISHING VACANCIES FOR 1980 IN THE T.L.S.
Simply dial 01-837 1234
Ext. 437

T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 25 JULY 1980 • No 4035 • 35p



Long-eared owl: a wood-engraving of 1955 from *Portrait of a Country Artist: C. F. Tunnicliffe, RA, 1901-1979*, by *Ian Niall* (160pp. Gollancz. £20) which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue of the TLS.

History and imagination, by Hugh Trevor-Roper

The practical politics of Graham Wallas

Osip Mandelstam—culture and tradition

Montague Summers, Maria Casarès

Ideology in architecture

Millionaires and slaves in the Third Reich

Geography and the historian, by E. Le Roy Ladurie

Commentary: Athol Fugard, 'Being There', Staging the Sonnets

Fiction: Martin Walser, Peter Redgrove

Eric Korn's Remainders

Poems by Donald Davie, Douglas Dunn, John Mole

المكتبة ...

August/September books

The British Army
A Concise History
JOCK HASWELL
176 illustrations 9½×6½ ins. (23.8×17.1 cms.)
First edition in paperback
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27193 3 £3.50 *August 18*

Nature and Culture
American Landscape Painting 1825-1875
BARBARA NOVAK
150 illustrations, 8 in colour 10×7 ins. (25.4×17.8 cms.)
ISBN 0 500 01245 8 £16.00 *August 18*

The Great Bronze Age of China
EDITED BY WEN FONG
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SETH JOEL
263 illustrations, 121 in colour, 10 maps and 2 tables
12×9 ins. (30.5×22.9 cms.)
ISBN 0 500 23317 9 £20.00 *August 26*

Archaeology and Coastal Change
EDITED BY F. H. THOMPSON
FOREWORD BY G. W. DIMBLEBY
62 maps and diagrams 9½×7½ ins. (24.1×19.0 cms.)
The Society of Antiquaries
Paperback ISBN 0 500 99031 X £12.00 *August 26*

Excavations at Mycenae, 1939-1955
Supplementary Volume No. 12
A. J. B. WACE AND OTHERS
126 illustrations 10×7½ ins. (25.4×19.0 cms.)
The British School at Athens
ISBN 0 500 96013 5 £27.00 *August 26*

A Concise History of Ireland
MAIRE AND CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN
174 illustrations 9½×6¾ ins. (24.1×17.2 cms.)
First edition in paperback
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27199 2 £3.50 *September 1*

El Lissitzky
SOPHIE LISSITZKY-KÜPPERS
284 illustrations, 103 in colour 10½×8 ins. (26.7×20.3 cms.)
Available again
ISBN 0 500 23090 0 £18.00 *September 1*

The Individuated Hobbit
Jung, Tolkien and the Archetypes of Middle-earth
TIMOTHY R. O'NEILL
8½×5½ ins. (20.6×13.5 cms.)
ISBN 0 500 01237 7 £6.95 September 8

A Guide to Electronic Music
PAUL GRIFFITHS
8×5½ ins. (20.3×13.1 cms.)
First edition in paperback
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27203 4 £2.95 *September 8*

Henry Moore's Sheep Sketchbook
COMMENTS BY HENRY MOORE AND KENNETH CLARK
96 sketchbook pages including 4 in colour, 8½×9½ ins. (21.0×25.1 cms.)
ISBN 0 500 23315 2 £8.50 *September 15*

Creatures of Paradise
Animals in Art
BRYAN HOLME
117 illustrations, 46 in colour 9½×7½ ins. (23.5×19.4 cms.)
ISBN 0 500 23314 4 £4.95 *September 15*

The Golden Century of Italian Opera from Rossini to Puccini
WILLIAM WEAVER
160 illustrations, 30 in colour 10½×7½ ins. (26.6×19.5 cms.)
ISBN 0 500 01240 7 £10.00 *September 22*

Lewis Carroll
Victorian Photographer
HELMUT GERNSHEIM
41 plates 9½×9 ins. (24.5×22.9 cms.)
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27171 2 £4.95 *September 22*

Paper Cuts
by Johann Jakob Hauswirth and Louis David Saugy
CHARLES APOTHELOZ
48 colour plates 9½×9 ins. (24.5×22.9 cms.)
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27170 4 £4.95 *September 22*

Fashion in Paris
from the Journal des Dames et des Modes 1912-1913
CRISTINA NUZZI
93 colour plates 9½×9 ins. (24.5×22.9 cms.)
Paperback ISBN 0 500 27173 9 £4.95 *September 22*

Thames and Hudson

THE TIMES

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

JULY 25, 1980

contents

HENRY GIFFORD	Osip Mandelstam: The Complete Critical Prose and Letters	825
E. LE ROY LADURIE	N. J. G. Pounds: An Historical Geography of Europe 1500-1840	827
PATRICK McCARTHY	Maria Casarès: Résidente privilégiée	828
JOHN JOUBERT	Gerald Norris: Stanford, the Cambridge Jubilee and Tchaikovsky Frida Knight: Cambridge Music	829
NICHOLAS SHRIMPTON	Erwin Piscator: The Political Theatre	830
A. N. WILSON	Montague Summers: The Calamity Show	831
STEPHEN KOSS	James D. Startt: Journalism's Unofficial Ambassador—A Biography of Edward Price Bell 1869-1943 Author, Author	832
HUGH TREVOR-ROPER	History and Imagination	833
ANNE STEVENSON	Peter Redgrove: The Beekeepers'	834
G. P. BUTLER	Martin Walser: Runaway Horse	835
HOLLY ELEY	Stephen Alter: Silk and Steel	836
JOHN MOLE	Across the Lawn (poem)	836
STEFAN COLLINI	Terence H. Qualter: Graham Wallas and the Great Society	837
FRANK PARKIN	Alvin W. Gouldner: The Two Marxisms	838
BERNARD WASSERSTEIN	Benjamin B. Ferencz: Less Than Slaves—Jewish Forced Labour and the Quest for Compensation	839
JAMES CAMPBELL	Trevor Royle: Precipitous City—The Story of Literary Edinburgh Robert Chambers: Traditions of Edinburgh	840
DOUGLAS DUNN	The Harp of Renfrewshire (poem)	841
DONALD DAVIE	Summer Lightning (poem)	841
	Commentary	
VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM	Being There (West End Cinemas) The Black Stallion (General Release)	842
KATHERINE DUNCAN-JONES	Shakespeare's Sonnets (Olivier Theatre)	842
DAN JACOBSON	Marigolds in August (Paris Pullman and Phoenix Cinemas) A Lesson from Aloes (Cottesloe Theatre)	842
CAROL ROBBINS	Letters Home (New End Theatre, Hampstead)	843
DOUGLAS JOHNSON	Juillet 1830 (Musée Carnavalet, Paris)	843
ERIC KORN	Reminders	843
	To the Editor	844
	Among this week's contributors	844
J. MORDAUNT CROOK	David Watkin: The Rise of Architectural History	845
MARY LUTYENS	Joan Abse: John Ruskin—The Passionate Moralist	846
ROGER SCRUTON	Manfredo Tafuri: Theories and History of Architecture	847
GEOFFREY GRIGSON	Ruskin's View, Kirby Lonsdale (poem)	847
MARTIN ROBERTSON	Andor Gomme and others: Bristol—an Architectural History	848
KEITH WALKER	Edward Bloom and Lillian Bloom: Addison and Steele—The Critical Heritage	849
GAVIN EWART	Martial and Domitian (poem)	849
RUTH ISABEL ROSS	Edward Malins and Patrick Bowe: Irish Gardens and Demesnes from 1830	850
FRANCIS WATSON	Elizabeth B. Moynihan: Paradise as a Garden in Persia and Mughal India	850
REDMOND O'HANLON	David Lang: Orchids of Britain	850
EDMOND LEO WRIGHT	Roland Mathias: Snipe's Castle John Hewitt: Kites in Spring Leslie Norris: Water Voices	851
ALAN JENKINS	Ronald Botrall: Reflections on the Nile	851
R. T. SHANNON	Paul McHugh: Prostitution and Victorian Social Reform	852
CHRISTOPHER FYFE	Ellen Gibson Wilson: John Clarkson and the African Adventure	852
C. J. DEWEY	K. N. Chaudhuri: The Trading World of Asia and the English East India Company 1660-1760	853
GRAHAM HOUGH	C. E. M. Haquel: ESP and Parapsychology	854
I. P. TAYLOR	Trout (poem)	854
ZACHARY LEADER	Susan Morgan: In the Meantime: Character and Perception in Jane Austen's Fiction David Monaghan: Jane Austen: Structure and Social Vision	855
VALERIE ADAMS	C. David Benson: The History of Troy in Middle English Literature	855
JOHN LARNER	Laura Martines: Power and Imagination—City-States in Renaissance Italy	856
C. B. SCHMITT	Paul Oskar Kristeller: Renaissance Thought and Its Sources	856
J. F. HAYWARD	Yvonne Hackenbroch: Renaissance Jewellery	856
MASOLINO D'AMICO	Giovanni Cecchin: Con Hemingway e Dos Passos sui campi di battaglia italiani della Grande Guerra	857
VIRGIL NEMOIANU	Ovidiu Cotrus: Opera lui Matelu Caragiale	857
GAY CLIFFORD	Anja Meulenbelt: The Shame is Over	858
PETER NORMAN	John Wiles: Homelands	858
ZACHARY LEADER	Eric Berger: Another Guggenheim	858
DAVID WILSON	Barrie Hughes: Tribal Chieftains	858
T. J. BINYON	James McClure: The Blood of an Englishman Simon Brett: The Dead Side of the Mike	858

Origins and recognitions

By Henry Gifford

OSIP MANDELSTAM: The Complete Critical Prose and Letters
Edited by Jane Gary Harris
Translated by Jane Gary Harris and Constance Link
725pp. Ann Arbor: Ardis. $25.
0 88233 163 9

Wine ages—therein lies its future; culture ferments—therein lies its youth. Preserve your own art: those narrow clay jugs buried beneath the earth.

It was the earth of Georgia that Mandelstam was writing about in an essay which, appearing in a provincial magazine at the beginning of 1922, had little apparent chance of survival. Georgia and even more Armenia meant for him classic ground, the realization of that Judaeo-Christian and Hellenic world which gave Europe its culture. Now on his way back to a Russia exhausted by barbaric civil war he admonished the artists of Georgia not to make light of their heritage. Georgian wine was buried in clay jugs to ferment. This seemed to Mandelstam "the prototype of Georgian culture—the earth has preserved the narrow but noble forms of its aesthetic tradition". There is nothing narrow about the tradition that Mandelstam worked to define and preserve, and art as he understood it became inseparable from morality. It lies in the earth among the realities of life as they have always been experienced, and the supreme function of poetry is to bring "the joy of recognition".

For the first time all Mandelstam's critical prose and the hitherto untranslated letters are made available in English. This volume excludes two major prose works, his autobiographical sketches *The Noise of Time* (1925), and *The Egyptian Stamp* (1928), a fantastic novella which has strong affinities with Gogol's *The Overcoat*. Both are distinct in genre from criticism, though intimately related to the critical prose, and they have already been notably translated by Clarence Brown. The version he made with Robert Hughes of the *Conversation about Dante* which Mandelstam wrote in 1933 appears in Sidney Monas's book, *Osip Mandelstam: Selected Essays* (*TLS*, June 24, 1977), which also contains eighteen critical pieces and fragments, besides the *Journey to Armenia* (1933). The present volume is not only as complete as may be, with various addenda and jottings, but the editor's long and excellent introduction and her very full notes abounding in cross-references make it indispensable even for those who have the Russian texts.

There is a felicity in Professor Monas's renderings which should ensure that they will not be superseded. However, this is the book which the general reader, aware as he must now be of Mandelstam's exceptional interest, should turn to next after *Hope Against Hope* and *Hope Abandoned*, the unsurpassed commentaries by Mrs Mandelstam on her husband's life and work. A reader without Russian can expect to see the poetry at best only in more or less vivid glimpses and at a distance. It is fortunate that Mandelstam's criticism should be so markedly continuous with his poetry, serving both to facilitate its writing and to place it in an ample perspective.

The range of his literary knowledge and historical speculation is remarkable even for a Russian poet brought up in the shadow of Bryusov and Vyacheslav Ivanov. Many of his preoccupations were those of Eliot, with whom he must be compared both for his intelligence about poetry and his concern with "the mind of Europe". Neither of them could take for granted the tradition they cherished: it was necessary for them to overcome an initial displacement. Mandelstam contended that in criticism only one question "brings us at once to solid ground"—namely, "where did the poet come from?" He and Eliot had to ask it about themselves, and the answer gave each the capacity to "fare forward".

Mandelstam's own origins were complicated. His grandparents in Riga could understand no Russian, his father spoke it badly, his mother in the correct but impoverished style of an *intelligentka*. Imperial St Petersburg was alien to a little Jewish boy, however much he might exult in its glories. Good luck sent him to the renowned Tenishev school, where V. V. Gippius gave his pupils a rare sense of family involvement in literature and its quarrels. As Jane Gary Harris points out in her introduction, Gippius along with the writer Rozanov represented for Mandelstam the ideal "philologist", and "philology" (love of the word) is what frames Mandelstam's conception of a living culture. There are two unusual aspects to his classicism—an insistence on the spoken word, and a passion for the domestic.

At the heart of civilization he sees the university seminar, which has to be a genuine conversation between intimates. Mandelstam's term for the fully sensitized reader is *sobesednik*, the "interlocutor", subject of an essay in 1913. Here it is rendered as "addressee" which does strictly describe the person who picks up Mandelstam's message in a bottle carried by the waves, but reading for him always implies conversation. The last and finest of his critical works is the *Conversation about Dante*, stemming out of actual talks in the Crimea with the veteran Symbolist Boly. Its manner evokes a walk along the beach, while ideas are put into the reader's hands like seashells or pebbles, and Mandelstam's voice moves rapidly and at ease from one topic to the next.

The spoken word brings a human warmth to intellectual life, and poetry, as Wordsworth said before him, can make abstruse thought "a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man". The domestic and the physical help to determine Mandelstam's thinking about poetry, and each, when fully realized, leads inescapably to tradition. The household depends on an inherited way of life, a community within the nation, the nation within a wider community. Physical being includes more than the alert use of all the senses: it means also the language of the body—the actor Mikhoels's "thinking fingers" when he dances, gesture and facial expression, the familiar tones of speech and customary register of the voice as these are learnt in a given place by each generation.

A classicism that takes account of these principles will be at a far remove from what Mandelstam deplored in the age of the Encyclopaedists, which had "lost its direct link with the moral consciousness of antiquity". He maintains a position that would have shocked Voltaire:

> The Middle Ages had its own soul and an authentic knowledge of antiquity; indeed, it left the Enlightenment far behind not only with regard to literacy, but in its loving recreation of the classical world.

Eliot believed that "in the Divine Comedy, if anywhere, we find the classic in a modern European language". For Mandelstam Dante was, in his wife's words, "the source from which came all European poetry, and the measure of poetic rightness". His concern was with future performance. Latin poetry he liked because

> the imperative rings more vividly in it. Such an imperative characterizes all poetry that is classical. Classical poetry is perceived as that which must be, not as that which has already been.

Mandelstam sends modern poets to school with Dante, the master of metamorphosis.

He was attracted, like many others, by the Romantic philosophy of Bergson, which showed a way of apprehending "the internal connection among phenomena". Bergson's was "a profoundly Judaic mind" searching for unity—a search that dominates Mandelstam's own thought. The earliest of his essays, "François Villon", had been written before he was twenty, but even then he knew what concerns were to occupy him for life. There are advances and adjustments in Mandelstam's critical work. The writing of *The Noise of Time* brought him to a closer comprehension of where he stood; and again at the end of the 1920s *Fourth Prose*, in which he rounded on the detractors who had accused him of plagiarizing a translation, provided the confidence to face the next perilous decade as a completely free spirit. But, though his emphasis changed as the environment grew harsher, Mandelstam's idea of poetry, and its obligations and sacrifices, did not essentially change.

Some of his earlier positions were extreme, and not without arrogance. He was driving an idea to its conclusion, with the impetuous absolutism that often characterizes Russian thought (not for nothing did he admire Chaadaev, the architect of a single masterly negation). But his criticism, again like Eliot's, always served the needs of his poetry. Hence the fine consistency of its development: one essay grows out of another, previous notions are stated with a subtler awareness, unity becomes ever more distinct. The triumph of Mandelstam's critical prose is enviable: his last enterprise, the *Conversation about Dante*, crowns the work. It was also a treatise on the dynamics of poetry, the future that lies in the fermentof old wine, and the meeting in poetry of the poet's mind and the reader's.

He wrote in 1913 "The Morning of Acmeism", a manifesto for the movement that strangely never appeared with those of Gumilyov and Gorodetsky. The Acmeist group, sprung from St Petersburg, looked to architecture rather than music, which had haunted the Symbolists, as inspiration for the poet. This led Mandelstam to celebrate in verse St Sophia, Notre Dame, and the Admiralty building in his own city. The essay puts it in aphoristic form:

> The architect says: I build, that indicates I am right. The consciousness of our rightness is dearer to us than anything else in poetry. . . .

Professor Harris comments on the "predominant tone of self-confidence" expressed here, "to the point of sharing the egoism of the Futurist manifestos". Later it was to be modified by a sense of doubt and anxiety. Her point is a fair one; and yet distinctions are to be made. A poet's belief in his "rightness" need have nothing in common with the boasting of a Futurist like Severyanin or, somewhat earlier, of the Symbolist Balmont. It is the very opposite of those uncertainties that prompted Mayakovsky, before and after the Revolution, to drown all other voices. There were times, notably the long spell from 1926 until 1930, when this sense deserted Mandelstam. By it he means reliance upon the inner ear, and if his attention has not failed, the work will proclaim its own rightness, as every good poem does. When the ear was baffled in the pause between times of poetic impulse, he fell back on prose to clarify his thinking. Poetry like Mandelstam's rests on the mastery of ideas, the defining of a position, however obliquely it represents them.

In his earlier years Mandelstam was bold in asserting the autonomy of his art. This position follows from the idea of rightness, his distinguishes in 1913 the poet from the prose writer or essayist, maintaining the opposition Verlaine had made between poetry and "literatura". "Instruction is the central nerve of prose", and so puts a major constraint on the man of letters who must always consider a specific audience. Knowing whom he addresses, he will never be astonished either at his own words or at the astonishment of his auditors. But the poet who addresses an unknown reader in posterity gains the freedom through that ideal conversation

New books from CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Paperback edition

Conrad's Western World
NORMAN SHERRY
'The promptings of genius are at all times difficult to trace and define, but by his combination of patient and probing research and psychological insight, Professor Sherry admits us to the secrets of Conrad's imagination.'
Contemporary Review
Paperback £7.50 net

Masters, Unions and Men
Work Control in Building and the Rise of Labour 1830-1914
RICHARD PRICE
Drawing its material mainly from the study of the building industry, this book attempts to get beyond the usual institutional boundaries of labour's history to focus upon the structure and dynamic of conflict at the workplace, and to use that focus to deepen our understanding of the rise of the labour movement. £18.50 net

Boileau and the Nature of Neo-Classicism
GORDON POCOCK
This book proposes a reformulation of the traditional views on Boileau. Mr Pocock considers the poet's commitment to neo-classicism, and combines this with modern critical emphasis on Boileau's liveliness and wit. £12.50 net
Major European Authors

Mao Zedong and the Political Economy of the Border Region
A Translation of Mao's *Economic and Financial Problems*
ANDREW WATSON
Mr Watson makes available in English for the first time this important statement on economic questions, originally presented at Yen'an in 1942. An extensive introduction places the document in its wider context.
Hard covers £13.50 net
Contemporary China Institute Publications
Paperback £5.50 net

A Proletarian Science
Marxism in Britain 1917-1933
STUART MACINTYRE
This book sets out to reconstruct the British understanding of Marxism and to measure its influence over a crucial fifteen-year period. Special attention is paid to an important generation of proletarian intellectuals. £12.00 net

A Discourse on Property
John Locke and his Adversaries
JAMES TULLY
John Locke's theory of property is perhaps the most distinctive and the most influential aspect of his political theory. This book offers a revolutionary revision of early modern theories of property, focusing particularly on that of Locke. £10.50 net

Emotion
WILLIAM LYONS
Drawing on relevant work in psychology, the author provides a thorough and critical survey of the principal theories concerning the nature of the emotions, and then, scrupulously respecting the range and variety of emotional states, he advances his own 'causal-evaluative' account.
£12.00 net
Cambridge Studies in Philosophy

Comrades and Christians
Religion and Political Struggle in Communist Italy
DAVID I. KERTZER
An examination of the popular bases of Communist influence in Italy, focusing on the struggle between the Catholic Church and the Communist Party for the allegiance of the Italian people.
Hard covers £15.00 net
Paperback £4.95 net

Caudillo and Peasant in the Mexican Revolution
Edited by D. A. BRADING
This collection of essays, comprising case-studies and general perspectives based on recent research, suggests that the Mexican Revolution was a war of succession rather than an agrarian movement. £15.00 net
Cambridge Latin American Studies 39

Further details from Publicity Dept.,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
P.O. Box 110, Cambridge CB2 3RL

HERSCHEL PRINS
Offenders, Deviants or Patients?
An Introduction to the Study of Socio-Forensic Problems

The disposal and management of 'mentally abnormal offenders' have become a source of growing public and professional concern. Some of the controversial topics that Herschel Prins discusses in this book include, the problematic relationship between mental disorder and criminality and the problems involved in assessing dangerous behaviour. There are also detailed studies of particular offender/patient groups, and some proposals for reform of the present system of dealing with offender/patients – in particular of the role of the special hospitals.

352 pages: Hardback: 0 422 76800 6: £9.25
Paperback: 0 422 76810 3: £4.95

NANCY WANSBROUGH and PHILIP COOPER
Open Employment After Mental Illness

The problems of people seeking to re-enter employment after treatment as psychiatric in-patients are severe, and insufficiently understood. This detailed appraisal of the subject, drawn from a study of over 2,000 ex-patients, provides insights into both the medical and employment aspects of rehabilitation, with the aim of providing a wider perspective on the problems of the various groups who are concerned with the employment of the mentally ill, but who may individually not be in a position to see the complete picture.

208 pages: Hardback: 0 422 76620 8: £8.95

ANTHONY CLARE
Psychiatry in Dissent
Controversial Issues in Thought and Practice
Second Edition

To the interested outside observer the current fragmented state of psychiatry presents an alarming picture. To the professional involved in the care of the psychologically distressed the situation may sometimes give rise to feelings of dismay.

This book, written by a psychiatrist who has trained and worked in British clinical psychiatry, is an attempt to place the contemporary assault on psychiatric theory in the context of psychiatry as it is actually practised, both in Britain and the USA.

456 pages: Hardback: 0 422 77430 8: £10.50
Paperback: 0 422 77440 5: £5.25

Edited by SANDRA R. LEIBLUM and LAWRENCE A. PERVIN
The Principles and Practice of Sex Therapy

The contributors to this volume provide a detailed and cogent appraisal of current alternative approaches in the practice of sex therapy. They explore problems of diagnosis, assessment of results, incidence, etiology, the role of anxiety in sexual dysfunction, and other major clinical issues. Throughout, there is an emphasis upon the study of actual clinical cases, and the importance of identifying some of the factors leading to varying degrees of success with different problems and patients.

400 pages: Hardback: 0 422 77500 2: £16.00

SELMA FRAIBERG
Clinical Studies in Infant Mental Health
The first year of life

Selma Fraiberg's work at the Child Development Project in Ann Arbor, Michigan, has established her as one of the world's leading authorities on how to read and respond to messages of need in those too young to speak for themselves. This book presents a case-by-case analysis of the clinical methods employed for arriving at useful clinical assessment, for deriving a plan of treatment; and finally, for bringing about visible, measurable change.

288 pages: Hardback: 0 422 77620 3: about £9.00

JOHN LEACH and J K WING
Helping Destitute Men

This book describes an investigation of the way in which a voluntary organization tried to help destitute men. The authors compare voluntary with statutory services, and put forward practical proposals about the kinds of local services needed by the destitute.

208 pages: Hardback: 0 422 76780 3: £8.95

All prices net in the UK only

TAVISTOCK

—"without dialogue, lyric poetry cannot exist"—to discover what is new and really important.

In the fragmentary "Pushkin and Scriabin" (begun in 1915) he affirms the benefits of Christianity to the artist:

> No necessity of any kind . . . darkens its bright inner freedom, for its prototype, that which it imitates, is the very redemption of the world by Christ.

So Christian art can be joyful, whereas Hellenism, according to Gippius, was hailed at "tragic pathos". Mandelstam had less to say in after years about Christianity, though "The Word and Culture" (1921) states that "now every cultured person is a Christian", when culture, as he supposes, has become the Church, and "a separation of Church-Culture and the State has taken place". It seemed to him that the State was now regarding culture in a light "that is best expressed by the term *tolerance*".

This view was grievously wrong, as Mandelstam soon discovered. But before examining the next stage in the development of his ideas, we ought to be clear about the place he accords to Christianity. He was not the only Russian in the earlier part of this century to seek a synthesis between Christianity and Hellenism. There was, for example, the attempt of Vyacheslav Ivanov to compound Christ and Dionysius, which Mandelstam resisted. The appeal of Christianity for him, as for other poets of the time—Pasternak and Akhmatova come particularly to mind—derives from an awareness of its central position in the culture which Hellenism disowned in essence, while adopting it to other ends. "Every cultured person" today is not a Christian; but Mandelstam was perfectly right when in the same essay he went on to state: "Social differences and class antagonisms pale before the new division of people into friends and enemies of the word. . . ." Friends of the word will find it at least possible to appreciate what the Word is to believers:

> In the following year, 1922, Mandelstam published a major essay, "On the Nature of the Word", which shows his continuing loyalty to Acmeism. In it he performs a double task, defining the responsible use of language in poetry after its maltreatment by the Symbolists, and considering the peculiar characteristics of Russian literature and society which make "philology" so important. He refers to the notorious complaint by Chaadaev that Russia, excluded from Catholic Christendom, had thereby been excluded from history. (The speculative oneryy of Chaadaev and of Herzen, whom he particularly admired, in their thinking about Russia emboldened Mandelstam to take a broad, magisterial view in his criticism.) Chaadaev, however, had lost sight of an essential point. Russian history really would be a void, were it not for the language: "So highly organized, so organic a language is not merely a door into history, but is history itself." Hence the unique service of philology which alone can save a society from becoming a cultural desert, and hence for Mandelstam the appeal of Rozanov, with his "propensity for the domestic quality of life", leading to an extraordinary inwardness with the language, and his dread of the nihilism that would result from failure to keep it up.

> "Reduction to a state of 'dumbness' for two or three generations could have brought Russia to historical death." The danger of "excommunication from history" through the virus going out of their language has hung over the Russian people ever since the First World War when, as Pasternak has Lara say in *Doctor Zhivago*, the lie entered national life. Thanks to Mandelstam and other writers, and thanks to *semitism*, the secret weapon of "philology", its triumph has not been complete.

> "Utilitarianism", Mandelstam declares, "in any form is a mortal sin against the Hellenistic nature of the Russian language." (It was Hellenistic because it had become, like Greek, "resonant, speaking flesh".) One form of this sin had been committed by Bely when he compelled the language to serve his own capricious abstractions. Such a writer "blows up bridges he is too lazy to cross". But the sin spread far beyond the Symbolists and had preceded them. Mandelstam complains elsewhere that "the semi-educated intellectual misses . . . have lost their innate feeling for language. It went in the heyday of utilitarian preaching—and are wanting in competence to read poetry.

His own links with the intelligentsia were strong, as Blok's had been. In the final chapter of *The Noise of Time* he had found himself as an artist who is also a *raznochintsy*. The term signified one whose position in the old society was defined simply by his being an intellectual. When at the beginning of the 1930s Mandelstam sought to open a dialogue with the epoch, he pledged himself in a poem (its opening words are "Mid-night in Moscow . . .") not to betray the *raznochintsa* who had tramped in their broken boots as the foot-soldiers of enlightenment. But the *raznochintsy* had proved indifferent to the word, and the utilitarian rule which governed their thought made them ready to find excuses for Soviet policy. Mandelstam's allegiance to Herzen rather than to Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov sets him apart from the mass of the intelligentsia. His task had to be that of any truly original poet in the past two centuries: to educate his reader. He could not converse with those who had an ear only for the deafening march of progress.

Fourth Prose he had declared his independence of "the literary trade": "I divide all of world literature into authorized and unauthorized works. The former are all trash; the latter—stolen air." (Blok, shortly before he died in 1921, had spoken of the poet suffocating in the new regime.) Mandelstam's poetry of the 1930s, like all his earlier poetry, is never "authorized"—his sole attempt in this line, an ode to Stalin, could not get past his conscience—and all of it is fighting for air. The one critical labour of this period, the *Conversation about Dante*, though more than once it reverberates with the sound of prison doors closing, looks courageously to the future and works out the poetics of an art authorized by nothing but its sense of rightness.

In *Fourth Prose* he had protested: "I alone in Russia work with my voice." The accuracy of this claim hardly matters, but its import does. The great strength of Russian poetry lies in its being spoken aloud, performed by the living voice, not read silently off a score. Mandelstam's craving for human warmth, all the keener in that family-breaking, home-destroying age, made him insist on the point as a man speaking, literally, to men—"If only men will listen. In the *Conversation*, which becomes as it proceeds a conversation not only about but also *with* Dante, he demonstrates what listening means. The reader learns to catch Dante's thought on the wing, and to follow the poet's imagination as it leaps from one foothold to the next. Dante was the original conductor of his own music. The accomplished reader, his mind on the stretch as he performs for himself that music, has to be a conductor too.

Mandelstam is at one with Eliot in recognizing the importance of the historical sense "which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year". (For Mandelstam this point fell when he was thinking about Pushkin and Scriabin, and the relations between Hellenism and Christianity.) Eliot further observes that "the historical sense", making us both the timeless and the temporal, is "what makes a writer most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity". The task before Mandelstam had always been to discover "that truth which helps us form some sense of our own selves in tradition". His efforts were rewarded by a supreme clarity about himself, the inheritor of diverse traditions—Russian literature with its moral and civic responsibilities, its racial consciousness as a Jew descended from "sheep-breeders, patriarchs and kings", and that Mediterranean culture in which Hellas and Rome, Judaism and Christianity were mingled to form (if it is possible to conceive such a thing) "the mind of Europe". Mandelstam is as deeply a historical poet as ever existed. But it was not easy for him to recognize "his own contemporaneity". There is a famous poem of 1924 in which he declares that he was never anyone's contemporary: such an honour is not for me". When in 1931 he wrote the poem "Midnight in Moscow . . ." announcing that it was time people recognized him as "also a contemporary", the evidence he offered was not free from irony—his ill-fitting jacket of Soviet mass-production. Mandelstam understood very well what contemporaneity meant for him—to be the "wolf-hound age" hurl itself on its back.

Russian poetry from the Symbolist era has been supported by criticism of a high order. The very best, as always, has come from the poets. Joseph Brodsky, who comes down the tradition in our days, has said, paraphrasing Chaucewitz, that prose for Tsvetaeva was the continuation of poetry by other means. This is true also of Mandelstam, Khodasevich and Pasternak. For all these poets the writing of criticism was guided, as Professor Hart observes it was for Mandelstam, by the autobiographical impulse. Pasternak twice recounted in prose his equivalent of *The Prelude*, Khodasevich in the studies of poets that make up *Necropolis* wrote above all of what he has witnessed himself; Tsvetaeva recalls personal friendships (and in the case of Bryusov an equally strong dislike) and approaches Pushkin from the angle of her childhood intimations. It is to be expected that lyric poets, who apprehend the age through their own primary experience, should turn criticism into a mode of autobiography, so that too will have its rightness.

The prose of these four covers a wide spectrum. Khodasevich, at one extreme, is the master of the terse and cool definition that sets Pushkin in his grave and exorcises Pasternak in *Safe Conduct*; he prides a flood of startling perceptions; and Tsvetaeva brings to play that turning over of words which reveals so much novel and so true poetry. Mandelstam's critical writing touches hers on one side, Khodasevich's on the other. In Tsvetaeva he is never at a loss for the apt image: Blok "extending the deepening of his inner world as a mine like a badger digging in the earth", the "gigantic pavilions" of the Symbolists, though "created for some international exhibition soon to be dismantled"; the "poetic eye" of the now-forgotten scholar suffering from disabilities like those brought about by "the optical law of division"; Rozanov "groping for the walls of Russian culture"; poets as "the plough that turns over time" to show its black earth on the surface. Like Khodasevich, he deals effectively with poetic works and historical movements. He was highly educated men who kept their learning in place.

Brodsky has spoken of "an almost Calvinistic spirit of personal responsibility that permeates the work of the mature Tsvetaeva". The term "Calvinistic" is not quite appropriate to Mandelstam, but its less imperative sense of responsibility may derive partly from the same Hebraic roots that flowered again in Calvinism. A more immediate source lies in the tradition of the *raznochintsy*. Khodasevich, so jealously on guard for the honour of Russian literature, was moved by that spirit. Their no-nonsense when Mandelstam allows himself some injustice, to Tsvetaeva for instance, and at one time to Akhmatova. However, his prejudices, like those of Johnson, were not arbitrary, but the slightly sour fruit of experience barely assimilated. There can be no doubt that Mandelstam's criticism will have a long life. It is inseparable from the poetry, out of which and for the sake of which it developed. But the criticism does more than provide a setting and illumination for his poetry. It gives a secure vantage point from which to survey Russian literature at its perennial work of resisting the adversary. Mandelstam's editor has put him in the clearest light. Her introduction is extremely well pondered, and the network of notes leads back to these central issues which animated all the criticism and the poetry.

Edgar Lehrman's *A Guide to the Russian texts of Tolstoy's War and Peace* (224 pp. Ardis, 2901 Heatherway, Ann Arbor, MI 48104, $15.00; paperback $6.00) is designed to help the advanced student who has at least three years of Russian study to read the original text of *War and Peace* "with both pleasure and understanding". Lehrman believes "The problem is not to bring Tolstoy down to us, but to bring ourselves up to him. That is the law and the prophets: the rest is commentary". He hopes that his "handbook" will help free the teacher from the need for commentary.

POSTAGE: INLAND 16p; ABROAD 30p

Space through Time

By E. Le Roy Ladurie

N. J. G. POUNDS:
An Historical Geography of Europe 1500-1840
438pp. Cambridge University Press. £17.50.
0 521 22379 2

A map at the beginning of N. J. G. Pounds's book illustrates the difficulties of the fearsome genre he is attempting. It is entitled "Population density in Western Europe at the end of the Middle Ages", but in fact it relates to the fifteenth century and is confined to the frontiers of ancient Gaul, equated rather hastily with western Europe. It includes France within its present boundaries, a slice of Germany east of the Rhine, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium. It leaves off Spain, Italy, England and four fifths of the German countries. It shows, predictably, that the Low Countries were more densely populated than the north of France, which itself has a higher population than the Midi.

With which "fifteenth century" in fact are we dealing here? Is the map to be situated in the 1440s, during which the population of France "nose-dived" well below ten million? Or does it correspond to the 1400s, or indeed the 1490s, when that population was much higher? One is reminded of those seamen's maps of the fifteenth century drawn by gallant navigators, which were so inaccurate that they drove mariners aground on reefs. What makes things even more difficult for Pounds's readers is the fact that many of his maps have captions but no indication of their source, a defect all the odder in that the book appears to be admirably documented in terms of footnotes, and has an international bibliography.

Pounds is loyal to the great tradition of *urban* analysis dear to English-language historians: for him the network of towns constitutes a decisive indicator. Consider his map of the towns of Europe in the years 1500-50. Two decisive urban bastions stand out clearly. On the Mediterranean side northern Italy is distinctive for the quadrilateral formed by Milan, Genoa, Florence and Venice, while Rome and above all Naples, that urban monster, are detached as scouts towards the South. On the shores of the North Sea stands the urban block of the Low Countries, Antwerp that is, and its satellites, in relation to which the two nearest capitals, London and Paris, appear as somewhat eccentric outposts. Those networks of Renaissance cities are still close to a medieval geography; in the heart of a bi-polar Europe, the coastal dwellers of the North Sea and of the central Mediterranean continue to fight for supremacy as they had done in the very earliest days of capitalism, in the Roman and then the Gothic age.

And now jump forward to the other end of the book, when three centuries have elapsed and we are in the middle of the nineteenth century. The maps now show the first railways and the textile industries, around 1850. What a transformation! Supremacy has passed to the northern half of Europe, from Lyon to Glasgow and Breslau. As an industrial power Italy has been swept from the map. The Mediterranean has temporarily lost its historical role. The West has swung towards the North.

I meditated long also on the map of the iron industry in the sixteenth century and the learned commentaries that accompany it. It shows a European iron industry centred on Germany, Belgium, north-east France and northern Italy. But south-west of a line running from Nantes to Florence there is very little by way of metals. But for its Basque and Catalan smiths, the Spain of Philip II would have reverted to the Stone Age. As for non-ferrous metals — silver, lead, copper and tin—in Charles V's time they were still located essentially (if we forget the tin of the "Cassiterides") in central Europe or the Far North: in the Harz Mountains, the Tyrol, Slovakia, Silesia, Sweden. These countries functioned as the West's "Third World", supplying it with "strategic" raw materials until such time as, around 1550-1600, the silver mines of first Peru and then Mexico could take over from them.

Around 1580 there was another peripheral "Third World" in relation to the dominant Europe of Antwerp and Amsterdam in the shape of Poland, with its lords and its serfs, which became an exporter of grain to the West. Although Pounds cannot be held responsible, this map uses ambiguous symbols, to the point where the reader who has not been forewarned will be completely mystified: the blobs of colour symbolizing those regions that were importers of cereals (the Low Countries) are indistinguishable from the ones symbolizing regions characterized by a surplus of corn or barley (in this case the Vistula region, for which, in the time of Elizabeth I, Danzig was the point of departure for cargoes of cereals heading for the West by way of the Baltic and the North Sea).

Historical geography is also concerned with the paths followed in the old days by epidemics. Pounds's book rightly plots the apotheosis of the plague in the seventeenth century: a tragic map witnesses to the spread of Yersin's bacillus in Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' War. This Germanic pestilence made gradual progress after 1634 from an epicentre in Bavaria until, after six years, it had contaminated the entirety of the German land-mass, reaching East Prussia in 1639. The rhythm of its progress was distinctly slower than in the days of the shattering expansion of the Black Death throughout Europe in 1348-49. Nor was pestilence the only factor, for another map displays the demographic disaster brought on by the Thirty Years' War, in the course of which, for a whole variety of reasons—massacres, famine and above all epidemics—several provinces of Germany, mainly in the south and north-east of the country, lost more than forty per cent of their population.

Generally speaking, lovers of demographic history—those connoisseurs of births, marriages and deaths—will not be disappointed by the present work. In it they will find the familiar picture of the Ancien Régime: late marriage (at age twenty-five for girls), very short intervals between successive babies born to the same mother (a twenty-four-month gap only), and the famous beginnings of contraception in the eighteenth century by means of *coitus interruptus*.

It is all here, but the amount of new information is in fact slight; when all is said and done, historical geography is only summarizing the well-known lessons of demographic history. We should welcome even so Pounds's splendid diagrams showing the declining fertility of women. "Malthusian" or "neo-Malthusian France stands out as having led the way towards controlling births as early as 1795, whereas Sweden, England and the superfertile Germany of Bismarck long clung to their high rates of fertility, up until 1880—expressive of prolific wives and "Victorian families".

As for the maps and text relating to the population of Italy between 1500 and 1800, they show, where numbers of men are concerned, the patent inferiority of the peninsular South vis-à-vis the North of the country—which is a cold douche for those (and they are many) who believe that the backwardness of the Mezzogiorno is a recent phenomenon.

Right at the outset of the book Pounds declares his predilection for a geohistory of towns; he plots the royal road which leads from the visions of Vitruvius and Alberti to cities created whole or redesigned at a stroke, such as Versailles, Nancy and Karlsruhe. From the classical or baroque town we pass on to the unplanned urbanization of the Industrial Revolution. In its maps and in the story it tells, this *Historical Geography of Europe* portrays the early stages of a radical transformation that was to turn the West upside down at the time of the spinning jennies, the steam engines and the building of the first railways.

I was much impressed by the scope of the documentation—all of it printed—on which this book is based, English documents naturally, but also French, German, Swiss and Italian ones. I will admit to one reservation, however: this "historical geography of Europe" constitutes in the first instance a well-informed text-book on the economic and demographic transformation of our continent over four decisive centuries; but the actual notion of "historical geography" adds little of value in itself—certain authors like Jacques Bertin, who have contributed much towards the cartography of the past, have not been called on. Some of the maps in Pounds's book are strikingly good to look at, both graphically and scientifically. Take for example the picture on page 335 of coal production in Europe around the year 1840, where England's preponderance is crushing—a triumphal vision that should bring joy to British hearts, if only *a posteriori*. A French historian, conversely, feels fraternally towards a historian like Pounds who has incorporated a certain conception of space into the data of economic history, an incorporation all the more meritorious for being non-existent across the Atlantic, among the over-sophisticated builders of "the new economic history".

The incontestable merits of this book cannot prevent me asking one much larger question: to ask, indeed, whether, as a discipline, geography has not passed the point of no return. It was the discipline which once fertilized our historical studies far more than any other; but after a genuine menopause it is quite possible that it is no longer able to do so. I can illustrate this with a few French examples, not taken from Pounds's book. From the past, first of all. In the 1930s the geographer Vidal de la Blache was one of the founding fathers, through the intermediacy of Lucien Febvre, Marc Bloch and Fernand Braudel, of the new French school of historiography, the so-called "Annales" school. Between 1940 and 1944, geography in France at last achieved the rank of an independent and fundamental science; indeed it was endowed by the government of the time, for once showing some inspiration, with a special *agrégation* exam known as the "agrégation de géographie" (everyone knows that in France any science worthy of the name has to have its corresponding *agrégation*!). Geography thus found itself very judiciously placed at the pinnacle of the human sciences, alongside history, literature and philosophy.

But alas, the more brilliant the apotheosis, the harsher the fall. Around 1950, at the moment when French historiography was at its most dazzling, made illustrious by the names of Febvre, Labrousse and Braudel, the train of geography went off the rails on the open plain, not far from the heights of the Sorbonne. Its two main drivers had let themselves be led astray by the whims of an over-rigid ideology, lit by deceitful glimmers coming from the East. There were no human victims of this catastrophe, but the symbolic and cultural damage was considerable. Subsequently, and in spite of the splendid initiatives it made in various fields, geography was not to recover the leading role it had played for a moment in relation to historical research, and this despite the manifest readiness of French historians to concern themselves with the question of space. Meanwhile the new human sciences —economics, demography, sociology, psychology, ethnography — have taken over the ground vacated by geography. They in their turn have become the foster-mothers of historical thought.

Thus in France too there has been a crisis in the relationship of history and geography, to the detriment of the second. Beyond the Channel things are no doubt very different, but Pounds's brave attempt, which is only half successful, also testifies in its way to the difficulties there are in using the now impoverished contributions of geography to stimulate history. No one will deny, though, that geography for long was a sister discipline—the queen of disciplines even —to history, the Science of Time.

The Women of England: From Anglo-Saxon Times to the Present (429pp. Mansell, £12.50, 0 7201 1564 7) comprises twelve bibliographical essays, which together form a comprehensive presentation of primary and secondary sources relating to the participation of women in the changing patterns of English life, law, and social organization. The book is edited by Barbara Kanner.

June and July books from WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

Accidents, Compensation and the Law
Third edition
P. S. ATIYAH
Hardcover £18.00 Paperback £10.00

The Days Grow Short
The Life and Music of Kurt Weill
RONALD SANDERS
£14.95

Digging Up The Bible
MOSHE PEARLMAN
£8.95

Georgian Delights
J. H. PLUMB
£6.95

Ghosts of Kampala
GEORGE IVAN SMITH
£7.95

A House Divided
The Lib-Lab Pact and the Future of British Politics
DAVID STEEL
£6.50

The Law-Making Process
MICHAEL ZANDER
Hardcover £15.00 Paperback £6.95

Mrs Browning
The Story of Elizabeth Barrett
ROSALIE MANDER
£7.95

Pompey
Volume I: The Roman Alexander
P. A. L. GREENHALGH
£18.00

The Rise and Fall of Prussia
SEBASTIAN HAFFNER
£7.95

William Wordsworth
HUNTER DAVIES
£8.95

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Impassioned impersonations

By Patrick McCarthy

MARIA CASARES :
Résidente privilégiée
432pp. Paris : Fayard.

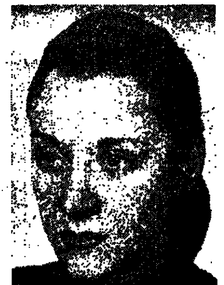
Maria Casarès may be best known outside France for having played the role of Nathalie in *Les enfants du paradis*—a thankless part because Nathalie is married to Baptiste, played by Jean-Louis Barrault, who is in love with Garance, played by Arletty. Yet Casarès brings to Nathalie a concentrated passion which makes the character memorable and complements Arletty's remote charm.

Such passion was the mark of Casarès's acting at the time of the Liberation. She was a voice of her age because she expressed feelings suppressed during the years of German Occupation. The Liberation theatre may seem, retrospectively a theatre of ideas, but justice and courage were not cold abstractions to men who had risked their lives for them. The theatre of 1944 was like the theatre of 1830, and Casarès resembled the actresses who had played in boulevard melodramas while the barricades went up around them. She played the revolutionary Dora in Camus's *Les Justes* and also appeared in Sartre's *Le Diable et le bon Dieu*. If one feels, as Malraux did, that the barricades of 1944 were pure theatre, then once again Casarès was an authentic voice ; a refugee from Republican Spain, she recited Lorca at anti-Franco rallies.

Eventually, Franco's death allowed her to return to Spain for the first time in forty years and spurred her to write this book. *Résidente privilégiée* is an exile's attempt to recover her past, which had remained in the dictator's prison. Casarès sets the young Spanish girl alongside the French actress and searches for an identity that is hidden behind memories of a Galician childhood, temporary vows and dozens of theatrical roles.

Her father was Santiago Casarès Quiroga, who was prime minister of Spain when the civil war began. Historians remember him as a liberal who tried to compromise and who refused to arm the Madrid workers because it was unconstitutional. His daughter recalls being taken to visit him when the monarchy imprisoned him in 1930. Her mother tried to lift her through the bars to embrace him but she was too big. This was Maria-Victoria's first glance at death, but she took a closer look in 1936, when at the age of fourteen she worked as a nurse. The wounded Republican soldiers joked and lamented and the men closest to death were the kings of the ward. By now her father had resigned, swept away by the war he loathed. Casarès remembers him as a kindly, civilized man with a strain of loneliness. During her earliest years he was away in Madrid, while she and her mother remained in Galicia. Celtic Galicia haunts Casarès: it is "a dumpy, dark-green land with quickly-changing skies and drizzling rain that casts a mask of melancholy over the forests". Its inhabitants were peasants and fishermen and puny were so poor that they had to emigrate and become exiles in Buenos Aires or Havana. When Casarès was sent to France, where she acquired the accent on her surname, she took her holidays in Brittany because the ocean looked across to Galicia.

Yet there was no trace of Celtic melancholy in Casarès. Uprooted



Maria Casarès in Bugarres, *1948*

from Spain she sought an identity in the theatre. Astounding as it seems, she mastered a new language and learnt to act at the same time. When she first took the examination for the Conservatoire, which is France's RADA, the examiners told her to wait a year and improve her French. As she did so, she grew to like the dramatists—Racine or Claudel — whose language was richest. She could hardly help but specialize in tragedy.

Clearly the intensity of her acting came from her need to conquer new identities. (One thinks of Richard Burton, who was born Richie Jenkins in a Welsh-speaking family, who learnt Shakespeare almost as soon as he learnt English and who was adopted and renamed by his schoolteacher before he went on to the theatre.) Death and exile continued to be Casarès's mentors. Her father spent the Second World War in England and returned to Paris, where he died in 1950 of tuberculosis. Her mother was already dead, while the Nazis had deported many of the Spanish Republicans, Jews and communists who were her friends.

Only in the theatre could she become for a few hours a "real" person. But every role seemed to tear her apart because it was a journey through nothingness towards some new self. Even today her admirers claim that she wept real tears and went into a trance on the stage. She herself laughs about this and claims that she was merely terrified. As a girl she had gone to school in Madrid with the children of Negrin and Azaña, who overawed her. She was paralysed with timidity and, when she spoke, the others mocked her Galician accent. This made her all the more determined and she insisted on reciting. Later, Parisian directors paid tribute to her resolution. A true professional, she burrowed into each role until, as she possessed it, she allowed it to possess her. Then the act of conquest could stop and the new identity could be revealed.

Among the writers with whom she has worked she singles out Paul Claudel for praise. People who dismiss Claudel as a pontificating Catholic poet will be surprised to find that Casarès—like Barrault—considers him a born man of the theatre who could help the actress make her journey through nothingness and become Ysé or Violaine. Claudel knew that the new identity was only potential in his text ; the actress alone could give form to chaos. Yet she did not always know that form, while he did: "deaf to everything which distracted him from the harmony he felt, Claudel invented floods of plastic images, movements and gestures that were both brilliantly accurate and quite unexpected . . . he breathed life into his characters and his actors!"

The last two hundred pages of *Résidente privilégiée* deal with the postwar period and are disappointing: clearly Casarès is not ready to piece together the various selves of her mature years. One would like to hear more about the film version of *La Chartreuse de Parme*, where she played Gina Sanseverina and that other Liberation star Gérard Philipe played Fabrice. She mentions but does not discuss her collaboration with Jean Genet, though she does talk discreetly and movingly about her long relationship with Camus. But in general she is disjointed and wordy, whereas she writes superbly about her childhood. She has won her victory over France and rescued her past.

Capping the composers

By John Joubert

GERALD NORRIS :
Stanford, the Cambridge Jubilee and Tchaikovsky
584pp. David and Charles. £25. 0 7153 7856 2

FRIDA KNIGHT :
Cambridge Music
163pp. Oleander. £6.95. 0 900891 51 3

In 1893 Cambridge University Musical Society celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. To mark the occasion the society's committee, headed by Stanford as the university's professor of music, decided to invite two of the foremost composers of the day—Brahms and Verdi—to make the journey to Cambridge to receive the accolade of Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*. For one reason or another neither composer felt able to accept the honour, and the committee was constrained to fall back upon a second plan. In the event four composers were duly capped and gowned—Bolto, Bruch, Saint-Saëns and Tchaikovsky — while Grieg, who was prevented from attending the Jubilee ceremony because of ill-health, received his doctorate the following year.

As its title suggests, *Stanford, the Cambridge Jubilee and Tchaikovsky* is really three books in one. It attempts not only to chronicle the Jubilee proceedings from their inception to their ultimate realization, but also to provide biographical data on all the composers approached or considered—no less than eight in all. Added to this, as a thread running through the whole, the author provides us with a complete biography of Stanford himself. The book also attempts to fill in the social background with lengthy and copious quotations from contemporary sources. Designed to prove either as local colour or as a backcloth against which the principal characters are projected, these extracts provide the book with some of its more interesting pages.

The total effect, however, is of a confusion of aim and purpose. For whom is the book designed? For the social historian it relies too heavily on secondary sources. For the student of music it throws little new light on either the composers concerned or their works. For the general reader it unfolds a detailed panorama of Victorian life which can be entertaining—the section on Gounod's involvement with the egregious Georgina Weldon is a case in point—but too often is lost in a welter of anecdotal detail. Like Erith's "Derby Day" records rather than interprets, like the painting, fails to see beyond the surface of its subject. The massive accumulation of circumstantial detail proves ultimately selfdefeating, and any sense of focus or perspective is sacrificed in the interests of inclusiveness.

A typical example of the author's non-selective approach is to be found in the section on Tchaikovsky's visit to England in 1893, one of the longest in the book. We are to imagine the composer walking from his hotel to St John's Hall where he is to rehearse the orchestra for a performance of the Fourth Symphony. Mr Norris then speculates on the route taken by the great man and the famous landmarks he would have passed. First he comes to Portman Square, Mason's and there follows a long quotation from a contemporary source describing the Bon Marché emporium. We then move on to Hatchard's, which provides the excuse for a further quotation by the author reminding us that Tchaikovsky had ordered for his library in Table Mountain a copy of the book that Gibbon had read when writing *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Mr Norris's industry is indeed breath-taking. No detail is too trivial, no reference too obscure to be packed into this bulging portmanteau of a book. Nothing is left to chance ; less to the imagination. The author's own ideas and opinions there is little sign until, towards the very end, two messages seem to emerge. One is that the critics, as distinct from the popular reputation of Tchaikovsky's music, have on the whole been unfair to this country was long delayed by the hostile attitude of Tovey and the critics of "the Tovey school". The second is a way contradictory first in that it blames the English for not sufficiently appreciating their own composers, and then the valuation of Stanford's work is long overdue. Though the latter critical method hardly gainsays the anthologizing of others's views the clearly feels these to be intensely. Yet Tchaikovsky's position is surely now so unassailable as to make special pleading on his behalf rather superfluous, though I would go along with Norris's plea for a little more British in defence of their music it comes oddly from one who has just spent 500 odd pages chronicling the lionizing in this country of visiting composers from abroad.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between Norris's overcrowded canvas and Frida Knight's highly compressed historical account of music in and around Cambridge from the time of Ayes to the present day, *Cambridge Music*. In spite of its compact story Mrs Knight unfolds it in a lucid and well-written style without literary artifice or scholarly pretensions. It would not claim to be more than a brief guide to the subject, but there is much interest, including a select bibliography and source references for both published and unpublished material.

It is interesting to note that the announcing of forcing courses at Cambridge University so soon after the publicly celebrated in Mr Norris's book has continued well into the twentieth century. The reaction to the distinguished visitor was often interesting reading in the light of the attitudes they do in the case of Alban Berg's visit to Cambridge in 1930 (due, like so much else, to the pioneering work of E. J. Dent) drew from him the remark: "There is a coldness about Cambridge I have never seen"—a sharp reminder of the idiosyncratic Englishness of place.

The well-chosen illustrations, which, like the book, cover the town and gown, city and country include a splendid photograph of Jerry Hall, surely the most comprehensively equipped one-man band to have ever graced the streets of any city. As I write the BBC is proposing to disband five of its orchestras. Bearing in mind the distinguished contribution of the Cambridge Faculty of Music to the profession as a whole, let us hope that the inclusion of Jerry Hall's picture as the first illustration in the history of Cambridge music is a portent for the future.

Democratizing the decor

By Nicholas Shrimpton

ERWIN PISCATOR :
The Political Theatre
Translated by Hugh Rorrison
374pp. 84 black-and-white illustrations. Eyre Methuen. £8.95. 0 413 33490 2

There was a ghost at the feast of Brechtian theatre which Britain enjoyed in the 1960s and 1970s, and its name was Erwin Piscator. How much of the dramatic technique which we think of as Brecht's was really his own ? How much was owed instead to his distinguished contemporary ? The "problem" was exacerbated by a severe shortage of basic information. Piscator was a director rather than a playwright, and the promptbooks for most of his early productions had long since disappeared. Many of his collaborators perished in German concentration camps or Russian show trials. Memories of his early work were fading, as all such memories must.

The one bright spot in this scholarly gloom was the fact that Piscator was known to have published an account of himself in 1929, under the title *Das Politische Theater*. In 1963 this book was [illegible] and to everybody's satisfaction abbreviated form, and now, at last, it has been translated. Hugh Rorrison's version puts the text into clear American English and equips it with the original plates, a chronological table, an incomplete index and an individual introduction to each of Piscator's twenty-three chapters.

The answer to the question of historical priority appears to be that Meyerhold, Brecht and Piscator were working on similar lines in different places at much the same time. Piscator's account of the discovery of the *Verfremdungseffekt* does at least have humour to recommend it :

> John Heartfield, who had agreed to produce a backdrop for *The Cripple*, was as usual late with his work and appeared at the back of the hall with his backdrop rolled up under his arm when we had reached the middle of the first act. What then happened might have looked like a director's gimmick, yet it just happened. Heartfield : "Stop, Erwin, stop ! I'm here !" All heads turned : in astonishment toward the little man with the red face who had just burst in. We could not simply go on. . . . I turned to the audience and asked them what was to be done, should we continue to play, or should we hang up the backdrop ? There was an overwhelming majority for the backdrop. So we dropped the curtain, hung up the backdrop and to everybody's satisfaction started the play anew. (Nowadays I refer to John Heartfield as the founder of the "Epic Theatre").

Elsewhere the tone of *The Political Theatre* is more dogmatic and more grim. Piscator trained as an actor at the traditional Munich Court Theatre before the First World War. Many of his theatrical effects derived from his early contact with Dada. But his experience of the Western Front (one of the plates shows him posing elegantly on a fire-step in Flanders) turned him into a dedicated Marxist. Again and again he insists that his distinctive contributions to the art of the stage—the introduction of film, the use of scaffolding sets, the epic style, the use of projected captions —are the inevitable consequence of his revolutionary beliefs. "It is not", in his own words, "a matter of chance that the time which brought the proletariat into dramatic theory and into the organization of theatre also began to revolutionize the technical side of theatrical presentation."

The party was slow to thank him for this intriguing discovery. Far from convinced that an expertmental drama with intellectual assumptions and Dadaist undertones was in fact the true proletarian theatre, the communists extended only intermittent support. In 1927 it was, ironically, the managing director of a brewery group who gave him the capital to found his own theatre. The Piscator-Bühne (rapidly re-christened the Pilsator-Bühne by its more satirical employees, after the beer which paid the bills) rapidly achieved a substantial hit with Max Brod and Hans Reimann's adaptation of *The Good Soldier Schweik*. But success bred its own financial problems and in 1928 Piscator's fragile empire crashed about him.

The Political Theatre was written in the heat of this disappointment. The text is by turns hectoring and humble, studded with press-cuttings for and against. In the calmer moments we glimpse something of Piscator's gifts and weaknesses. He had an acute news sense, made eager use of the novelty of film, and brought out the best in such talented designers as Heartfield and Grosz. He had a peculiar capacity for pulling together the episodic texts which he preferred. More conventional authors, on the other hand, hated what he did to their work, and his scenic extravagance was always incompatible with popular ticket prices.

Hugh Rorrison's "Epilogue" sketches his later career, in which timely moves to Russia and America eventually led him, in the 1960s, back to the Theater der Freien Volksbühne in West Berlin. Here he directed plays by Hochhuth, Kipphardt and Weiss. The focus is quite properly upon the 1920s. But after having been given so much it would be good to know in more detail what became of this eccentric genius, even if his last and [illegible]-troubled years.

Shades of purple

By A. N. Wilson

MONTAGUE SUMMERS :
The Galanty Show
259pp. Cecil Woolf. £12.50. 0 900821 38 8

Montague Summers died in Richmond on August 10, 1948, aged sixty-nine. As he had requested, they placed him in his coffin dressed in soutane, amice, alb, girdle and violet mass vestments. Also buried with him in the Richmond cemetery were his biretta, his ivory crucifix, his rosary, his much-thumbed breviary and the coat which had belonged to his (deceased) dog Tango. The rites were performed by a Roman Catholic priest in the presence of only a handful of people.

Buried, too, were a multitude of "secrets", of his own invention. This was a man who was reported to have seen the Devil. When asked if the Prince of Darkness really had a goat's head, horns and a forked tail, he replied, in his high-pitched, lisping voice, "No *tail*, my dear". Rumours of Satanism, sexual perversion and ecclesiastical skulduggery hovered about him all his adult life. But he was more justly famous as a prodigiously learned and prolific man of letters; an authority on the Restoration Drama and the Gothic Novel; and a leading influence on the English theatre during the 1920s and 1930s.

These things are made clear by the all too brief memoir of Summers by J. Jerome (1965), to which Sybil Thorndyke wrote a loving introduction ; and they deserve remembering. He is too often thought of merely as a dabbler in the occult (for his book *The Vampire in Europe* for instance, he claimed to have made first-hand investigations) and as a disturbingly accomplished pornographer. When he died he had just completed a volume of autobiography and for some reason we have had to wait till now to see it in print. Very welcome it is.

Summers was born into a prosperous banker's family in Bristol, one of several brothers and sisters. His volume begins with early memories of his father's library at Tellisford House, Clifton Down, where at least, we could be quiet and in peace, of a winter afternoon chairs roulled over a blazing fire ; on a July day in the embowerment of a soft-cushioned window-seat with a vista of green lawn below, a grass plot in the centre of which a young laughing Triton scattered from his wreathed horn crystal drops of water that sparkled and diamonded in the sunlight as they disported and comminuted over a surface of the rock-girt pond where swam—an eternal fascination to watch—the great fat lazy goldfish, Chinese carp we called them, the lotus-eaters of the pool.

The library was well-equipped and it was here that day after day Summers imbibed an immense store of idiosyncratic and haphazard learning. The passage just quoted, saccharine by the austere standards of later decades, prepares one for his boyhood tastes. He liked the Renaissance Latin poets better than the classical and considered Mrs Henry Wood an altogether better read than George Eliot. His father was evidently a cultivated man, but his tastes were rigidly wholesome. *Don Juan* was kept locked away in a cupboard with the brandy and cheese ; and it was suggested, when the young "Monty" was discovered reading *Tom Jones*, that he lock that away also in case his sister should find it lying about the house.

It was fatal to hesitate in the library and to say, "I want something light to read, just a novel". The answer inevitably came, "Read one of Trollope's, my boy". At last I made reply one fine day, "I've read all Trollope's". Of course I had not : but I thought I might score. No such thing. The answer came pat, "Read them over again then. They will bear reading two or three times". A sentiment with which I cannot agree.

Trollope had regularly played whist with Summers's father at the Garrick Club when the old gentleman was up in London. Summers believed it was Trollope's business acumen which his father admired rather than any literary quality. For the boy, W. Harrison Ainsworth and "Monk" Lewis were in every way superior; and *John Inglesant* brought comfort which "few other books (save those that are of divine inspiration) can give".

Summers also had a passion for plays. Like Chesterton, his favourite toy as a growing child was his puppet theatre, and from an early age he began to collect old plays in Bristol bookshops; he was also familiar with Wycherley, Otway and Congreve at a date when most of their work had been practically forgotten by the cultivated world.

Summers's delight in seeing himself as an anachronism is well illustrated by a story he tells of his schooldays at Clifton, where he went as a day-boy in the 1890s. His English master—the brother of a future Prime Minister—was teaching the boys *The Rape of the Lock*.

> We came to the party at ombre in the third canto. "You will have mainly to rely on the notes for this", Asquith warned us. "I do not know how to play ombre, and I don't suppose there are twenty people today who could teach us . . . . We shall get the outline of the game more or less. You may be sure the examiner won't ask you to play a game of cards". And looking round with a smile, he continued, "Do any of you here play ombre, by any chance ?" A rhetorical question obviously. The form laughed. I put up my hand. Asquith said, "Well, what is it ?" "I play ombre, sir".

After he left Clifton, Montague Summers went up to Trinity College Oxford where he read Greats and eventually got a Fourth. Temperamental differences between himself and his father had become more acutely obvious by this stage in his career. His father was a no-nonsense low-churchman ; the young Summers delighted in the ritualistic worship at All Saints', Clifton, and had even, horror of horrors, nipped in now and again to the Roman Catholic pro-cathedral. His fascination with old drama was undiminished, too, with the danger it involved of being exposed to the scabrous language and practices of a more dissolute age. A college friend of those days recalls how things came to a head during one long vacation when Summers *père*, purple with rage, came into the library, tossed down a book and spluttered, "Is this filthy thing yours ?" It was "The Ballad of Reading Gaol".

Monty picked up the book, closed it carefully, reverently pressing the strained and damaged covers together, and in a very gentle voice replied, "Yeth, Father"—of course he could pronounce an "s" as clearly as the next man, but, because he wanted to annoy and knew that it teased, he would often adopt a ridiculous lisp—"Yeth, Father ! I have read all the worksth of the Mathther".

It will come as no surprise to those acquainted with the by-ways of ecclesiastical history to learn that Montague Summers's chosen profession was sought in the Church. He attended Lichfield Theological *College from* 1903 to 1905, eight years before Alfred Hope Patten, the restorer of the cult of Our Lady of Walsingham, entered the same establishment. Summers was a devout and popular seminarian, who burnt joss sticks in his room and wore purple socks during Lent. A friend described him as "always an interesting, entertaining and, I think gay is the right word, companion". He was made deacon by Dr Forrest Browne, the Bishop of Bristol in 1908. For some reason, he served his title in the diocese of Bath and Wells, but he soon went for his second curacy to a suburban church in Bitton, Bristol, where the vicar was an eccentric man called Canon Ellacombe, who had been ordained in 1847. Summers showed a friend the tombstone in the churchyard over the grave of the vicar's wife, who had died many years before. Under her name and the dates of her birth and death were inscribed Canon Ellacombe's name, with the date of his birth and an exactly predicted date of his death. On that very day, a few years later, the old man died in his sleep. (Similar stories were told of Burton—author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*: whether they "suggested" the story of Canon Ellacombe one cannot be sure.)

Summers's career as a curate came to an abrupt end in 1909 when he and another clergyman were prosecuted on a charge of pederasty. The other clergyman was condemned and Summers was acquitted, but he nevertheless felt he had to leave the parish ; a few months later he was received into the Roman Church at St Joseph's, Kingswood (Bristol). On September 9, 1910, at the age of thirty-one, he entered the seminary of Wonersh, near Guildford, with a view to becoming a priest of the Roman obedience. For some reason, this little adventure lasted even less long than his career in the Church of England: He received the tonsure—and probably minor orders—from the Roman Catholic bishop of Southwark on December 28, 1910; but after that date his exact ecclesiastical status becomes clouded with uncertainty. Some believe that he was raised to the Roman diaconate ; it has even been said that he was once seen acting as deacon at a High Mass in the Roman pro-cathedral in Clifton. It is certain that he *was* subsequently raised to the priesthood, but how or when will probably never be known.

The likeliest explanation is that he was priested by an *episcopus vagans*, Ulric Vernon Herford. This holy man, otherwise known as Mar Jacobus, was the Bishop of Mercia and of Middlesex, the administrator of the Metropolitan See of India and Ceylon and of the Syro-Chaldean Church and of the Patriarchate of Babylon and the East ; he was also the founder of something called the Evangelical Catholic Communion.

Herford was certainly a bishop in as full, historic and apostolic sense as the Pope himself, a fact no Catholic theologian has ever questioned ; but his following was somewhat smaller. His pro-cathedral was a small red-brick building in Percy Street, off the Tottenham Road in Oxford ; and if Summers was ordained in England it was probably here that it happened. As was so often the case with men who were ordained in this canonically heterodox manner, Summers almost certainly conditionally reordained in Italy, whether by a Roman bishop on the sly, or by another *episcopus vagans* we shall never know. Possibly he was even raised to the purple. During his five years of adult life in Oxford —1929-1934—he frequently entertained at his house, 43 Broad Street, wearing full canonicals for dinner: a purple stock, black cassock ; a wide black silk cincture with a purple fringe at least a foot deep ; and large silver buckles on his patent leather shoes.

It is easy enough to sneer at all this sort of thing ; and there are plenty of people belonging to larger sects who have been eager to decry such uncanonical procedure. On balance, the record seems to have been that Summers was a devout man, His breviary was recited daily. At least one devotee —the Hon Mrs Greville-Nugent, for whom he said mass in her private oratory in Hove—regarded him as a saint. And if not a saint, he was, for all their unwillingness to accept him, a devout and regular worshipper at Roman Catholic conventicles. Father Arthur Tooth, that great Anglican saint (imprisoned for wearing the maniple), was charitable enough to recognize Summers's merits and allowed him to take part, fully vested, in the annual Corpus Christi procession at Woodside Convent, Croydon.

Alas, much as one would like to hear Summers's own account of all these things, the volume of ecclesiastical reminiscences which he intended to compose was never written—and the present memoir is limited almost exclusively to his literary reflections.

He does not give much of himself away, except his opinions. Everyone who knows Oxford will lament with him the demolition of the three houses at the end of Broad Street, his own among them, "in order to erect that superfluous monstrosity the New Bodleian, a memorial of a silly woman's vacant and rootless vacuity". In literary matters, for all his adulation of

Non-Fiction

LEN DEIGHTON
Battle of Britain
Adds a third dimension to his bestsellers, *Blitzkrieg* and *Fighter*. With over 300 illustrations, many in full colour.
0 224 01836 4 September £8.50

DENIS HEALEY
Healey's Eye:
A Photographic Memoir
With 184 photographs, 115 of them in full colour.
Large format 0 224 01793 4 September £7.95

ROBYN DAVIDSON
Tracks
The story of a 1,700 mile journey on foot across the desert of the Australian Outback. Illustrated 0 224 01861 2 October £5.95

JOHN FOWLES and BARRY BRUKOFF
The Enigma of Stonehenge
With over 50 remarkable photographs, 16 of them in in full colour. 0 224 01618 0 September £6.95

LYNN BARBER
The Heyday of Natural History: 1820-1870
With 120 pictures, many in full colour. Large format, 0 224 01148 X October £9.50

PATRICIA and GILES NEVILLE
Incidents in the Life of Joseph Grimaldi
A study of the celebrated early nineteenth-century clown in 25 enchanting paintings and a collection of witty anecdotes. 0 224 01869 8 October £4.95

DOM MORAES
Mrs Gandhi
A biography. 0 224 01601 6 September £9.50

Fiction

Brian Aldiss
Moreau's Other Island
0 224 01840 X August £4.95

Lionel Davidson
Under Plum Lake
A fantasy, with decorations by Mike Wilks.
0 224 01873 6 September £4.50

Duff Hart-Davis
The Heights of Rimring
An adventure story in the Buchan tradition, set in Tibet.
0 224 01837 X September £5.95

Russell Hoban
Riddley Walker
'A remarkable book, most original.' Anthony Burgess
0 224 01851 5 October £5.95

Patrick Modiano
Missing Person
Winner of the Prix Goncourt.
0 224 01789 6 September £5.95

Judith Rossner
Emmeline
A period novel based on a true story, by the bestselling author of *Looking for Mr Goodbar*.
0 224 01884 1 October £5.95

Jonathan Cape

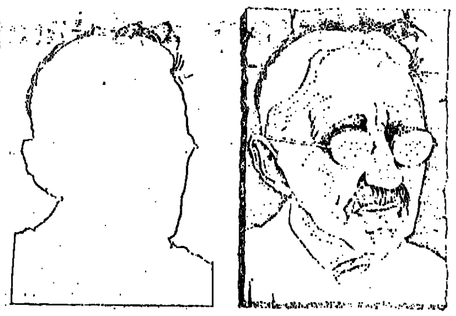
the Spooky, the Occult, and the Psychic, he is perhaps most outspoken in his criticism of people that one would have expected him to admire. He had no time for Aleister Crowley "one quarter conjuror and three quarters charlatan and whole common publicist". He did not, although he liked Yeats personally, join the Order of the Golden Dawn. Ronald Knox doubtless had his temperament under more melancholy control than did Summers, but one would have thought them, from this distance of time, to have had much in common: both brilliant men with a priestly vocation, but with no desire to do anything with their lives except doodle in the trivial by-ways of literature.

Yet Summers complains at the way that Evelyn Waugh can "overwash with praise of the literary graces of Monsignor Ronald Knox"; and, when one thinks about it, Summers really seems the more solid figure of the two. Similarly, it may come as a shock for some readers to hear him dismissing Graham Greene in these terms: "To my mind, *Brighton Rock* lacks sincerity and rings untrue. Whence I conclude that Mr Graham Greene is not a competent writer."

The memoirs dart about from one subject to another—ghosts and witchcraft; the salon of Emerald, Lady Cunard, who was one of his greatest admirers; the friendship of Saki and Edmund Gosse. Behind all these memories is hidden the sheer labour and plod of his achievement. *Nullu dies sine linea*, he quotes as the motto of his friend Stewart Mason Ellis. It might have been his own. Before his emergence on the scene, for instance, the Gothic Novel was all but forgotten. His *The Gothic Quest* and *Gothic Bibliography* were pioneer works in what is now regarded as an important literary field. Until his encouragement of the society known as The Phoenix —the purpose of which was to promote the performance of forgotten dramatists—almost no one, in England had read and no one had been such works as *The Country Wife*. His studies *The Restoration Theatre* and *The Playhouse of Pepys* have perhaps dated and been superseded; but they are works of phenomenal liveliness and fullness and erudition. In addition, he produced the Nonesuch editions of the complete works of Wycherley, Otway, Dryden and Congreve and helped prepare John Hayward's edition of the Earl of Rochester.

The admirably learned *Bibliography of the Works of Montague Summers* (1964) by Timothy d'Arch Smith gives a full account of his labours. All this was, as is shown by the modesty of his autobiographical writing, lightly borne. And one captures in the pages of *The Galanty Show* tower-written though the purple passages unquestionably are) much of what made him a celebrated and amusing conversationalist. One rather assumes that with so many books and so many literary and theatrical preoccupations, and so many famous friends, here were careers enough for two lives. The memoir conceals the fact that for much of his adult life he was a schoolmaster. Among other posts, he was an assistant master in the Junior School of the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Holborn. Then, in 1922, he became senior English master at Brockley County School in south-east London. The boys called him "Wiggy", for reasons which are obvious if one looks at his photograph: a pudgy, clever face, framed with thick curls which cling to the side of his head like earmuffs. He was a successful schoolmaster, much loved and respected by his pupils. He was obviously one of those extraordinary men who managed to read widely, write enormously, and still have time and energy left for a full-time professional occupation.

It was his own hair, of course, not a wig. That seems right. As with so many men of religious genius, it is impossible to distinguish in Summers the phoney and the real thing. For all his affectations, he was his own man. Pedersen he may have been. Pornographer he certainly was. To this day, if you order up some of his books from the stacks of the Bodleian library, they can only be read under supervision; then some blushing library assistant locks the volumes away in a cupboard in his office—just as Summers's father, all those years ago, locked away *Don Juan* in the library at Tellisford House. How much that would have pleased him.



"A flat, a curved, and a fully rounded E. M. Forster"—pictures taken from Novels and Novelists: A Guide to the World of Fiction, edited by the prolific encyclopaedist Martin Seymour-Smith (288pp. Windus Press, 18.95. 0 7112 0015 7). E. M. Forster originated the distinction in Aspects of the Novel: "Flat characters were called 'humours' in the seventeenth century, and are sometimes called types, and sometimes caricatures. In their purest form, they are constructed round a single idea or quality; when there is more than one factor in them, we get the beginning of the curve towards the round. The really flat character can be expressed in one sentence such as 'I will never desert Mr Micawber'. There is Mrs Micawber, she says she won't desert Mr Micawber; she doesn't try, and there she is." Compendiously intriguing. Novels and Novelists has chapters on "Crime Fiction", "Science Fiction", "Fiction and Illustration", and "The Novel and the Cinema". It also features an alphabetical guide to novelists, in which 1,348 authors are briefly itemized, and their works subjected to a four-fold assessment, scoring from one to five stars for readability, characterization, plot, and literary merit. Fifty-four books score the full twenty stars.

Anglo-American attitudes

By Stephen Koss

JAMES D. STARTT:
Journalism's Unofficial Ambassador
A Biography of Edward Price Bell 1869-1943
260pp. Ohio University Press. $15.95. 0 8214 0415 6

Better known as a foreign correspondent who nursed a fervent belief in an Anglo-American destiny, Edward Price Bell also wrote fiction. According to James D. Startt: "His stories were emotional, sentimental melodramas and each portrayed a moral principle." Much the same might be said of Professor Startt's biography of Bell. A worthy book about a worthy man, it is sententious and sometimes mawkish. Bell, taken at his own word, is presented as "a good deal of an idealist who strove to promote international understanding and to raise the standards of his profession. The effort fails victim to what G. K. Chesterton described as "the great biographical danger of making mountains out of molehills". Worse, by approaching complex events strictly from Bell's limited perspective, it makes molehills out of mountains.

The most notable phase of Bell's long career was his stint in London as overseas manager of the *Chicago Daily News* foreign service. He held that position during the first twenty-two years of this century, and established a rapport with many of the leading figures in British politics and journalism. Though he would rather be called "a sodomite than a propagandist", Bell admitted to being "pro-British in exactly the same way that I am pro-humanity". An advocate of American intervention in the First World War, all the more after he had seen German bombs fall on Margate, he helped to acquaint American readers with European problems and to explain American policies to an exasperated British public. In later years he was still fond of quoting the maxims of Lord Beaverbrook.

Bearing in mind that journalists habitually exaggerate their own and each other's influence, some of the claims advanced on Bell's behalf may be discounted. Yet he was obviously a man of accomplishment as well as capacity. His campaign against the senselessness of British wartime censorship, which Startt admirably evaluates, was of first-rate importance. Strachey of the *Spectator* testified to the esteem in which Bell was held in high political circles, and Lord Burnham of the *Daily Telegraph* suggested him as an official ambassador. Although the point is not explicitly made, Bell's political contacts were mostly among Liberals, while his newspaper contacts were exclusively among Tories.

Instead of concentrating on this dramatic and productive period, Startt has elected to chart Bell's life from cradle to grave, with the result that major themes are submerged. In 1922, Bell ended his "long exile abroad" and, soon afterwards, his "career peaked". Midway through, this book also peaks. Bell continued to conduct his interviews with world statesmen, and, on one occasion, with a Chinese laundryman. But he communicated nothing so much as his own growing sense of estrangement. Back in London in 1929, he made an embarrassing attempt to fix a meeting between Herbert Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald. Startt has a difficult time trying to reconcile Bell's support for Hoover and American isolationism, (which he declines to recognize as such) with Bell's earlier internationalism. In particular, Bell's sympathy for the fascist dictators and his eleventh-hour attacks on Roosevelt in 1940 undermine the interpretation that he "remained a good man whose principles were unimpaired by his practicalities."

During his "active retirement" Bell wrote a memoir. The manuscript, "rejected by every publisher who considered it", is among the Bell Papers on deposit at the Newberry Library in Chicago. Startt is aware of its "many errors of typographical slips", but nevertheless draws heavily from it. He is not always corroborated by the memoir; nor has he dealt critically with the Bell correspondence, for which he has called redundantly to mind Appointing Sir Edward Carson to the Admiralty a year too soon, and contriving perhaps Balfour and Runciman hog-tie the monarch just round to it, is weak in his grasp of details.

One would have preferred more attention to the urge and its shapeshifting about the lush greenery of the forest Startt can mention a place without sounding like a travel brochure. Bell was born in Terre Haute, Indiana: "As the Wabash River moves slowly southward through that rough, broken and rustic area in its steady flow towards the Ohio, its tributaries reach out picturesquely into the surrounding countryside". He moved on to Chicago: "With its population soaring to over a million, its sprawling industries, its packing and network of railroads, it was a pulsating metropolis." Thence to London, "with its tangle of courts, squares, winding lanes, and formal thoroughfares, with its streets thronged by the clatter of horse-drawn cabs". And he ended up in Missisipna under "a magnificent large magnolia tree with great sprawling branches that nearly touched the ground". There is far too much sprawl in this book, as perhaps there was in Bell's life.

FREUD
The Man and the Cause
Ronald W. Clark
'A uniquely absorbing book'
– Frederic Morton
'Enthralling reading'
– *New York Times*
'An excellent, learned and non-technical picture'
– Alex Comfort, *New York*
Now on sale in the UK
£9.95
WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON and JONATHAN CAPE LTD

Author, Author

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the two quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than Friday, August 15. A prize of £15 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened; or failing that, the most nearly correct—in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.

Entries should be addressed to the Editor, The Times Literary Supplement, P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ, and marked "Author, Author" on the envelope. The solution and result will appear in our issue of August 22.

Competition No 31

1 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.

2 Satire should, like a polished razor, keen,
Wound with a touch, that's scarcely felt or seen:
Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews;
The rage, but not the talent to abuse;
And is in hate, what love is in the stews.

Result of Competition No 28

Winner: S. J. Newman, 9 Calthness Drive, Wallasey, Merseyside L45 7PN.

Answers:

All three passages are translations by Claude Guillot in a recent issue of *Poésie 1* (September-October 1979) devoted to contemporary British poetry.

1 Le cochon frait dans une broyeuse, mort.
Il pensil, disont-on, le poids de trois hommes.
Les yeux fermés, les paupières d'un blanc rosé.
Les pieds tendus et raides.
—Ted Hughes, "View of a Pig"

2 Plus tard—des trois tas de bouteilles mes carreaux—
Le Mal, c'est ce qui m'embaumait:
Moi et ma cape et mes crocs
On a passé des nuits, c'était salpantant et dingue,
Les femmes, je les adorais avec mon sexe,
Je les éclatais comme des meringues.
—Philip Larkin, "A Study of Reading Habits"

3 Le mot d'un escargot sur l'assiette d'une feuille?
Ce n'est pas à moi. Ne l'accepte pas.
De l'acide acétique dans une boîte hermétique?
Ne l'accepte pas. Ce n'est pas authentique.
Un anneau d'or et le sol défonce?
Messanges. Messange et Angresse.
—Sylvia Plath, "The Couriers"

History and Imagination

By Hugh Trevor-Roper

This is the text of a valedictory lecture delivered in the Examination Schools, Oxford, on May 20, 1980 by Hugh Trevor-Roper (Lord Dacre of Glanton) on resigning his Chair in order to become Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge. The lecture will be published by the Oxford University Press in the autumn.

What does one say in a valedictory lecture, apart from the valediction which comes at the end? I am taking my leave, not of my subject, nor, I hope, of Oxford, or of you, but of my chair. Perhaps I should add, as it were, an epilogue to the inaugural lecture which I gave on first adjusting myself to it twenty-three years ago. I then spoke of the need of history, though professional in its methods, to provide an education for the layman. I have decided now to say something of another non-professional aspect of historical study. Originally, as I was writing my lecture, I entitled it "History and Free-will"; and that perhaps you will think a more appropriate title to what I shall say. But free-will, the choice of alternatives, is in the actor: the historian's function is to discern those alternatives, and that, surely, is the function of imagination. Therefore I have entitled my lecture "History and Imagination".

Any such discussion is necessarily somewhat subjective, and I hope that I shall be forgiven, especially in these circumstances, for a certain infusion of autobiography. Our views on history come from the impact of experience upon reading and of reading upon experience; and both reading and experience are personal. Objective science has its place in historical study, but it is a subordinate place: the heart of the subject is not in the method but in the motor, nor in the technique but in the historian.

There are of course some people who believe that history itself is an objective science. They see it, I suppose, as the gradual refinement of scholarly technique until the past can be reconstructed with mathematical precision and total objectivity. However, I do not think that many historians subscribe to that belief today. We owe a great deal to the technicians of history, from the philologists of the Renaissance to the source-critics of the nineteenth century. Thanks to them we approach the great problems of historical reconstruction in a more exact and useful manner than our predecessors could do; which does not, however, make us better historians. Even the most "objective" of historians, we soon discover, are imprisoned, though they may not know it, in a philosophy which is conditioned by subjective experience. Even a computer has to be programmed. Objective theories, perfect instruments, do not exist. It is vain to suppose that they will be devised in the calm of the monastery or the think-tank—what useful idea has ever come out of a think-tank? Ideas and skills are evolved under the pressure of the outer world: a pressure which varies from generation to generation, person to person, and can never be exactly the same.

We are all, at times, tempted to make history more scientific than we find it to be: to reduce it from its beginnings in literature, myth or poetry to a regular system, with iron laws. But in the end we have to admit that such a process, though it can be refined, can never be perfected. It is refining away, reducing the ingredient of Fortune or human freedom, but if we should ever succeed in eliminating them altogether, behold: we have killed the subject. Our chemical distillations will be rejected in favour of less antiseptic water, fresh from the spring.

Why, I now wonder, was I drawn to the study of history—and of a particular kind of history—in my early years? Partly, I sometimes think, through an accident of birth. I was brought up in rural north Northumberland, with the symbols, or deposit, of age after age of history around me: not dead relics, to be scientifically dug up or patiently reconstructed, but visible, palpable, alive to the least sophisticated imagination. To the north was Hadrian's Wall, whose great tract, rocky and lofty with the contours of the hills and moors, so impressed Camden when he visited it nearly four centuries ago: surely the greatest monument of Roman Britain. To the north were the Cheviot hills, with their fortified houses and pele-towers, looking, through their narrow slit-eyes, with well-justified suspicion, towards the weasel Scots; and the city of Berwick, finally repossessed by Richard III (be that remembered to his credit) and made secure behind those splendid fortified walls built for Queen Elisabeth by two Italian refugees. In the West, waste empty moors saved us from thinking of the Welsh of Cumbria, as remote as the Antipodes; and in the East there was that marvellous coast of basalt cliffs, tidal rocks and sand, with its string of romantic castles: first the twin watch towers of Lindisfarne on Bamburgh, still on their Saxon sites, looking at each other, like Sestos and Abydos, over the intervening arm of the sea; then, further south, the ruined medieval fortresses of Dunstanburgh, which Malory supposed might be Arthur's Joyous Garde, and Warkworth, still answering to Shakespeare's description of it as

this worm-eaten hold
of ragged stone

In that country—that island rather, bounded by hill and wall and moor and sea—layer after layer of English history lay visible to the eye of imagination; and I now think that perhaps it is not an accident that that underpopulated area has been or become the home of so many historians: Trevelyans at Wallington, conscious heirs and continuators of Macaulay, their uncle and great-uncle; two Hodgkins, the historians of Italy and her invaders and of Anglo-Saxon England; Mandell Creighton writing his History of the Papacy in the vicarage of Embleton; my predecessor Sir Maurice Powicke, born at Alnwick and David Veronica Wedgwood at Newcastle; my neighbour Sir Steven Runciman at Doxford.

Of course, this is not a very intellectual reason for studying history, perhaps it is a very parochial reason too. But one has to start somewhere, and perhaps to start with the imagination is no bad thing. It can always be corrected afterwards, whereas to begin with correctitude may be to end with dryness. What was it corrected for me? I would like to say that it was when I read the Oxford history school, but I am not sure that that was true. At best it was only partially true.

It was in my second year at Oxford, when I was reading the unexpressibly tedious Greek epic poem of Nonnus, that I decided to change from classics to history. By now, I said to myself, I had read all classical literature worth reading, and much that was not. Why scrape the bottom of the barrel? Nonnus, it seemed to me, was very near the bottom. So I decided that from now on the classics might be my relaxation but I would turn for sustenance to history, to which there was no bottom, no end. The tutors of Christ Church were then, as they no doubt still are, very tolerant. No discussion, no objection, no reasoning took place; and I turned to Modern History. My reading, from amateur, became, or began to become, professional. Almost immediately I discovered that history was not an art but a science.

There was at that time a young tutor in my college, now an ennobled ex-politician, who was determined to reform and modernize what he considered to be the somewhat traditional and old-fashioned teaching of the subject there. In my first term as a student of history, he summoned me and my contemporaries to his rooms and there gave us a talk on the Marxist philosophy of history, which he had embraced with evident zeal. He explained to us that, theoretically, it should be possible to discover the objective laws of historical change, and that the way to test such laws, once discovered, was to see whether they enabled one to predict the next stage in the historical process. The Marxist interpretation, he assured us, had survived this test: it had predicted the course of events since Marx's own time with remarkable accuracy; and therefore it could now be regarded as scientifically valid: as another Marxist writer, from the Hellol school, put it, once it is accepted, "everything suddenly falls into place". No doubt our tutor said more than this; but this was what impressed me most. The vast pageant of history, hitherto so indeterminate, so formless, so mysterious, now had, as it seemed, a beautiful, mechanical regularity, and modern science had supplied a master-key which, with a satisfying click, would turn in every lock, open all its dark chambers, and reveal all its secret workings. This was very exciting. Unfortunately, when I began to apply the key, I soon encountered some difficulties. These difficulties lay not in the history of the past, that weak unresisting substance which is malleable at will, but in actual experience, which is not.

Historians of every generation, I believe, unless they are pure antiquaries, see history against the background—the controlling background—of current events. They call upon it to explain the problems of their own time, to give to those problems a philosophical context, a *continuum* in which they may be reduced to proportion and perhaps made intelligible. The historians of the Italian Renaissance sought to account for the revolutions which destroyed their world at its highest splendour, those of the Enlightenment to discover the mechanics of progress. In the nineteenth century, English historians looked into history for the sources of our institutional strength, while the Germans found that it justified the defeat of Napoleon and the unification of Germany under the Prussian monarchy: a view not entirely accepted by the French.

And what, we naturally asked, was the great problem of the 1930s? It was, of course, the sudden and apparently irresistible rise of aggressive dictatorships in a world which, we had always been told, had been made safe for democracy by the victory of 1918. How illusory those old promises now seemed! In Italy Mussolini had created a new form of power and was preparing to found a new Roman Empire in the Mediterranean and Africa. In Germany, Hitler had ended democracy and was threatening to reorder Europe by force. Japanese imperialism was conquering China. These dynamic new dictators made the pace in world politics. They did not shrink from war. They were already fomenting civil war in Spain. And that civil war, which they would win, seemed to us the prelude, and the dress-rehearsal, for an even greater war which, given the reluctance and pacifism of the West, they might also win.

We all know how this problem obsessed the generation of undergraduates, and how, in the high-minded, solipsistic enclaves of certain Cambridge colleges, it led even intelligent young men into the most absurd positions, surrendering themselves, *pernde ac cadaver*, to Soviet communism as the only force which would guarantee a liberal future for the world. In Oxford, such abject conclusions were not drawn. To me, one result was that I found it difficult to accept the authority of Marxist historical science.

For had Marx, or any Marxist tipster, prophesied the rise of fascism? The answer was, No. All that could be said was that, after fascism had appeared, the prophets had hastily up-dated their prophecies, explaining that fascism was simply the last stage of imperialism. Just as the millenarian prophets of the seventeenth century met inconvenient objections to their scientific predictions by explaining that Antichrist must be looked and have his last brief fling before the final reign of Christ and his saints could begin, so the modern Marxist thinkers dismissed Hitler and Mussolini as ephemeral phenomena, too unimportant to have been mentioned in the official blueprints: bubbles which would surface only to burst and be dissolved again into the majestic stream of history, rolling onward in its pre-determined course. This, of course, had always been the official doctrine of the Russian communist party. In 1933, Moscow had instructed the German communists not to waste time in opposing the Nazis, who were doomed to fail, but to reserve their fire for use against the more dangerous "Social Fascists", i.e. the Social Democrats. Naturally the power to act may be irresponsibly lent to the independent research of the objective Marxist intellectuals in the West.

In 1939 the expected European war drew near, and as it approached, those comforting rationalizations began to look very thin. Communist Russia, far from proving the only opponent of Nazi Germany, promptly became its ally and ensured its immediate success. By 1940, thanks to the cooperation of Stalin, Hitler was master of Europe, and at any time in the next year, an accident—yes, an accident—could have put him in a position to conquer the world. The irrelevant bubble of Marxist mythology would then have diverted the majestic stream of history into a completely new course. It is from that time that I date the strongest conviction that I hold as a historian: the belief in historical free will.

You will say that I have begged some questions. So let me be a little more explicit. Objectively, in 1940, Hitler had won the war in the West and Britain's refusal to accept defeat was illogical, unrealistic, absurd. If only Britain had recognized this, and given up the struggle, Hitler would have been in the position of Bismarck in 1866. Having defeated his other rivals, he would have been free to concentrate his forces against the last enemy and, by its defeat in a third *Blitzkrieg*, to establish his new empire. That, in such circumstances, he could have defeated Russia can hardly be denied. Even as it was, he very nearly did so. "All that Lenin and we have sought to build is now lost!" exclaimed Stalin as he fled with his government from a Moscow that seemed doomed to fall before that first shattering invasion. A final German victory in the West, had it been achieved, could have made all the difference.

And how easily, in that year, the victory in the West might, by a mere accident, have been made final! I can think of at least four such hypothetical accidents, any one of which might have had that effect. First, no one could rationally have assumed that at the precise moment of the fall of France there would be, in Britain, a statesman able to unite all parties, and the people, in the will and confidence to continue what could easily have been represented as a pointless struggle. The crisis does not always produce the man: moments of vital decision quickly pass; and in a period of confusion some doctrine was discovered to be true by the independent research of the objective Marxist intellectuals in the West.

In 1939 the expected European war drew near, and as it approached, those comforting rationalizations began to look very thin. Communist Russia, far from proving the only opponent of Nazi Germany, promptly became its ally and ensured its immediate success. By 1940, thanks to the cooperation of Stalin, Hitler was master of Europe, and at any time in the next year, an accident—yes, an accident—could have put him in a position to conquer the world. The irrelevant bubble of Marxist mythology would then have diverted the majestic stream of history into a completely new course. It is from that time that I date the strongest conviction that I hold as a historian: the belief in historical free will.

You will say that I have begged some questions. So let me be a little more explicit. Objectively, in 1940, Hitler had won the war in the West and Britain's refusal to accept defeat was illogical, unrealistic, absurd. If only Britain had recognized this, and given up the struggle, Hitler would have been in the position of Bismarck in 1866. Having defeated his other rivals, he would have been free to concentrate his forces against the last enemy and, by its defeat in a third *Blitzkrieg*, to establish his new empire. That, in such circumstances, he could have defeated Russia can hardly be denied. Even as it was, he very nearly did so. "All that Lenin and we have sought to build is now lost!" exclaimed Stalin as he fled with his government from a Moscow that seemed doomed to fall before that first shattering invasion. A final German victory in the West, had it been achieved, could have made all the difference.

And how easily, in that year, the victory in the West might, by a mere accident, have been made final! I can think of at least four such hypothetical accidents, any one of which might have had that effect. First, no one could rationally have assumed that at the precise moment of the fall of France there would be, in Britain, a statesman able to unite all parties, and the people, in the will and confidence to continue what could easily have been represented as a pointless struggle. The crisis does not always produce the man; moments of vital decision quickly pass; and in a period of confusion some doctrine was discovered to be true by the independent research of the objective Marxist intellectuals in the West.

In 1939 the expected European war drew near, and as it approached, those comforting rationalizations began to look very thin. Communist Russia, far from proving the only opponent of Nazi Germany, promptly became its ally and ensured its immediate success. By 1940, thanks to the cooperation of Stalin, Hitler was master of Europe, and at any time in the next year, an accident—yes, an accident—could have put him in a position to conquer the world. The irrelevant bubble of Marxist mythology would then have diverted the majestic stream of history into a completely new course. It is from that time that I date the strongest conviction that I hold as a historian: the belief in historical free will.

You will say that I have begged some questions. So let me be a little more explicit. Objectively, in 1940, Hitler had won the war in the West and Britain's refusal to accept defeat was illogical, unrealistic, absurd. If only Britain had recognized this, and given up the struggle, Hitler would have been in the position of Bismarck in 1866. Having defeated his other rivals, he would have been free to concentrate his forces against the last enemy and, by its defeat in a third *Blitzkrieg*, to establish his new empire. That, in such circumstances, he could have defeated Russia can hardly be denied. Even as it was, he very nearly did so. "All that Lenin and we have sought to build is now lost!" exclaimed Stalin as he fled with his government from a Moscow that seemed doomed to fall before that first shattering invasion. A final German victory in the West, had it been achieved, could have made all the difference.

And how easily, in that year, the victory in the West might, by a mere accident, have been made final! I can think of at least four such hypothetical accidents, any one of which might have had that effect. First, no one could rationally have assumed that at the precise moment of the fall of France there would be, in Britain, a statesman able to unite all parties, and the people, in the will and confidence to continue what could easily have been represented as a pointless struggle. The crisis does not always produce the man; moments of vital decision quickly pass; and in a period of confusion

Of course there are a hundred possible variations of detail, but they are irrelevant to my argument, which is, simply, that the political form of the world at any time is not logically deducible from previous history, that "scientific" history is rendered impossible by human accident, and in particular (though this is now merely the occasion of the argument), that any science is ludicrous which has to "save the phenomena" by desperate expedients. For surely it is a gesture of despair to dismiss as ephemeral a movement which, by a slight variation of fortune, might

Everybody's Boswell
Illustrated by E.H. Shepard
Abridged by Frank Morley

A reissue of the celebrated one-volume edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and *The Tour to the Hebrides*. E.H. Shepard's lively and witty illustrations are the ideal complement.

Publication October £8.95 632 pages

Thomas Hardy
The Writer and his Background
Edited by Norman Page

A new collection of studies by an international team of critics and scholars into the background of and influences upon Thomas Hardy, novelist and poet.

Publication 24 July £12.50 280 pages

Barclay Fox's Journal
Edited by R.L. Brett

'A record of quite uncommon interest . . . he (Barclay Fox) emerges as one of the most attractive of characters and his vigour, curiosity, kindness and competence, blow fresh from page after page.'
C.P. Snow, The Financial Times

£9.95 426 pages

Bell & Hyman

BASIL BLACKWELL

The Victorians and Ancient Greece
RICHARD JENKYNS
This lucid, evocative book adds greatly to our understanding of the Victorians by demonstrating the range and depth of the Greek influence on nineteenth-century society. It explores their images of Greek life and thought, their admiration of Greek sculpture, their response to Greek epic and tragedy.
398 pages, 8 plates, £15.00

Art in the Third Reich
BERTHOLD HINZ
"This is a remarkable, deeply affecting and also rather disquieting book. Disquieting not simply because the iconography of fascism freezes the blood because we know what it means, but also because some of the pictures reproduced here are what quite a lot of people might rather like — if they were shown the pictures of pretty girls and rolling landscapes sold." Angela Carter, *New Society*
288 pages, 16 colour plates, 261 black and white illustrations, hardback £15.00, paperback £8.50

Narrative Discourse
GERARD GENETTE
Translated by Jane E. Lewin, foreword by Jonathan Culler
A systematic theory of narrative built upon an analysis of the writings of Marcel Proust. Adopting an essentially structuralist approach, Genette identifies and names the basic constituents and techniques of narrative and illustrates them by referring to literary works in many languages.
286 pages, £9.95

Rules and Representations
NOAM CHOMSKY
This book is about mind and reality and the language that mediates between them. The author is concerned with the prospects for assimilating the study of human intelligence to the natural sciences, through the investigation of cognitive structures.
308 pages, £7.50

The Psychoanalysis of Culture
C. R. BADCOCK
Freud's most important case history is seldom, if ever, mentioned. Yet it remains of unusual importance. It gave rise to many of his most original and influential ideas, and has a continuing significance for our understanding of human behaviour. It is the case history of man and his culture — nothing less than the psychoanalysis of the human race itself.
272 pages, £15.00

Translations from the Philosophical Writings of Gottlob Frege
Edited by PETER GEACH and MAX BLACK
Widely acknowledged to be the best and most authoritative selection of Frege's writings in English, this new edition brings the translation of technical terms into line with other volumes of his works.
Third edition, 238 pages, hardback £12.00, paperback £4.50

The Philosophers
BEN-AMI SCHARFSTEIN
Their Lives and the Nature of their Thought
Personal experience particularly in childhood affects philosophers' sense of reality and hence the content of their philosophies. Scharfstein examines this contention in biographical studies of twenty philosophers, from Descartes to Wittgenstein and Sartre, in a book which approaches a psychological history of the philosophy of the period.
496 pages, £18.00

American Capitalism
JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
A reissue of an established classic by one of the greatest living economists.
224 pages, £9.00

Collected Economic Papers
JOAN ROBINSON
The set of five volumes of Professor Robinson's papers, published from 1951 to 1979, together with a new general index.
Boxed set with index, £50.00
Index only, 64 pages, £4.95

Asset Accumulation and Economic Activity
JAMES TOBIN
In his four Yrjö Jahnsson Lectures, James Tobin defends neo-Keynesian macroeconomic theory against some current attacks, while indicating extensions of traditional models to handle more elaborate financial structures.
116 pages, £6.95

Environment, Ideology and Policy
FRANCIS SANDBACH
This book discusses the scientific and ideological nature of current thinking on environmental issues and policy-making, and scrutinizes closely different views on such topics as the environmental movement, environmental evaluation, the case for alternative technologies, and the future of resources.
270 pages, hardback £12.50, paperback £4.95

The Economic Crisis and American Society
MANUEL CASTELLS
Is the world economic crisis purely a matter of economics? Castells here argues that it is but one symptom of a wider social, political and ideological crisis. Examining the network of social and economic structures in its full complexity, he concludes that advanced capitalism has reached a point of transformation.
300 pages, hardback £12.00, paperback £4.95

The Recovery of Freedom
PAUL JOHNSON
Caustic, pungent, pointed and witty writings by one of Britain's most accomplished essayists, comprising the intellectual biography of a political renegade.
240 pages, £8.50

Broadcasting in a Free Society
LORD WINDLESHAM
A discussion of the relationship between governments and broadcasters, the way in which the present institutional framework has grown up, and why it is threatened in the future.
176 pages, £7.95

Basil Blackwell Publisher, 5 Alfred Street, Oxford OX1 4HB

love dominated the history of a whole age.

And not only the history: also the historiography. Nothing succeeds like success, and if Hitler had founded his empire—that dreadful empire whose character he drew in his *Table Talk*—we can well imagine how later historians would have treated him. Historians in general are great worshippers of power. Hitler was not more ruthless, or less intelligent, than Lenin or Stalin, and yet they, because they succeeded, have never lacked historical supporters. If Hitler had won his last gamble, as Bismarck won his, how would he have featured in the textbooks? Would he not now appear as the founder of the last and greatest German Reich, the statesman of genius who—at some price indeed, but a price must always be paid in politics: greatness is not won by victim alone, or perhaps at all—had really led the ambition of a century, the historical destiny of a nation? Would he not be acclaimed for having restored, on a larger, more permanent base, and by the same methods (which would thereby be doubly consecrated), the empire which Bismarck had founded but which had since—by miscalculation, not fundamental error — been allowed to fail? And yet objectively, he is the same person who, because he was narrowly defeated, has been dismissed by a succession of reputable historians as a mere "mountebank dictator", a mindless, ruthless adventurer, with no ideas except the pursuit of personal power.

Nor is it only an individual reputation that has been transformed by that narrow margin. In his fall, Hitler has dragged Bismarck down too. Bismarck's achievement, which seemed so solid in the 1890s, looks more fragile when viewed from this side of 1945. And with Bismarck there sinks also the distinctive historical philosophy which had been built up in nineteenth-century Germany, which his achievement had consolidated, and which was the orthodoxy of the German schools till our time.

What a liberating philosophy that was when it was first uttered, fresh from the inspiration of Herder and Goethe, when the "dusk of the Enlightment was emerging into the first golden dawn of romanticism: a philosophy which restored the autonomy of the past and gave us our whole concept of culture! In the course it gave that some historical sophy pervaded all historical thinking. Outside Germany—in Switzerland, in Roumania—it inspired some of the greatest of historians. But in Germany, as state power assumed the rights of culture, and as race then took over the rights already usurped by the state, it was gradually transformed; and yet, because it still clung to its old justification, it was, still, in 1939, being advanced, not merely by vulgar propagandists, but by the greatest, most sophisticated historians of Germany, who would glory in Hitler's victorious war as the realization of a historical mission and their own historical philosophy. If Hitler had won his war, can we doubt that that philosophy, which is now stone-dead, would have been reinvigorated, would have become the orthodoxy of the Continent?

Thus, I do not hesitate to say that in 1940-41 a mere accident, and one which might easily have occurred, could not only have reversed the outcome of the war, and transformed the subsequent shape of the world, but also have imposed upon its facts world a new synthesis of ideas and power, creating a new context for both politics and thought. Such a synthesis, once created, could have lasted for generations, as the communist synthesis has done; which, by the same accident, would have suffered instead the fate of Nazism: i.e. would have been totally dismantled, never to be reassembled in the same shape. That is a very chastening thought, which cannot but affect our ideas of the historical process.

When Pascal wrote that, if the nose of Cleopatra had been a little longer, the face of the world would have been changed, he was indulging in undocumented rhetoric such as any exact historian must deplore. And yet I cannot but think that if General Franco, at Hendaye on October 23, 1940, had substituted one monosyllable for another—if instead of "No" he had said "Yes"—our world would be quite different: the present, the future and the past would have been changed. But once they had been changed, no rule would have dwelt on that little episode. The German victory would then have been ascribed not to [illegible]

I suppose that no phrase was more of an affront to my own historical beliefs than that phrase about the might-have-beens of history. Of course I agree that some historical speculations are useless, and some may reflect personal nostalgia. But at any given moment of history there are real alternatives, and to dismiss them as unreal because they were not realized—because (in Mr Carr's phrase) they have been "closed by the *fait accompli*"—is to take the reality out of the situation. How can we "*explain* what happened and *why*" if we only look at what happened and never consider the alternatives, the total pattern of forces whose pressure created the event?

Take the case of revolutions. We all know the revolutions which happened. But how can we "explain" them unless we can compare them with the revolutions which have not happened—that is, with those moments in history when similar circumstances and similar forces existed and yet revolution did not break out? To assume that "what happened was bound to happen" is to beg the question why it happened, and to deprive history at one blow, both of its lessons and of its life.

In 1646 the English Parliament had won the war against Charles I, and its recently-appointed official historian, the republican poet Tom May, expressed the view, which has been repeated by many later historians, that the revolution had always been bound to happen. It had been blowing up, he wrote, since the last years of Queen Elizabeth and was plainly visible beneath the surface in the unduly peaceful time of Charles I. Many views was confirmed by the fashionable puritan ideologies who had also, by now, entered the scene. Conjuring with the mystical mathematics of the city of Heaven, they declared that the political struggles of England had been darkly foreshadowed by the prophets of Israel, and that the issue of the battle of Marston Moor—a damned close-run thing in the view of those who had fought it—had been implicit in the enigmatology of Daniel and Revelation. But a greater historian than Tom May thought otherwise. "I am not so sharp-sighted", wrote the royalist Clarendon, "as those who have seen this rebellion rooted in Queen Elizabeth's time, or even in the reign of King James, or in the first seven years of King Charles, when there was no visible cause of any public trouble". And he was surely right not only an error but a vulgar error, an error, because, even though abortive, they explain the motives of historical persons and contain a historical lesson; a vulgar error because they have a deeper reality which it is philistine and insensitive to ignore: though politically barren they have contributed, more than any mere facts, to that art and literature which is the permanently valuable deposit of past history.

It is only if we place ourselves before the alternatives of the past, as of the present, only if we live for a moment as the men of the time lived, in its still fluid context and among its still unresolved problems, if we see those problems coming upon us, as well as look back on them after they have gone away, that we can draw useful lessons from history. That is what was meant, by the famous phrase of Ranke—of the young Ranke, still uncorrupted by the philosophical determinism of Berlin: the phrase which has been so often quoted, and almost as often misapplied, "*wie es eigentlich gewesen*".

To restore to the past its lost uncertainties, to reopen, if only for an instant, the doors which the *fait accompli* has closed, this requires an effort of imagination. But surely it is a necessary effort if we are to see history as reality, not merely as a convenient scheme. For how often has real history neglected its "scientific" prophets: how often has its actual course flowed not out of obvious events but from hidden and undetected springs! To those who state that the course of history can be predicted every time in the most general or conditional way, I am inclined to put a very simple question. Let such people imagine themselves at some point of time, not too remote, still within human memory, and say honestly whether, at that point of time, they could have predicted what did in fact follow: the events of their own lifetime, their own experience.

Take, as our point of time, the year 1945. In 1945 anyone might have predicted the *rivalry of the two superpowers*, the United States and Russia. That, after all, had been foreseen by de Tocqueville and others a century earlier. But could anyone have predicted that Germany, thirty-five years after its defeat, would still be divided; that Berlin would still be a subdivided island in a communist sea; that Russia would be a Russian outpost off the coast of Florida; and that whole countries in Africa would be conquered by the armies of a Caribbean island?

Or again, to go a little further back, take 1910. Anyone in 1910 might have predicted a European war, provoked by German ambition, German industrial and military power. But could anyone have foreseen the consequences of such a war: the collapse of three great empires, the Bolshevik revolution, the rise of fascism? In retrospect, of course, we read the signs, select the evidence, and complacently predict what has already only too visibly happened; but at the time who foresaw such things, or would have believed them if foretold? A century ago, geopolitical visions could have foreseen the continued colonization by Russia and the United States of the empty lands to the East and the West; but who could have foreseen that far more astounding colonization in the Eastern Mediterranean, the creation of the state of Israel? We may like it or not, we may admire it as the realization of a romantic dream, a victory of human will-power over the obstinate realities which are thought to limit it, or we may deplore it as the last Western crusade, the latest venture of Western imperialism, *seeking not trade but settlement*, as Belloc put it: but in fact surely it is both these things. But we cannot deny that it is an extraordinary historical achievement. How little the British statesmen who listened to its early advocates foresaw the present consequences: the replacement of a Jewish "national home" by a national state, the consequent transformation of the Middle East; the inflammation of the whole Muslim world; great powers, even superpowers, held to ransom by Islamic fundamentalists in the Maghreb and worldly dervishes in Iran! But even Disraeli, at that time, could have foreseen the terrible holocaust in Europe which made it possible?

Twenty years ago I was myself in Iran, and I glanced at visit the ruined city of Qum, the home of a then unknown Shi'ite mullah, the ayatollah Khomeini. An new road well had recently been opened new Qum, and there I was entertained by the engineer in charge of it, a genial Western-educated Persian, who rejoiced in this new triumph of technological progress. With mounting enthusiasm he enumerated the thousands of barrels of oil that were now rolling and the tens of thousands that would soon roll, in daily sequence, out of his gushing well, and like the young Macaulay he gloried in *his vision of the new modern* society that would be created around it: pylon nodding to pylon in the Persian hills and the desert blossoming like the shag-heap. In twenty years' time, he said proudly, we shall have created a new Iran, a new Iranian man, and those old mullahs there—and he waved his hand contemptuously towards the holy city—will have withered away: they will have no place, they will not even be imaginable, in our brave new world. . . . Today the twenty years are up. I wonder if that engineer is still alive in Iran. If so, he must be very surprised.

He need not be ashamed. History is full of such surprises, and no man are more surprised than those who believe that they have discovered its secret; who think that they know, not intuitively but scientifically, the direction in which it is moving.

The Calvinists of the sixteenth century were such men. They thought that they knew. They had built up, out of the two most certain sciences of the time, out of Scripture and mathematics, a great system of history whose operations they could predict into the future: and in the early seventeenth century they looked confidently forward to the fulfilment of their dreams—or rather, as they imagined, of the divine purpose. How completely they were deceived! In the space of a few years, their great synthesis lay in ruins, like the wreck of some elaborate but ill-contrived flying-machine, whose still useful parts—clocks and compasses and casual fittings—have been pilfered for domestic use, but whose powerful theological engine and proud philosophical wings are left, crumpled and burnt out, to rust in a Bohemian ravine.

Such is generally the fate of great historical systems. The eighteenth-century Encyclopaedists were surprised by the French Revolution. The nineteenth-century whigs were surprised by the rise of socialism, the twentieth-century Marxists by that of fascism. The Islamic Revolution of our day, like the development of the state of Israel, is a phenomenon which could have been predicted—and soon, no doubt, the textbooks will be making it seem the most obvious thing in the world. But it never was predicted by those scientific historians who looked too confidently forward into the future because they had looked, with insufficient imagination, on the past.

Who then, among historians, has seen farthest into the future? Ironically, it is those who have made the least claim to rational prophecy: those who, in looking at past history, have admitted the limitations of human free will but have been most careful to *reserve its rights*, and who, in order to leave room for the operations of the imagination, have preferred to pose rather than to answer questions, to wonder rather than to "explain why". What has been called "the mysterious wisdom of Thucydides" will continue to be read, though he offers no system and answers no question, while the "universal histories" of the great philosophers follow each other into oblivion. Of the great "philosophical" historians only Gibbon survives, and that not because he had a consistent philosophy (as indeed he had), but because his philosophy never forced him into facts to prove: denied the power of free will. Above all, his imagination never slept.

"Always, as his eye was fixed on one event or one situation in history, Gibbon's mind was ranging over distant horizons, thinking of analogies, contrasts, possibilities, to enlarge or correct, by generalization. Might the ancient empires have been more completely saved in the Middle Ages, if the technique of printing, instead of the manufacture of silk, had been conveyed from Greece to Europe? Or should we tremble at the thought that they might have been more completely lost by an earlier Turkish conquest of Byzantium? How narrowly Rome was saved, by the valour of a single pope, in the seventh century, from the oblivion that has enveloped Thebes and Babylon and Carthage! How injuriously the Goth—" those innocent barbarians"—are accused of the ruin of antiquity! "What a moment in the annals of science" was the preservation, by Alexander, of the Babylonian astronomical records, and their communication, at the request of Aristotle, to the astronomer Hipparchus! How well the Lombard barbarians of the Dark Ages stand comparison, in their treatment of witches, with the lawyers and clergy of the seventeenth century! How fatal have been the long-term effects of the Mongol conquest of Russia, "the deep and perhaps indelible mark which the servitude of 200 years has imprinted on the character of the Russians!" And how can I resist, in this place, the temptation to quote that vision of the future if the outcome of the eighth-century battle of Poitiers had been different: the advance of Islam to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland. "The Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the Schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahammed." Perhaps it still may.

For in the end, it is the imagination of the historian, not his scholarship or his method (necessary though these are), which will discern the hidden forces of change. This, I suppose, is what Theodore Mommsen meant when he spoke of the divinatory gift of the historian, and this is what Jacob Burckhardt meant when he spoke of *Ahnung*, contemplation, the capacity "to see the present lying in the past". Burckhardt denied that history was scientific. He recognized no orderly *Weltgeschichte*, no "world plan". He refused to prophesy, as his German contemporaries psyphesied. "We would gladly know the waves which are to come to us over the ocean" of the immediate future, he wrote in 1870; "but we ourselves are those waves". Yet by his marvellous combinations of historical *understanding and imagination* he alone foresaw what neither Ranke nor Marx nor any other contemporary could foresee: the emergence out of the decaying body of liberal Europe, of the new industrial despotisms of the twentieth century, and, in particular, of twentieth-century Germany.

Some years ago, in a published article, I touched lightly on this contrast, and was duly reproved by a Marxist historian who protested that Burckhardt "merely scored a lucky shot: there was no science behind that accidental bull's-eye: he could not be compared with the "scientific" Marx. Anyone who reads Burckhardt's writings, and can extract the profound philosophy which lies behind and sustains that deeply felt conviction, can dispose of that criticism. Altogether, I do not think that I have made more of yoh read some of Gibbon and some of you taxe a little of Burckhardt.

Such is the imagination of which historical writing, and historical study, will always, I think, have need. To exercise such imagination may not be within our power as historians; but to allow its importance, to recognize it when it is exercised, is, I believe, essential if we are to keep historical study among the humane subjects, to keep it alive.

With that last word I must prepare for my departure, always grateful to the university to which I owe my education over so long a period, and to the Faculty which has tolerated and sustained me, and happy that the chair which I am now to leave has not been frozen, or declared redundant, but is to be occupied by an historian of great distinction who happens also to be a fellow collegian, a former pupil, and an old friend.

I am glad also to observe, in the circumstances of my own departure, an instance of almost Burckhardtian historical prediction. Twenty-six years ago I was so unfortunate as to displease, by an historical *obiter dictum*, that great champion of the Catholic Church, the late Mr Evelyn Waugh. In the course of the public debate which followed, and which became at times somewhat tart, that vigorous writer, believing that he had gained some advantage over me, broke into a cry of triumph. "One honourable course", he wrote, "is open to Mr Trevor-Roper. He should change his name and seek a livelihood at Cambridge." This little episode had long faded from my memory, when it was recalled to it, a few weeks ago, outside Blackwell's bookshop, by that accurate recorder of ancient history, Professor Momigliano. I am sorry that Mr Waugh is not alive to savour this little victory, which I would willingly concede to one who cared so much for "our rich and delicate language", the necessary vehicle and sole preservative, for us, both of history and of imagination.

The *Proceedings of the Battle Conference on Anglo-Norman Studies I 1979*, edited by R. Allen Brown, has just been published (223pp. Woodbridge : Boydell Press. £14. 0 85115 126 4). The aim of the Battle conferences is "to forward knowledge on all aspects of Anglo-Norman history, with particular reference to the Anglo-Norman realm, but also to be concerned with the Old English and Scandinavian contribution to Anglo-Norman achievement in Italy, Sicily, Spain and the Crusades". The contributions to the second conference include "The *Carmen de Hastingae Proelio*", by C. Morton and H. Muntz; "Battle *c* 1110: an archaeonymist looks at an Anglo-Norman new town", by Cecily Clark; "The piety of the Anglo-Norman knightly class", by C. Harper-Bill; "The Byzantine view of the Normans", by Jos. Hermans; "Henry I and his Anglo-Norman magnates", by C. W. Hollister; "Anglo-Norman as a spoken language", by M. D. Legge; and "The ability of the conquerors: defensive enfeoffment and economic development in Anglo-Norman England", by Eleanor M. Searle.

Harvey Miller Publishers

MAJOR NEW WORKS ON THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

DONATELLO and his BLOZZO
An Artistic Partnership and its Patrons in the Early Renaissance
by R. W. Lightbown
"This book will come to be regarded as a turning point in Renaissance studies . . . no student of the Renaissance, or anyone seriously interested in the evolution of European society and patronage can afford to ignore it . . . the happiest kind of co-operation between author and publisher." *Daily Telegraph*
Two volumes, 960 pages total, 160 illustrations. 270 x 190 mm. £95 (Price after October 31 1980, £45)

MANTEGNA'S TRIUMPHS OF CAESAR
in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court
by Andrew Martindale
"A magnum opus . . . the essential reference book for the foreseeable future. *Apollo*. By far the most substantial and detailed study of the subject ever undertaken. *London Review of Books*.
Comprehensive text, catalogue and documents. 284 illustrations, 8 in colour. 280 x 225 mm. £38

16TH AND 18TH CENTURY SCULPTURE IN ITALY
In the Courtauld Institute Illustration Archives—Parts 1 to 10
edited by Constance Hill
Containing over 1,600 illustrations of tombs, monuments and decorative sculpture in Rome, Naples, Emilia and Lombardy. Recent issues: Part 9—Naples; Part 10—Emilia (Parma, etc.)
Ready shortly: Part 11—Venice
Each issue price £12, or Annual Subscription for 4 parts—£42. Size 297 x 210 mm. Write for full details.

Ready early 1981
RENAISSANCE MINIATURE PAINTERS AND CLASSICAL IMAGERY
The Master of the Pulli and his Venetian Workshop
by Lilian Armstrong
A detailed study of book illustration and its significance for the dissemination of the classical style in early Renaissance art. Full discussion and descriptive catalogue of all known material.
200 pages, 150 illustrations, 4 in colour. 270 x 190 mm.

Orders to J. Nichols & Son Ltd., Spectrum House, Hillman Gardens, London Road, Dartford, Kent. Sole U.S. Distributors: Rizzoli International Publications Inc., 712 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019, USA, and J. Rizzoli-Int. Publ. Verlags-GmbH, Kaiserstrasse 29, 6000 Frankfurt/Main, West Germany.

The powers of the earth

By Anne Stevenson

PETER REDGROVE:
The Beekeepers
156pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.50.
0 7100 0473 7.

Since writing *The Wise Wound* with Penelope Shuttle, Peter Redgrove has drawn these novels out of his researches into the occult. *The God of Glass* grew from his study of blood taboos; subtitled "A Morality", the story begins with murder and exorcism and ends in a celebration of shamanistic birth, trance and salvation through knowledge of evil. *The Sleep of the Great Hypnotist* took up the theme of hypnotism from *The God of Glass*, but in this novel the hypnotist exerts power posthumously by giving his daughter an hypnotic command to raise him from the dead.

Both these novels could be called Moralities and together they give us a good idea of Redgrove's attitude towards magic. Magic, of course, is for Redgrove the stuff of poetry. Good magic is the magic of primitive religion and, indeed, of the Old Testament, with earth, nature and man in a close and fruitful relationship. Bad magic, or black magic, means the manipulation by man of the powers of life and death. A good sorcerer/witch/poet reads the book of the earth and works according to, and with respect for, its laws. A bad magician defies nature and writes his own laws, destroying the balance of existence for his own ends.

In his new book, *The Beekeepers*, Redgrove approaches this obsession with the balance of life and death through the imagery of bees and the plot of a spy story. While the novel explores the uses and misuses of magic, its setting is social, modern and certainly relevant to today. Perhaps because *The Beekeepers* is a novel about people and relationships, rather than an exploration of pure psyche, its structure is tighter and more accessible than that, say, of *In the Country of the Skin*. To experienced Redgrovians it will seem like settled waters after the storm. Previously Redgrove has dealt in multiple identities, ritual violence and the quest for truth through sex, murder and death. *The Beekeepers* is no less violent, but it has a magnetism and even a charm that the other novels lack.

Two poets, Guy, a heavy drinker in his forties, and Matthew, an older man and an alcoholic, decide to give up drink in order to explore the subconscious causes of their addiction. Spiritualism and automatic writing, which they take up for amusement as they might take up chess or golf, reveal the existence of a common, highly destructive *anima*, a terrorist who, according to their independently written but dovetailing automatic scripts, is on the point of destroying herself and hundreds of others in a crowded London pub.

Guy, who lives with his sexy, observant, psychologist mistress, Millie, introduces Matthew to water-divining with the result that Guy becomes transfigured by the spirit of water; Matthew, however, blows his mind. A corporeal manifestation of Matthew's destructive *anima* —Meave—carries Matthew off to a sinister Institute on the edge of Aberden where David, a psychiatrist who has prolonged his life through sex-magic experiments on the spirits of the dead. The implication is that he can remake "souls" by magnetizing their spirits, by gathering dispersed spirit-atoms together like bees. The honey produced at the Institute is sexual, produced by multiple copulations and incest. Matthew, who becomes addicted to David's brand of sex-magic (just as he was addicted to alcohol), is mysteriously destroyed. It is his ghost that delivers the automatic message to Guy, betraying the terrorists at work in the Institute, but at the same time carries his own spirit through his sacrifice safely to Guy's and Millie's lives, through his warning. Matthew's final message to Guy is embodied in a play, appropriately called *Finding a Ghost*, which is included as a chapter of the novel—a kind of Grand Inquisitor scene, or play within a play, which contains the novel's moral through its indictment of phony escape-mechanisms and black magic.

There is no doubt that as a work of art *The Beekeepers* is a botch-potch. Ideally Redgrove needs a Russian-sized canvas to do justice to the size of his ideas. But Redgrove is a poet, and his novels should not be read as ordinary fiction or even as dramatized treatises, but as glosses on his poetry. The finest parts of *The Beekeepers* are poems: a splendid and important poem called "The Dowser" (which has already appeared in the pages of *TLS*) and another fine poem called "The Bombs" (included in a collection of ten poems published by Redgrove in 1977). Even Matthew's death-poem at the end of his play is a superb piece that stands apart from its context.

By contrast, the prose of both play and novel seems rushed, make-shift, endearingly amateur. It is as if Redgrove were so anxious to express his vision that he used whatever words came first to hand so as to get the novel out as quickly as possible. If we compare *The Beekeepers* to Ursula Le Guin's *Earthsea Trilogy* — another novel of magic which dramatizes Jungian concepts of the unconscious in defence of the balance between good and evil—Redgrove's book (which could never be recommended to children) seems sketchy and curiously innocent. For instance, Redgrove has never clarified the role of his characters. Are they symbolic, mythical figures, or are they realistic?

At one moment they are undergoing transmutations into snakes or being caught up in blood rituals or orgasms in mud; the next moment they are eating scrambled eggs or having a shower before supper. It is no good saying this is what happens in "real life", for a novel, whatever its aspirations, is never "real life" and it must be consistent with regard to the aspects of life it represents. Surrealism, possibly, can get away with dripping realistic watches from realistic trees, but Redgrove is too serious a poet, surely, to be taken in by surrealism.

For what Redgrove is saying—sometimes in humour, sometimes in passion, but never in cynicism or despair—is that there are powers at work in our world that will destroy us unless we recognize them and get them into balance. One of these powers is death, another is love; one is male, another female. It is the old story, perhaps, but no less true for Redgrove and the twentieth century than it was for Dante and for Shakespeare. There is much in Redgrove, indeed, that is Shakespearian; his gusto, his scope, his ability to move from comedy to tragedy with a swift shift of emphasis. Only his timing is foreshortened, and his characters are undeveloped; his prose is adequate but workaday. Why doesn't he let his poetry find speech for *all* he has to say—limpidly, strongly?

Redgrove is nevertheless breaking fertile ground, and his imagination and courage set an example to us. If his novels shock us, if they offend aesthetic and moral sensibilities, if they make us laugh or rage or turn our imaginations towards academically disreputable pastures of the subconscious, so much the better. Near the beginning of *The Beekeepers*, Guy (who has all the physical and mental attributes of Redgrove himself) gives a poetry reading-cum-lecture on the subject of bees. "The Dead are involved with it", he says. "The moon is the hive and the stars her bees. In Virgil's vision of the underworld, the humming reincarnating dead played and sported like swarming bees." Then, turning to his mild, academic audience, he remarks, "Quite a lot of you are scientists, aren't you? I can see you saying, 'Why doesn't he keep to the point?' But not keeping to it, is the point. You need poets to remind you of what you keep on forgetting by keeping to the point."

The secrets of H H

By G. P. Butler

MARTIN WALSER:
Runaway Horse
Translated by Leila Vennewitz
113pp. Secker and Warburg. £5.50.
436 56140 9

Martin Walser's *Ein Flichendes Pferd* (1978) was a considerable success when it first appeared—indeed, as Secker's blurb points out, it was on the bestseller list in Germany for many weeks"; and the English version, *Runaway Horse*, goes about as far as an accurate unannotated translation can towards explaining why. Of the sacrifices which have been made in order to ease the way for an Anglo-American readership ("Die Theologiestudentin . . . die mit dem Marlka-Rökk-Gesicht" becomes "The girl studying theology . . . the one with the Grace Kelly face"), few if any could fairly be described as unwarranted; and Leila Vennewitz, the translator, is at least as readable as Walser.

It was to readability that *Ein Flichendes Pferd* probably owed a large part of its popularity in Germany. After a substantial and remarkably trenchant first novel about marriages and mores among the *arrivistes* of the Federal Republic—*Ehen in Philippsburg* (1957), known here as *The Gadarene Club* (1960)—Walser appears to have suffered a long-lasting attack of something akin to logorrhoea.

Halbzeit (1960), which ran to 900 pages, and its massive successor, *Das Einhorn* (1966), were generally well received, their verbal brilliance and sharp-sightedness widely acknowledged by those whose business is words; but despite the gourmand appetites for which post-war German literature has so liberally catered, such giant hampers of prose, unless packed with the inventiveness and skill of a Günter Grass, are inclined to frighten the natives, most of whom have other business to attend to and a large number of whom are needed in order to build up a blurb-worthy sales record. In the early 1970s Walser's work showed signs of a return to narrative conciseness—his career effectively began, in 1955, with a collection of short stories—but *Runaway Horse* comes as a welcome surprise even so.

A novella rather than a novel, despite the English sub-title, it is a simple-seeming story which raises a variety of absorbing questions about two married couples and their relationships, about the point of living as they have lived, the point of the episodes and responses we witness, the point of telling us so much and no more) and leaves us, but a few in the air—deliberately so, to judge from the lines which stand sentry-like at the very beginning of the book:

> From time to time one comes across novellas in which certain persons expound opposing philosophies. A preferred ending is for one of these persons to convince the other. Thus, instead of the philosophy having to speak for itself, the reader is favoured with the historical result that the other person has been convinced. I regard it as a blessing that in this respect these papers afford no enlightenment.

Kierkegaard (the quotation is from *Either/Or*) does not in fact gloom large in *Runaway Horse*, although Helmut Halm, it raunchy hero, has planned to read all five volumes of his diaries during the holiday he is spending with his aging wife, Sabina, at Lake Constance. Helmut is an introspective schoolmaster, forty-six years of age, with two children (back home, it seems, in Stuttgart), a bitch called Otto, and hang-ups galore. His broody repose is shattered by a chance encounter with two beautiful people: a long forgotten figure from his youth, Klaus Buch, and his dishy young (second) wife, Hella. Strikingly young, too, in manner and appearance, Buch presents himself as a successful journalist; exuberant, versatile, hedonistic, he is obsessively keen both to reminisce, notably about "the most sacred moments of our childhood" (school boy sex and who peed farthest when), and to design a pleasure-filled new life "before we reach fifty" for himself and his old pal, "his romantic-bizarre HH".

For Buch, then, the realities of the present are perhaps not all he cracks them up to be—certainly not, if Hella's final revelations are to be believed: "He really was finished. Totally and utterly finished. That's why he was so happy that we bumped into you. Now we'll make a go of it", he said after our first evening." From that meeting until his disappearance three days later while out sailing with Helmut (hours go by and he is thought to have drowned, hence Hella's candour), Buch's assertiveness and vitality, conspicuous throughout but demonstrated most vividly when he captures a runaway horse single-handed, dominate the lives of his new-found companions.

At first Sabina finds the intruders "refreshing", though their eccentricity and self-absorption soon mar the fun. As for Helmut, "To be inaccessible" has long been his "dream": "Helmut was thinking that . . . surely it was the sweetest of all feelings to find that even your own wife was totally in the dark about you." A very private man, therefore, disgruntled ("Had he in fact really wanted to become a teacher? Does anyone really want to become anything? Might this longing to remain unrecognized harbour the wish to be younger?"), resentful ("Helmut felt a burning envy. He had eternally never lived"), bullied and set in his ways, he listens apparently unmoved to his hated yachting chum's juvenile plans for their future, for ditching Sabina and setting up a *ménage* with Hella in the Bahamas ("Tell me, Helmut, how often do you screw your wife?"). Really to live, for him, had been to wear a mask. That he none the less "actually *lived* in that instant" a little later, when, to prevent their boat capsizing, he kicked the tiller out of Klaus Buch's hand and Buch was lost overboard, is a reality from which he and those who might identify with him have to come to terms with. That Buch survives makes no essential difference except maybe to the wretched Hella.

Runaway Horse ends as it began: in answer to Sabina's question "What really happened . . . ?" Helmut starts to tell the tale we have just read. It is told very cleverly, a far richer, subtler, wittier story than any brief synopsis can hope to show. Its appeal derives not only from Walser's singular ability to note and suggest what people think and feel, not only from the memorably elusive character of "HH" and his particular predicament suddenly one summer, but also from the sadness it engenders. To be afforded "no enlightenment" makes a nice change; to be left to reflect on why the Halms and the Buchs have become who they are, and on what lies ahead of them, makes for melancholy—unless you can disown them altogether.

Across the Lawn

Long, long the lemon in tall glasses
And the sad, attenuated legs of Strachey
In Lamb's portrait, and the books
Too many of them really and too long.

And long, long the palisades, the privet
And the acid conversation, and the sets
In friendly matches, and the silly silly war
Which really has been going on too long.

Oh long, long the living of this life
Too long, an equilibrium of stone and stane
In waiting finally across the lawn
Towards kind water which has waited long.

John Mole

Charting the foothills

By Holly Eley

STEPHEN ALTER:
Silk and Steel
324pp. Andre Deutsch. £5.95.
0 233 97165 3

Without having read Stephen Alter's excellent first novel of last year, *Neglected Lives*, a reviewer might find it easy to consign *Silk and Steel* to the rejection heap. Right from the unpromising title, the dust-jacket with its pastel coloured landscape and wooden Regency figures under a canopy in the foreground (reminiscent at best of D.H. Lawrence, at worst of Georgian Theyer), and the blurb with its cast of promises ("arrogance", "lust", "our" "magnificent drama", "passion", etc.), it is clear that a power is going to be needed to even after the first two hundred pages, in which magnificent drama and passion are described established only by the inadequate, if not engaged, readers may find themselves having to return to *Neglected Lives* for an infusion of courage.

Both novels are set in India, in Lucknow and in the Himalayan foothills. But whereas *Neglected Lives* takes place in the present, *Silk and Steel* is set in the early nineteenth century at a time when the East India Company was consolidating its hold by concluding treaties with the Moghuls and by assimilating or wiping out the private armies. Stephen Alter is preoccupied with the confused situation of the Anglo-Indian, physically rooted, psychologically rootless hybrids who are the main characters in both books, and he is also in love with India (an American now in his early twenties he grew up in India where his parents were missionaries, and has since married Indian girl). Despite such a highly personalized motivation, *Neglected Lives* showed an understanding of recent day India in an impressive and Prawer Jhabvala's from the first assured pages one could feel the oppressive limitations of caste and creed and the English Victorian tradition. *Silk and Steel* is less assured. In it two disaffected, or distant officers and their small army of multi-racial ex-mercenaries make a last stand against the English in an attempt to retain their monopoly freedom.

We are told that Augustine the Corsican, wears his commander's Wellesley as a puppet, though not capable of uniting the is dividualistic soldiers in a way the Augustine himself, matchless as a respective and immediately wins cannot hope to. Augustine's effort to keep alive Wellesley's hatred and dreams of pillage, in order to engage in one last decisive battle, is the main theme; episodic, orientalist's wives, romantic encounters, chiaroscuro fights and recondite hints are enlisted in the campaign for Wellesley's spirit.

Although universal themes (alienation, social change) are considered in *Silk and Steel*, there is no sense of universal vision. Augustine, Wellesley and others assert and assert, usually in cliched monologue. What Alter could have done is develop their personalities to be. And India, the India so sensitively portrayed in the earlier book, is buried here under paragraph after paragraph of accurate but irrelevant information. Alter knows this. He senses the desperation with which he wrenches evocative "jewels" and "palampins" on mountains of concrete detail. He never gives up and it is hard, even when exasperated, not to feel a sneaking admiration for his tenacious pursuit of superficiality.

Though it is difficult to recommend such a disappointing book, Stephen Alter has clearly more than one novel in him. We should like *Silk and Steel* as both an experiment and a catharsis, an unfortunate but necessary stage in the career of a gifted writer.

Virago have just reissued Miles Franklin's *Brilliant Career* (1901), with a new introduction by Carmen Callil (£2.50 paperback, 0 86068 193 9).

The Fabian fringe thinker

By Stefan Collini

TERENCE H. QUALTER:
Graham Wallas and the Great Society
204pp. Macmillan. £12.
0 333 27278 1

> Did I remark to you that I am beginning to discover that there is a genuinely English mind? I see that when I talk to Wallas, who is full of real insights, can never concentrate on any subject, never argue about it abstractly, is always driven to the use of concrete illustration, is rarely logical; and about eight times out of ten patently in the right.

Thus Harold Laski in 1920, in one of that endless torrent of breathless letters which made Justice Holmes's old age such hard work. The combination of self-importance and banality in Laski's announcement of his discovery is not very endearing, and those who can now only know Wallas through his published work may also feel that this judgment puts his batting average a bit high. But Laski's remark does point to the central difficulty in obtaining for Wallas his historical due: his writing is informal and unsystematic in manner, and not easily classifiable in content.

Unfortunately for Wallas, authors tend to win a place in the history of social and political thought by making what is usually, and whiggishly, referred to as a "theoretical contribution". The premium on its being recognizably a *theory* is very high. One result of this exaggerated emphasis is that some writers whose basic ideas have been primarily distinguished by their high degree of risibility are accorded a lot of attention in the text-book histories because they attempted to articulate them in an often inappropriately systematic and usually unjustifiably ambitious way. By contrast, figures whose insights and judgments were shrewd, interesting and well-expressed, but who did not attempt to cast their thoughts in the form of a set of abstract propositions of putatively universal applicability get ignored.

Putting this distinction in the required, over-conceptualized, way (it is a game any number can play), one could say that the history of social thought exhibits a contrast between two basic types—the Conqueror and the Pilgrim. The former possesses unlimited intellectual ambitions, and having, Haussmann-like, driven a few broad, shiny concepts through the warren of historically accumulated details, he begins at once to compile a logically exhaustive Domesday survey: "there lieth within the realm of the socially possible four types of action, three modes of production, two forms of kinship, and one social reality"). The Pilgrim, by contrast, is rather more suspicious of such grandiose schemes for rational purposes. Part Two of the book, revealingly entitled "The Possibilities of Progress", contains some rather feeble remedies for the problems so incisively analysed in Part One, and has consequently been forgotten. But its earnest rationalism and its somewhat pious moralism are more representative of Wallas's enterprise as a whole.

In reflecting upon the reception of the book (in the Preface to its successor, *The Great Society*, published in 1914), Wallas recognised that, as so often, a realistic assessment of the limits of human rationality had given unintended comfort to reason's enemies: "I may, therefore, say briefly that the earlier book was an analysis of representative government, which turned into an argument against nineteenth-century intellectualism; and that this book is an analysis of the social organization of a large modern state, which has turned, at times, into an argument against certain forms of twentieth-century anti-intellectualism." In short, his complaint about intellectualism was that it gave intellect a bad name.

His chief resource in arriving at a more realistic appraisal of political behaviour was psychology, and particularly the ideas of William James. The "Early Social Psychologists" essay is thus another possible home for some of Wallas's writings, especially *Our Social Heritage* of 1921—this work too (and, for that matter, his elegant "Imile", and I am blessed if I know. If I had done a day's work every day at writing, I could have produced more books, and perhaps it has been stupid of me not to have done so. But I have never looked upon myself as a professional writer. My "Works of Charles Lamb" have been the bound volumes of committee minutes, and the notebooks of people who have been to my lectures. I have helped to keep the School of Economics going, and every elementary school in London is really different in its books, the size of its classes, its medical inspector, the selection of its teachers and its general efficiency from what it would have been had I not gone feuding-headed into the School Board in 1894. The books which I did not write would, I think, have been about as good as J. A. Hobson's. It may be that I should have got more done by means of them than by direct administration. But I am not at all sure.

Both the self-doubt and the self-congratulation in this testament may strike a responsive chord in some of his readers, though his estimation of the quality of the books he did not write is more accurate than many could manage. Still, maybe the literary and political ambitions which are implicit in this confession have not been entirely frustrated: this is, after all, the second book on Graham Wallas, whilst Hobson still awaits his first.

"Political inventor" also conveys something of the Heath Robinson

Amazing lives, first-rate writers

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale
MISIA
The life of Misia Sert

Diaghilev's closest friend, painted and adored by Renoir, Vuillard, Bonnard and Toulouse-Lautrec, Misia was one of the most glittering hostesses of the *belle epoque*.

'Lovingly written, vigorously researched, spiced with gossip.' Vogue, USA £10.00

Lillian Hellman
MAYBE

With her unique panache, Miss Hellman traces the intermittent encounters with a woman whose life mingled with hers for over forty years.

'An amazing, enigmatic and provoking book.' Vogue, USA £3.95

Harold Acton
THE LAST MEDICI

A new beautifully illustrated edition of this classic work which deals specifically with the decline of a great family.

'It is a work of art.' Bernard Berenson on the 1958 edition £9.95

Barbara Pym
A FEW GREEN LEAVES

Barbara Pym's last novel examines the quiet revolution in English village life and shows that she has not lost the touch that made her loved and admired by an ever-growing band of devoted readers. £5.95

Just published

Shirley Hazzard
TRANSIT OF VENUS

A novel which spans three decades and the world in pursuit of two beautiful sisters.

'Her writing is sumptuous . . . her craftsmanship is impeccable.' The Times £6.95

Wolf Mankowitz
ABRACADABRA!

The memoirs of a sharp-witted Jewish lad evacuated in 1940 to the home of a mad old sorcerer.

'His writing seems to take hold of you and shake you into laughter.' Sunday Telegraph £5.95

MACMILLAN LONDON

quality of Wallas's work. He was the self-improving industrious artisan of social thought, very much the Aristotle of the evening classes. He was knowledgeable about an impressive range of topics and able to link them up in unpredictable ways, though the image his mind suggests is always that of the cluttered attic rather than the neatly-ordered filing cabinet. He squirrelled pieces of information away on the venerable grounds that "they might come in useful", as they often did. When, for example, he wishes, in developing his version of the distinction between nature and nurture, to underline the fact that non-human animals, too, learn certain patterns of behaviour which are not inherited, he rummages through his mental lumber-room till he finds just the thing: "In New Zealand the 'mountain parrot' apparently hands down by social inheritance the art of attacking sheep's kidneys." *Voilà tout!*

Presumably, political inventors live on, if at all, through their pets, though I doubt if Wallas's descendants are living it up on royalties from grateful governments. Teachers, it is said, live on in the memories—and, after a time, the recorded memories—of their pupils, and there is abundant testimony to Wallas's skills and influence not only as a lecturer and tutor, but also in the exercise of the very peculiar craft of supervising research students. Much of his best writing certainly bears some of the marks of the good lecture—clear, arresting, provocative, but ultimately unsatisfying. In his day, he was regarded as an absolutely outstanding lecturer. "His lecture room at the LSE", Laski recalled, "was an amazing sight. Half the nationalities of the world had their representatives there; and one had only to scan their faces to realize that what he said opened new and attractive horizons to them." For all the celebration of his pedagogic skills, however, it could not be said that he founded a "school", or even that he permanently altered the study of politics. And for all the self-conscious iconoclasm of *Human Nature in Politics*, from this distance his career looks like another example of the immense resilience of the class of genteel, classically-educated, well-read amateurs in English public life.

As a young man, he had naturally defined himself by what he was against. The son of a clergyman, he was dismissed from schoolmastering in his twenties for refusing to take communion, and thereafter he maintained an implacable anti-clericalism, always, as Beatrice Webb noted, looking for "the priest behind the policy". He was a product of Shrewsbury and Oxford who held by Darwin and Socialism. In "advanced" circles in London in the 1880s this provided a gratifyingly fashionable and radical identity.

But such antagonisms presumed, as always, a sufficiently close community of concerns with those from whom he differed. There was some truth in the jibe that he was "a bishop manqué", and his intellectual tastes were certainly more traditional than his official self-description would lead one to believe. In his writing about the study of politics, for example, Wallas's bogey was always the subject as taught at Oxford. Even in his fifties he could still spit fire at "what passes in Oxford for the study of politics", and how it "represents a conscious or half-conscious attempt to substitute a satisfying picture of that which does not exist, for an unsatisfying picture of that which does exist". And yet his own concerns and points of reference remained very much those of the college tutor. His Fabian essay began by taking issue with Austin's canonical definition of property; thirty years later he still felt compelled to devote several pages of *Our Social Heritage* to disputing Mill's account of liberty.

This continuity with the tradition of political thought which he ostensibly rejected was marked, above all, in his preoccupation with Aristotle. He could sneer at how "Aristotle, the student of morals and politics, has occupied in nineteenth and twentieth-century Oxford a position nearly as important as Aristotle, the logician, in the Oxford of the Middle Ages", but in this respect Wallas had what might now be called an ongoing post-adolescent-type relationship with Oxford. Aristotle was nearly always the most frequently cited authority in his books, outdoing even Darwin and William James, and one of the most self-congratulatory things he could think to say in his increasingly self-congratulatory old age (according to Laski's unsympathetic and perhaps unreliable report) was that no one had "put psychology in its proper perspective between Aristotle and my Human Nature in Politics". In his earliest substantial publication, in the Socialist journal *Today* in 1888, Wallas had addressed himself to the theme of "Aristotle on Wealth and Property", inquiring, with bland anachronism, "how far Aristotle's study and criticism of the various forms of society which he knew, led him towards a general science of sociology". As it turned out, his preoccupation with Aristotle was to outlast that with sociology, and in that, at least, he may have been representative of one rather localized but enduring manifestation of that "English mind" which Laski thought he had discovered.

The law-like and the man-made

By Frank Parkin

ALVIN W. GOULDNER:
The Two Marxisms
Contradictions and Anomalies in the Development of Theory
397pp. Macmillan, £15 (paperback, £6.95).
0 333 28879 3

From about the 1960s onwards, the social base of Marxism shifted steadily from the working-class movement to the university. As a consequence, the theory became fragmented into contending "schools" very similar to those set up by other academic disciplines, no doubt for the same reasons. This proved a bit awkward for Marxism since one of its claims to superiority over bourgeois social science was its internal coherence and its ability to skate across conventional disciplinary boundaries. Nowadays, though, Marxist economists, Marxist historians, and Marxist philosophers each busy themselves with their own specialist trades, just like their less enlightened counterparts. On the rare occasions when they show awareness of one another's work it is usually to dismiss it as redundant or heretical. What keeps things reasonably peaceful among the academic Marxist fraternity is that they no longer have a common vocabulary in which to quarrel.

In the light of all this, Alvin Gouldner's identification of two Marxisms might seem a rather modest count. But the division to which Gouldner calls attention is not that between opposing schools so much as an internal contradiction, and an attendant set of anomalies, running through the centre of Marx's own work. Sometimes Marx's theory is presented as Science, at other times it is presented as Critique. Marxism as Science is an explanatory method which seeks to show the lawlike regularities of history and the internal logic of social systems. In this scheme of things, social actors are subject to the push and pull of external social forces; violation and motive are no more appropriate to the understanding of conduct than they are to the understanding of planetary motion. Marxism as Critique, on the other hand, draws heavily upon ideas about conscious agency and the ability of actors to write their own political scripts. History viewed from this angle is of the man-made variety.

Marx's account of society past, present and future, shifts uneasily back and forth between these two different positions. Oddly enough, this is often taken to be an indication of the tremendous richness and complexity of Marx's thought. Gouldner sees it as downright muddle and the source of much subsequent confusion among Marx's followers.

The two separate lines of thought represented by Science and Critique were soon disentangled by Marx's heirs, enabling each to be fashioned into a distinct political doctrine that denied all affinity to the other. Gouldner portrays this parting of the ways as a developmental sequence of responses and reactions. Scientific Marxism was a construct set up largely in opposition to the utopian socialism of Owen and Saint-Simon; the laws of social motion were enacted as a tough-minded reply to the claims of mere *moral* crusaders. Critical Marxism, in its turn, came to full flower by distancing itself from the empty incantations of the scientific variety favoured by political leaders like Kautsky and Bernstein.

Critical Marxism meant the downgrading of Engels and determinism, and the upgrading of Hegel and voluntarism. The fairly uncomplicated account of historical change, in which a single causal factor is given heavy explanatory duty, was replaced by one according to which everything is seen to react upon everything else. Because of the interconnectedness of things, the need became to grasp the "totality". You couldn't make sense of any part of the system before you had understood the whole. Whereas scientific Marxism sought to reveal the fatal flaw in capitalism that would lead to its certain collapse, critical Marxism is more intrigued by the ability of the system to survive, even in the midst of economic crisis. There gradually develops a growing fascination for the normative or ideological side of things, and for the mysterious goings-on in the superstructure.

What Gouldner calls critical Marxism is clearly now the dominant mode, being almost the same as "western" Marxism. Almost, but not quite. Gouldner could have pursued his line of argument further here by showing that critical Marxism has also inspired a reaction of its own in the work of Althusser and his school. The Althusserians' fondness for the rhetoric of science and materialism, their disparagement of Hegel and of Marx's humanist phase, suggest the appearance of Scientific Marxism Two. This new variety has as little in common with the Kautskian original as it has with critical Marxism.

Is this to be followed, one wonders, by Critical Marxism Three? There is no reason why the process should ever cease. Academic Marxism now has the resources to feed upon itself indefinitely, untouched by the grubbiness of the empirical world.

Gouldner offers many illustrations of Marx's tendency to face squarely in different directions. His stance against idealism is one of the more consequential examples of this. Gouldner shows that Marx sometimes proceeds by *negating* idealism, and sometimes by affirming its *contrary*. In proposing the negation of idealism, Marx advances the weak materialist thesis; this says only that ideas are not necessarily the driving force of social action; that values and beliefs are not independent of material interests, and so forth. Negation is simply a denial of the opponent's proposition, not the assertion of its opposite.

To propose the contrary to idealism is to advance the strong materialist thesis. This turns idealism on its head by claiming that values and beliefs are determined by material life, that ideas are the direct or indirect product of class realities.

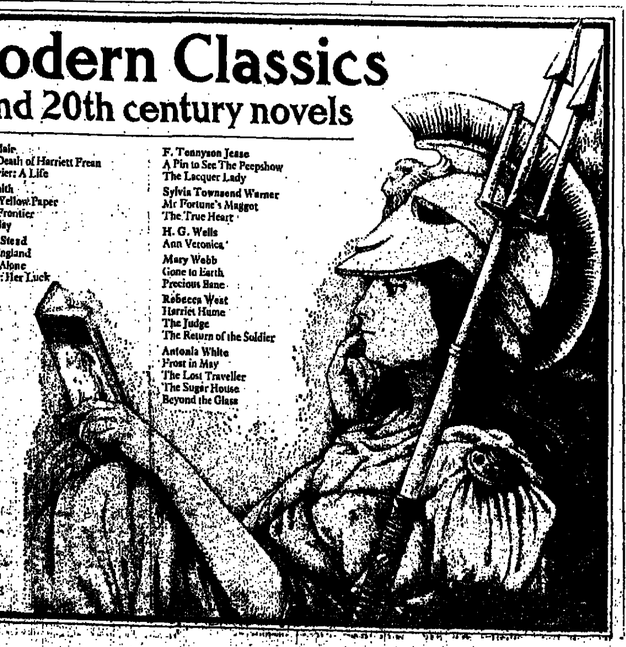
To oppose idealism only by negating it is commendable from standpoint concerned to be prudent and willing to avoid unsupportable overstatement. But negation is granulargically weak since it leaves open the question of what it is *for* and hedges on the issue of *what is*. Negation is a weaker, seemingly empty form of opposition, that presents no positive alternative to what it opposes but simply rejects it. . . . The contrary, however, opposes the adversary and, at the same time, exhibits the alternative to his position; it does not simply set to put him down but to raise up something and someone else. . . . The contrary not only holds the opponent to be wrong but adds under its breath that he could not have been more wrong, and that the truth was the very opposite of what he had held. The contrary then, has vividness and metaphysical overkill that go it a dramaturgical edge.

Gouldner believes that the two different theses supported the adoption of two quite different conceptions and strategies of revolution. The strong thesis had the effect of "fascilitng" material conditions as the litmus test of a revolutionary situation. The classless society could only be pushed in if there was a robust material scaffolding to support it, which meant that only the advanced capitalist countries were suitable cases for socialist treatment. The weak thesis encouraged a more flexible and permissive view of the preconditions for change. Economic backwardness could be compensated for by the strenuous exercise of political will, a position that was especially attractive to Marx's followers in the Third World. For those who wanted it badly enough, socialism of sorts became possible almost anywhere.

In pointing up the contradictions and anomalies in Marx's general theory Gouldner traverses a territory that has been thoroughly surveyed, mapped and signposted. It is no mean achievement that he should have succeeded in showing so much of the familiar in a refreshingly new light. Whether discussing Marx on civil society, or the theory of the state, or the Asiatic mode of production, or the contribution of Engels, Gouldner always has something interestingly novel to say. He also has a way of saying it that is itself worthy of the grand tradition.

The Cities of the Poor—Settlement Planning in Developing Countries (316pp. Croom Helm. £14.95. ISBN 0 85664 442 0) is a collection of essays intended to be useful to advisers on financial and technical aid to Third World countries. Contributors include the editor of the volume, Alan Turner, Kenneth Wren, John Butler, Graham Fowler and David Walton on the social, economic and financial context, and Richard Westmacott on aspects of physical development. The book argues for a new style and philosophy of consultancy, which accepts that not all the problems of urban and settlement planning can be solved by the simple transplanting of Western methods, and for the recognition that a vital resource is "the spirit of enterprise of the poor themselves".

Virago Modern Classics
splendid 19th and 20th century novels



Margaret Atwood
The Edible Woman
Surfacing

Jane Bowles
Two Serious Ladies

Willa Cather
A Lost Lady
My Antonia

Emily Eden
The Semi-Attached Couple &
The Semi-Detached House

Miles Franklin
My Brilliant Career

George Gissing
The Odd Women

Sarah Grand
The Beth Book

Grace Paley
The Little Disturbances of Man

Enormous Changes at the Last Minute

F. M. Mayor
The Third Miss Symons

George Meredith
Diana of the Crossways

Dorothy Richardson
Pilgrimage, Volume 1-4

Bernard Shaw
An Unsocial Socialist

May Sinclair
Life and Death of Harriett Frean
Mary Olivier: A Life

Stevie Smith
Novel on Yellow Paper
Over the Frontier
The Holiday

Christina Stead
Cotters' England
For Love Alone
Letty Fox: Her Luck

F. Tennyson Jesse
A Pin to See The Peepshow
The Lacquer Lady

Sylvia Townsend Warner
Mr Fortune's Maggot
The True Heart

H. G. Wells
Ann Veronica

Mary Webb
Gone to Earth
Precious Bane

Rebecca West
Harriet Hume
The Judge
The Return of the Soldier

Antonia White
Frost in May
The Lost Traveller
The Sugar House
Beyond the Glass

Virago Modern Classics: forty now in print;
we publish thirty new titles a year.
Write to us for a full catalogue.
Virago Limited, 5 Wardour Street, London W1V 3HE

The economics of exhaustion

By Bernard Wasserstein

BENJAMIN B. FERENCZ:
Less Than Slaves
Jewish Forced Labor and the Quest for Compensation
249pp. Harvard University Press. £9.
0 674 52525 6

Among liberal-minded people there is now a general distaste for the prosecution and imprisonment of Nazi war criminals. This is reflected in the calls for the release of Rudolf Hess from Spandau prison (even at the cost of another Berlin crisis), and in the virtual canonization of the deputy-Führer's gaol-mate, Albert Speer. In early 1979 there was widespread opposition to the proposed abolition of the German Federal Republic's statute of limitations for war crimes. The abolition, required if new cases were to be initiated against suspected war criminals, was in the event approved by a narrow majority in the Bundestag (the current CDU/CSU candidate for Federal Chancellor, Franz-Josef Strauss, being prominent among the minority).

Unfortunately the demand for the abolition of the statute was commonly misinterpreted as being motivated primarily by a desire for vengeance. In fact, it had an altogether different object. As the SPD mayor of West Berlin, Herr Dietrich Stobbe, pointed out, enforcement of the statute would have given carte blanche to ex-Nazis to emerge into the daylight and boast of their crimes with impunity. It was this potential affront to decency which the proponents of abolition refused to stomach.

Alas, as this incident revealed, it is often forgotten that retribution is not the only, or even the main, purpose of the judicial process. Benjamin B. Ferencz's valuable book, *Less Than Slaves*, is a striking reminder of the larger purposes of law in civilized societies. At the same time it affords a depressing insight into the deficiencies and inadequacies of the supposed denazification of the West German legal system and of sections of German society.

The author is an American lawyer who served as one of the prosecutors at the Nuremberg trials and subsequently played a key role in seeking to secure compensation for former slave labourers in Nazi concentration camps. This book is less a history of forced labour in Nazi Europe than a personal account of two decades of legal struggle to obtain the back-pay due to their former involuntary employees from the hundreds of German companies which utilized concentration-camp labour.

In the Nazi system there was, as Ferencz notes, an inherent conflict between "the ideological demands that the inferior race of Jews be eliminated and the economic demands for productive labour". When the question was posed directly the answer was generally clear: for example, in November 1941, in response to a query as to whether Jews were to be killed irrespective of economic considerations (including labour requirements), the head of the Political Department of the Reich Ministry for Occupied Eastern Territories wrote that economic considerations were "to be regarded as fundamentally irrelevant in the settlement of the problem". Later in the war, officials protested in vain against the diversion of railway trains from the carrying of vital war materials to the deportation of Jews to death-camps. In practice, as Ferencz puts it, "a compromise was reached. . . . The solution was to spare those who could work, for as long as they could work, and kill all the others."

Those spared for work lived under the shadow of imminent death. Instructions to concentration camp commanders stated that "this employment must be in the true meaning of the word, exhaustive, in order to obtain the greatest measure of performance". Among the companies which employed concentration-camp labour were Krupp, Siemens, I. G. Farben, Rheinmetal, Messerschmidt and Heinkel. By the end of 1944 over half a million camp inmates were being "leased out" to German firms by the SS.

After the war a few of the most prominent employers of slave labour were tried at Nuremberg, among them Friedrich Flick and Alfried Krupp. The final statement of Flick (uttered also on behalf of his co-defendants) at his trial in November 1947 was one of defiant injured innocence: "Nothing will convince us that we are war criminals." Part of the defence of the accused was the argument that they had had no choice but to accept the forced labourers imposed upon them by the Nazi authorities. In fact, as the documents produced by Ferencz demonstrate, far from being obliged to employ slaves, companies competed for the privilege of permission to utilize camp labour. It was "forced" only on the labourers themselves. But, as the former Chief Prosecutor at Nuremberg, Telford Taylor, remarks in a trenchant foreword, the "argument of superior orders was not the core of their defence. "Their defence was, in brief, that the forced labour program was not unlawful."

The Nuremberg courts did not accept this argument, and sentenced several of the defendants, including Flick and Krupp, to gaol terms. However, by January 1951 all the German industrialists imprisoned for war crimes had been released as an act of clemency by the United States High Commissioner for Germany, John J. McCloy. In addition to his term of imprisonment Krupp had also been sentenced by the Nuremberg court to forfeiture of the entire fortune and, like Flick and many of the other former Nazi industrial magnates, he proceeded to rebuild his empire anew.

What followed forms one of the most shameful aspects of post-war German legal and commercial history. It might have been thought that the released industrialists, anxious to ingratiate themselves with their former enemies, might seek voluntarily to make some token compensation to their former slaves. In fact, not a single one of the hundreds of firms involved made any such gesture.

It might have been thought, too, that in the absence of voluntary compensation, the West German courts, inspired by the Nuremberg ruling that slavery was a crime, and by the general restitution payments for other war crimes made by the Federal Government, might order the former employers of slave-labour to pay some compensation to their victims. Two test cases reached the Supreme Court. The first was the case of Helen R. and Rachel B. versus the Rheinmetal armaments concern. The plaintiffs demanded back-wages for the period in 1944 when, as Buchenwald prisoners aged eighteen and twelve respectively, they had worked as slaves in a Rheinmetal factory. In 1964 the Supreme Court dismissed the complaint as "unfounded at this time", declaring that foreign nationals could not claim compensation until the signature of a peace treaty.

In 1967, in the case of Barti (a German citizen) versus Heinkel, the Supreme Court issued a further judgment. Whereas in the earlier case the complaint had been "filed too soon", this time the court concluded that the claim should be dismissed on the ground that it had been "filed too late". By means of these inconsistent judgments the court therefore denied redress to the former slaves, and (unlike the Nuremberg courts) refused to face the question whether slavery was or was not legal.

In these circumstances it is remarkable that the victims were able to secure any recompense at all. In fact, thanks to the determined efforts of the lawyers of the Conference on Jewish Material Claims against Germany, a handful of companies were induced to pay out miserable pittances to a small proportion of the claimants. Out of the hundreds of thousands of former slave labourers, a total of 14,878 received sums which rarely amounted to more than $1,250 each. The majority received nothing at all. Even these niggardly payments were secured only after years of struggle. "In general", they were accompanied by an insistence on the part of the company that payment did not constitute any recognition of legal obligation. The Siemens company insisted on further denying any *moral* obligation. At the same time the Claims Conference was obliged to guarantee the companies against any further claims from Jewish victims.

The infection of some of the judiciary by the inverted values of the former slave-owners was illustrated by the case of Jacob S. versus Rella and Por which came before an Austrian court. The plaintiff, a tailor from Budapest, had worked as a slave-labourer in the copper mines at Bor in Yugoslavia. There, thousands of Hungarian Jews were worked to death ("Vernichtung durch Arbeit"), in accordance with Hitler's instruction to the Hungarian Regent, Admiral Horthy, in April, 1943: "If they couldn't work, they had to perish". The claim of Jacob S. was rejected by the court which expressed the view that the SS had been paid more by the companies than the workers were worth. The judge concluded that the company rather than the concentration camp inmate was the real victim.

After years of recalcitrance Alfried Krupp finally consented in 1959 to pay DM 10,000,000 (at that time $2,380,000), following the intercession of John J. McCloy (whom he owed a favour for his release from gaol). The Rheinmetal company for long refused to pay anything, but eventually arranged for an under-the-table payment of DM2,500,000 (which provided $425 for each of its former slaves). Rheinmetal relented only as a result of widespread unfavourable publicity in the United States which threatened the conclusion of a multi-million dollar armaments contract with the Pentagon. Moreover, it paid only part of the money itself, persuading its partners in the arms deal to make contributions. Later, Rheinmetal, apparently concerned lest this happy conjunction of the commercial and the charitable spirit be seen as a precedent, denied that it had made any payment at all!

As for Friedrich Flick, after protracted negotiations his representatives declared in 1967 that a "settlement was in the bag". However it was explained that payment could not be effected immediately as Flick was short of cash. McCloy wrote to Flick in 1969 suggesting that the payment of compensation "would inure to the benefit of the Company, the Federal Republic and your own reputation as a sensitive humanitarian". But Flick's lawyer replied in 1970 that "Dr Flick is of the opinion that under no aspect, nor under a moral aspect either, would it be indicated or justifiable for Dynamit Nobel AG or the Flick group to fulfil the demand of the Claims Conference". Flick died at the age of ninety in 1972. He left a fortune of over one billion dollars to his playboy son. Those on whose labour the fortune had, in part, been built, received not a penny.

How far do these episodes reflect on the general political and moral health of contemporary German society? It cannot be said that the cause of the forced labourers aroused widespread sympathy in Germany. More typical was the comment of *Der Spiegel* in the Rheinmetal case that payments were "neither legally nor morally justified". Federal government officials (including the ex-Nazi, Dr Globke) gave some assistance to the Claims Conference lawyers, but no thought appears to have been given to the enactment of legislation to compel the companies to pay. Krupp, Flick, and the rest died unrepentant.

Meanwhile the trials of war criminals grind on. The Central Office for the Prosecution of War Crimes at Ludwigsburg reportedly still handles about 170 trials a year. But between 1965 and 1976 it found positive proof against only one and a half per cent of the accused. This hardly bespeaks any vindictive judicial zeal. In supposedly enlightened circles the imprisonment of Hess continues to arouse liberal consciences and the conviction of Speer to excite quasi-religious admiration. Helen R., Rachel B., Jacob S. and tens of thousands of others, having failed to persuade their former employers, the courts, or the world at large to recognize any legal or moral responsibility for their enslavement, survive in anonymity with their scarred memories.

JOHN MURRAY

Church Poems
JOHN BETJEMAN
Illustrated by John Piper



The attraction and variety of the 'church' poems that are spread through most of John Betjeman's individual volumes of poetry led to many requests for them to be published together, and this book is the long-awaited result. Several new poems are included.
£6.95 *Publication: 16 October* 0 7195 3784 3

The Flight of the Mew Gull
ALEX HENSHAW
Alex Henshaw's best-selling first book, *Sigh for a Merlin*, described his experiences as a Chief Test Pilot of the Spitfire. His new book tells of his early flights, culminating in the acquisition of a Percival Mew Gull G-AEXF with which, in a modified form, he won the King's Cup in 1938, and in 1939 flew solo from Britain to Cape Town and back, establishing several solo records which still stand today.
£9.50 *Publication: 14 August* 0 7195 3740 1

Chindit
RICHARD RHODES JAMES
In 1943 and 1944 Major-General Orde-Wingate masterminded daring raids into the heart of Japanese-held territory. This exciting first person account is by cipher officer Richard Rhodes James.
£10.50 *Publication: 14 August* 0 7195 3746 0

The Drug-Like Brontë Dream
MARGARET LANE
In this important study, Margaret Lane considers with great insight some of the crucial questions the Brontës' novels raise, and her sympathy with the family is a rewarding experience for new and addicted Brontë readers alike.
£8.50 *Publication: 18 September* 0 7195 3768 1

Edwin Lutyens by his daughter
MARY LUTYENS
A biography of the eminent British architect whose buildings include Castle Drogo, New Delhi, the Cenotaph, and the designs for the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Liverpool.
£12.95 *Publication: 16 October* 0 7195 3777 0

Next Time You Go to Russia
CHARLES A. WARD
An illustrated guide for tourists to the art museums and historic buildings of Russia.
£5.75 *paperback Publication: 14 August* 0 7195 3753 3

Travelling with a Sketchbook
RAY EVANS
Foreword by Norman Thelwell



Ray Evans has been sketching enthusiastically all his life, and this book is both a record of his drawings and practical advice for the would-be sketcher.
£7.50 *Publication: 16 October* 0 7195 3790 8

Witchdust
MARY WELFARE
Illustrated by Shirley Hughes
Award-winning artist Shirley Hughes' illustrations make this hilarious story of the misadventures of two highly eccentric retired witches even funnier. For seven to 11-year-olds.
£4.95 *Publication: 18 September* 0 7195 3748 0

Simple Movement
The Why and How of Exercise
LAURA MITCHELL and BARBARA DALE
For those who have tried yoga, modern dance, gymnastics or advanced keep-fit classes and found them too difficult or tiresome, *Simple Movement* explains the theory of movement and presents a sequence of easy, graded exercises.
£5.95 *paperback* 0 7195 3766 X £8.50 *hardback* 0 7195 3785 1
Publication: 18 September

W. J. BEAN
Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles
Volume IV: Ri-Z
Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles
Volume IV: Ri-Z
£40.00 *Publication: November* 0 7195 2428 8

Their own romantic town

By James Campbell

TREVOR ROYLE :
Precipitous City
The Story of Literary Edinburgh
210pp. Mainstream. £6.95.
0 906391 09 1

ROBERT CHAMBERS :
Traditions of Edinburgh
377pp. Chambers. £7.95.
0 550 21292 2

It must have been some time after the failure of the '45 Rebellion that the Scottish people, sickened by the present and finding little to succour them in the prospect of their finally castrated nation, fell back upon the past as a time of glory and romance. Walter Scott was the first writer to divine that the Scottish heart held an empty space marked "identity" and into that space he fitted, as Edwin Muir said, a legend. After Scott the romanticizing process continued with the Kailyard school, chiefly represented by Barrie, and to an extent an obsession with the past—whether of childhood innocence or of the virtue of the safely dead—remains in Scottish writing today.

Obsessions of any kind are not as a rule healthy, however, and opposition to this particular one has never been far away. Although the voice of empiricism has often been drowned by the skirl of the pipes, many writers with hard heads have scolded the Scottish immaturity. Long before Muir, Francis Jeffrey took Scott to pieces in the *Edinburgh Review* for his excess, in *Marmion*, of "low arches, massive walls and silent monks with smoky torches", of which, he believed, "the public has now supped full". (He was wrong; *Marmion* sold 50,000 copies by 1836.) More recently, in "Against Infantilism", Hugh MacDiarmid was asked, "what do we Scottish writers most lack, most need?" and provided his own reply :

An immediate experience of the concrete,
A rich overflowing apprehension of the definite
Day-by-day content of our people's lives . . .

Not, certainly, repeated evocations of "Mine own romantic town" of which, I am sorry to say, there are rather too many in Trevor Royle's book. When Mr Royle says that Edinburgh, the epitome of Scotland, is "steeped in history and legend", he omits to add that she clings to those things for dear life and that—now, as ever before—they provide her with a refuge from the present.

Edinburgh has not always been kind to the writers of whom she is so quick to claim ownership and association once they are dead : Robert Fergusson died in the best land and lay in a pauper's grave until Burns spent his own money erecting a stone, and even today his worth is not fully valued; Burns himself was picked up by the fashionable people who were tickled by the idea of the "heaven-taught ploughman"—and as quickly dropped; today's writers, who Trevor Royle coolly believes continue the "tradition of discussion and debate" in the city's pubs, are more likely to be heard complaining that their books and magazines are not available in the shops. Few cities of Edinburgh's size can have had as long and unbroken a record of literary activity, and yet the modern citizenry displays a marked reluctance to honour its writers in the only way that really counts: by reading them.

Trevor Royle, an Englishman propelled by a genuine love for Scottish literature, has written an amiable book which may do something to direct readers to the works of Dunbar, Fergusson, Lords Cockburn and Jeffrey, Robert Garioch, et al. *Precipitous City* attempts to tell the story of "literary Edinburgh" from the late Middle Ages to the present day. The source material on writers such as Dunbar and George Buchanan is limited, and too often in his early chapters, Mr Royle has fallen back on potted histories of kings and queens and anachronistic quotation. It is surely misleading, as well as a misrepresentation of the function of a novel, to offer a passage from Galt's *Ringan Gilhaize* as a "graphic description of the horrors that the Covenanters had to endure in the Tolbooth prison around 150 years earlier.

There exists plenty of documentation of the literary life of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, however, and Mr Royle's best chapters are on the Enlightenment (when David Hume rather optimistically declared that the "People most distinguish'd for Literature in Europe" resided in Edinburgh) and on the Edinburgh of Scott, Hogg, Cockburn and Jeffrey. Here he seems most sure of his ground, his choice of quotation is judicious and he appears less reliant on it when characterizing the place and time :

> Cockburn, in a sense, lived two lives. One was that of the polite Charlotte Square lawyer with an honourable position in the city's society, and the other was that of "Cocky", the country gentleman. . . . He regretted the past and yet he was motivated by social change, he was liberal in his attitudes and yet he had a sneaking regard for boisterous evenings. . . .

This sort of paradox, Mr Royle tells us, "was not uncommon in nineteenth-century Edinburgh"; however, Scott himself was not urgently motivated by a desire to change anything. His political cast of mind had been moulded early in his life and, like his formula for success ("an inveterate indifference to truth"—Muir), it never changed. Like most of his contemporaries, Scott helped to perpetuate the Scottish habit of over-imbibing, which seems to have been especially chronic amongst gentlemen of the legal profession; "Lord Newton . . . started the day with six bottles of claret and most judges ruled cases with a bottle or two to steady their hangovers". Appropriately enough, in the light of today's favourite literary pastime, a legal career was often coupled with a literary one.

In 1802 the *Edinburgh Review* was founded by Sydney Smith and a trio of advocates, one of whom, Francis Jeffrey, became its editor. So much exists in literary form of this period that I feel Mr Royle's narrative would have been enlivened by more of the everyday literary comings and goings. In one such instance he does tell us that Jeffrey was visited in his George Street office in 1827 by Carlyle :

> I got ready admission into Jeffrey's "study" or rather "office", for it had mostly that air; a roomy not overneat apartment on the ground floor, with a big baize-covered table, loaded with book rows and paper bundles; on one or perhaps two walls were bookshelves, likewise well filled, but with books in tattery ill-bound or unbound condition—"bad new Literature, these will be", thought I; "the table ones are probably an law!" Fire, pair of candles were cheerfully burning, in the light of which sat my famous little gentleman.

Carlyle, an ambitious writer on the make, came out of the *Edinburgh* offices with a job ("a little paper on Jean Paul") which, understandably, pleased him. But in *Reminiscences*, (which the above is taken from; another of Royle's faults is that he does not cite sources) he wrote that seven years earlier he had, unsolicited, reviewed a *Theory of Gravitation* by one M. Pictet. This he "carefully read, judged of and dictated a candid account and condemnation of" to his amanuensis, then set off at midnight with it to the *Edinburgh Review* office. Hopefully, he sat back and waited for a response. None came. Even after a month "it was absolute zero, no answer, no return of MS, absolutely no notice taken of; which was a form of catastrophe more complete than even I had anticipated." Some things don't change. I am not sure that it is fair to say of Jeffrey that he is "best remembered for telling Wordsworth that *The Excursion* would never do", or rather, properly and more vigorously, "This will never do". Nor should Scott be let off so lightly for turning his back on the *Edinburgh* after Jeffrey's review of *Marmion* (Mr Royle fails to mention Scott's denial of this as the reason). The journal had exhibited tolerance and helped to create the best tradition of literary journalism by publishing Scott, a Tory, in its Whig pages.

Scott's allegiance was transferred to the London-based *Quarterly Review*, and later to *Blackwood's*. Given the comparative histories of the two magazines, it would have seemed natural for Trevor Royle to have devoted twice as much space to the *Edinburgh* than to its rival, rather than the other way round. Given, also, his own description of the most famous contents of the earliest copies of *Blackwood's*—"slashing attacks" on Keats and Coleridge; a libellous assault on Leigh Hunt, following which the author, Lockhart, wrote to Hunt telling him it was by someone else; the Chaldee MS, a satire in which *Edinburgh* Whigs were ridiculed and the Tories of the *Blackwood's* group praised for their sagacity—it is difficult to see how its standards could be described as "Olympian". Nonetheless, a modern editor might well envy the power of Blackwood to create the kind of uproar which followed the publication of the Chaldee MS, an uproar which resulted in its authors, Lockhart and Christopher North, having to flee the city.

Jeffrey retired from his editor's chair in 1829 and died in 1850, the year of R. L. Stevenson's birth. As with so much else, Stevenson had an ambivalent relationship with Edinburgh. On the one hand he enjoyed the city's appearance ("not so much beautiful . . . as a curiosity") ; on the other hand he loathed the climate: "the delicate die early, and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have sometimes been tempted to envy them their fate." Sexually confused by the native Calvinism, he worshipped maidenhood and patronized, and romanticized, the prostitutes in Leith Walk, remarking in yet another superb ambiguity, "I have all my days been a dead hand at a harridan".

Today, the literary personality of Edinburgh—and Scotland—is as split as it ever was, the Peter Pan syndrome uneasily co-exists with the philosophy of common sense, and the gossip and "flyting" among writers continue as vigorously as in Dunbar's day. There are a number of good literary magazines centred in the city, and in recent years there have been modest revivals in publishing and drama. Trevor Royle, in his former capacity as Literature Director of the Scottish Arts Council, must take some credit for helping to create this climate, but I am sorry that in his story of literary Edinburgh he did not feel more need to criticize as well as praise the city, to attempt to lay bare some of the poses and attitudes in which she specializes, in literary as well as other matters. Instead, his optimistic, often clichébound style, with its wan literary judgments (ballads are "haunting" and "eminently listenable to"), its archaisms (Elizabeth I didn't die, "her strength finally did wane", while of Scott's success he writes "Fame claimed him as her own"), and its praise for the city and her writers couched in vague epithets like "splendid", "dazzling", and "stunning" can only foster the effete gentility of response to literature which the nation's best writers have struggled against. Although he has not hesitated to include descriptions of the warts which others have found on Edinburgh's face, he has not sought to discover any for himself.

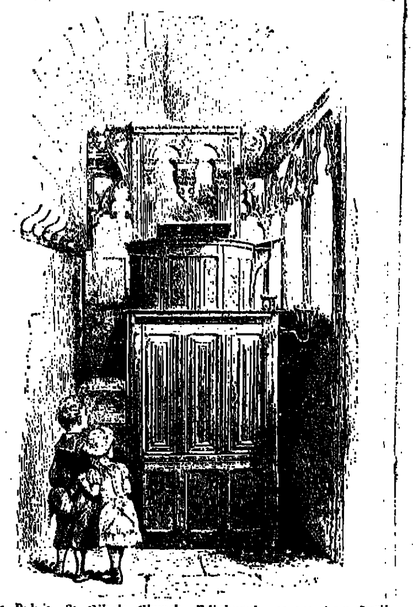
Robert Chambers found plenty of warts to write about, indeed he delighted in them, as he did in everything connected with the Old Town; and this shines through his writing and makes his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, now reissued, a delight to read. Writing in 1823, Chambers's intention was to preserve in literary form some of the legends and traditions connected with the older part of the city now that the better-off folk were moving down the hill to the newly completed New Town. Formerly, "nobles and gentry, men of the robe, 'writers', and substantial burghers" had lived cheek by jowl with "the humbler trading classes" and even "the vile and miserable". Chambers deplored the separation, not only because of his innate conservatism, but also from a democratic sense that it was "only too accordant with that tendency of our present civilization to separate the high from the low, the intelligent from the ignorant", something he believed to be "a condemnation of all progress".

Helped along by both written and oral sources (including Scott) he set about exploring the alleys, wynds and closes of the area to which he moved, in the High Street, cheerfully offering his opinion on unsolved murder cases and telling stories of the eccentric Lady Eglintoune who dined with "ten or twelve jolly rats". He even, with reference to the same lady, passed on beauty tips: "She never used paint, but washed her face with *sowe's milk*."

It is interesting that Trevor Royle's only mention of Dr Johnson's relations with the Edinburgh literati tells the story of Henry Erskine pressing a shilling into Boswell's hand with the remark that he thought that about the right amount to be paid to the keeper of a performing bear, whereas in Chambers we are told that the "Dessa Major of literature" received there "the trembling homage of the literati". Johnson stayed at Boswell's house in James's Court, just below that lately vacated by Hume, who had built for himself a superior residence in the New Town. While visiting his book, Chambers visited the old one :

> I found it divided amongst three or four tenants in humble life, each possessing little more than a single room. It was amusing to observe that what had been the dining-room and drawing-room towards the north were each provided with one of those little side oratories which have been described elsewhere as peculiar to a period in Edinburgh house building, being designed for private devotion. Hume living in a house with two chapels!

This new edition of *Traditions of Edinburgh* dispenses with colour plates and preserves the text as Robert Chambers last revised it in 1868. Some modern annotation (the notes are from the 1912 edition) and an introduction would have been welcome, but it is a goldmine for both the historian and the common reader. Chambers was fascinated by "old" Edinburgh, but he did not allow his fascination to obscure or replace his judgment. In his desire for a happy mingling of the classes he may have understood that part of the price we pay for "Mine own romantic town" is a distorted vision of reality and a consequent loss of maturity; what MacDiarmid, in his poem, simply called "Edinburgh", referred to as "the dead mode of life". That will never do.



Knox's Pulpit, St Giles's Church, Edinburgh, comes from Scottish Pictures from Victorian Times, *edited by Brian John (112pp. Greencroft Books, Trefelin, Cilgwyn, Newport, Dyfed, S. Wales. £3.5, 0 905559 19 3) which is based on S. G. Green's* Scottish Pictures drawn with pen and pencil, *which was published in 1886 by The Religious Tract Society.*

The Harp of Renfrewshire

Contemplating a 17th Century map

Annals of the trilled R, gently stroked L,
Lamenting O of local literature,
Open, on this, their one-page book, a still
Land-language chattered in a river's burr.

Small- talk of herdsmen, rural argument—
These soft disputes drift over river-meadows,
A darg of conversations; a verbal scent—
Tut-tutted discourse, time of day, word-brose.

Named places have been dictionaried in
Ground's secret lexicon, its racial moan
Of etymology and cries of pain
That slit a summer wind and then were gone.

A mother calls her daughter from her door.
Her house, my stone illusion, hugs its hill.
From Eaglesham west to the rocky shore,
Her cry is stretched across bog-asphodel,

The patronymic miles of grass and weddings;
Their festivals of gender, covenants,
Poor pre-industrially huddled steadings,
Ploughed-up dayochs—old names, inhabitants.

And on my map is neither wall or fence,
But men and women and their revenue,
As, watching them, I utter into silence
A granary of whispers rinsed in dew.

Douglas Dunn

darg: a day's work
dayoch: an indeterminate measurement of land

Summer Lightning

for Seamus Heaney, in imitation of Ronsard

" L'argument du Comicque est de toutes saisons "

Heaney, one can get work-perfect at
Any profession. Law needs working at
But can be mastered; practice of Physic makes
Practitioners perfect; grind is what it takes
To command effective public speaking or
Become a consummate philosopher;
Even the best computer-wallahs know it's
Close study counts. It's not like that with poets . . .

Perfect is what the Art has up to now
Not been, and won't be, here; God won't allow
That much credit to Humanity.
Unfinished as we know ourselves to be,
Earthy by definition, could we reach,
Ever, to perfect energy of speech?

The gift of poetry is like the fire
Seen of a summer's night: flames that transpire
Like a foreboding over a river, over
A field, or again there, flickering, hover
To silhouette some plume on a far coppice
Become a sacred grove. This randomness
Makes people jumpy; seeing the weird flame,
Souls for a moment batter against their frame.
And in the end it gutters down, all this
Dumb foundry-blast of clarification is
Suddenly dull, and then it dies away.
Because it's not predictable day by day
But jumps from place to place, never at rest,
No country gets this migrant on request
Or is bequeathed her. Some emergent state
Is (so one hopes) her current favourite.

And so no Hebrew, Greek nor Roman hand
Can handle all of poetry on demand.
Germany she has visited, she advances
Her claim to England's coasts, to Scotland's, France's,
Vaulting over, wheeling, taking great
Pleasure in picking some uplooked-for state
And some unlikely person. The bright flare
Illuminates some province here or there,
Then just as soon evaporates in air.
The Muse, in short, is international;
She is put up by, she puts up with, all;
Peculiar to no property, no one breed.
But whom she picks on, him she clips indeed.

Take me now, Heaney—let this much suffice:
If I have made it, it was at a price
Such as I'm not sure others would have paid.
What I know is this art of mine has flayed
Me, and still does. Skinned, let me, after one
Death have another, terminal, to stun
Into insensibility. I've had much
Fun in this life; and yet the undulant touch
Of the Parnassian flood, Permessus, meant
I would be, as I have been, somnolent,
Unhandy, useless; worse, I must admit
I cannot give it up, I'm slave to it.

I am opinionated and embittered,
Inconsiderate, blunt, low-spirited,
Pleased and displeased at once, huffy and raw;
And yet I fear God, fear the Crown, the Law,
Am spry enough by nature, cordial,
Content to have vexed nobody at all.
So there you have me, Heaney. . . . I suppose
All of our lot have vices much like those.

Now if Calliope, to make up for this,
Had made me better than the best there is,
Star pupil in her class, star of the show,
Then all these feelings that I undergo
I could put up with. But it isn't so;
Since I'm at best a halfway poet here,
I'd rather like some less godlike career. . . .

Two sorts of business flourish on that hill
Of the nine Lovelies. One's compatible
With those who like to say that they "compose",
Who tot up and keep tallies, who dispose
These many verse-lines here; beneath them, those.
(Tell off fourteen, and bless me, you've a sonnet,
Its subject: Time, a poet's reflections on it.)
By "versifiers" (which these are) is meant
That verse on verse is all that they invent;
All cold too, ice-cold. Brought to bed, these brought
Out some small slice of life—which they abort!
Such verse does best as drapery for a pound
Of sugar or rice, ground ginger, screwed around
Cinnamon, say. Work like this, if at last
It sees the light of print; is quickly passed
Over with "What a drag!" So from the start
It goes unread. The Appliolian dart,
Corrosive and austere, has made no sores

Upon these creatures. They are sophomores
In painting or creative writing; no one
Taught them to write, or to put pigment on,
So ink and paint are squandered; both are laid
On so thick, the daub disgusts the trade.

The other track provides for those who seem,
In their own sense of themselves, in an extreme
Consumption of the fire. Whatever odd
Sense "poet" has, they pass it on the nod;
Fed, for their part, on Terror, and the God.

Of these no more than four or five are known
To have existed, mostly Greek. Their tone
Is matter-of-fact and prosy—that's a blind;
Silly old tales on the surface, but behind
A beautiful science. That's the trick of it:
To be, while easy, cryptic. They could profit
In this way by the confident obtuseness
Of their much pampered public, and its less
Than open mind; its eyebrow raised, its jeer
Reserved for arcane verities made clear.

These first made current whole theodicies
And abstruse astrological expertise,
While camouflaging this, by an astute
Highly developed use of anecdote,
From a purblind public. God won't let them be,
His sizzling probe pricks insecurity
Into them always. Man like these are found—
Not without some complacency—"unsound",
Countryside crazies. It's believed they've much
Traffic with fairies (those!), and nymphs, and such.

Cutting between these two tracks there's a third
Which, since it holds the middle, is preferred
As what God has supposedly designed
To satisfy the appetite in mankind
For culling an elect. This kind supports,
So runs the theory, the performing arts;
It's educational, irrigates the masses.
It spreads civility through evening-classes,
Where sinking selfhood in a common cause
Is a point much stressed. But then, our trip-wire was
Or (worse) our big-time cosmos-splitters seem
Hardly at all to share a common theme
With Drayton's "Agincourt". Belligerent airs
Do wonders for morale so long as there's
No chance we hear the enemy singing theirs.
So, if it comes to patrons, there's no doubt
Bellona and mad Captain Mars are out.
Which leaves us with the staged, or stagey; not
The happiest prospect . . .

Tragic plots are what,
So it was thought, some few great houses foster:
Plantagenet, Gore-Booth, Adams, Malatesta,
Atreus, Thebes. But ritual couplings, treasons,
Condign kills and shames are for all seasons
And all conditions. Thinking of your bog-queen,
Intact, tar-black when disinterred, I've seen
This calls for Comedy, never more demonic
Than when Divine, involved and unironic,
Painful and pitying. (This she also knew,
Your wife, who took the cannibal Ugolino
As type for poets: brain devouring brain,
One "rabid egotistical daisy-chain".)
Knowing what's out of joint is our dilemma
In Ireland, Denmark, England, the Maremma;
What is, what isn't. In your singing-school,
Dante's and yours, the dreadful is the rule.

Dread; yes, dread—the one name for the one
Game that we play here, surely. I think Sisson
Got it, don't you? Plain Dante, plain as a board,
And if flat, flat. The abhorrent, the abhorred,
Ask to be uttered plainly. Heaney, I
Appeal to you who are more in the public eye
Than us old codgers: isn't it the case
The Muse must look disaster in the face?

Well, but—here comes the compliment, somewhat late
But sent with feeling—none should denigrate
Your early Georgics. None of us would steal
From your tin scoop plunged in a tub of meal
Its pre-Dantesque Honeric virtue. Those
English who prize your verse as rustic prose
Are not all wrong: Agricola is one
Hero persists, farmer and farmer's son
Are two 'scape whipping. And the traveller,
Odysseus Weather-eye the navigator,
He's another. Both of them you've been,
And lover too; Apollo set the scene,
And then these various provocations planned,
Providing that in ancient Ireland and
Historic England Heaney should rehearse
Cottage economies, curtness of good verse.

Donald Davie

JUNE/JULY

The Return of Eva Peron
WITH The Killings in Trinidad
V. S. NAIPAUL
£6.95 216 x 138mm 232pp
233 97238 2

Black Tide Rising
The wreck of the Amoco Cadiz
DAVID FAIRHALL & PHILIP JORDAN
£8.95 216 x 138mm 248pp
6pp b/w photos 12pp maps/diagrams
233 97147 5

Power and The Party
Changing faces of Communism in Western Europe
KEITH MIDDLEMAS
£14.95 234 x 156mm 400pp
233 97151 3

A Bespattered Page?
The Internment of 'His Majesty's Most Loyal Enemy Aliens'
RONALD STENT
£7.95 216 x 138mm 284pp
8pp b/w illus
233 97246 3

Stones of Silence
Journeys in the Himalaya
GEORGE B. SCHALLER
£6.95 234 x 156mm 297pp
12pp colour photos 30 line drawings
233 97215 3

The Life and Death of Whales
ROBERT BURTON
A Survival Book
2nd revised and enlarged edition
£6.95 216 x 138mm 198pp
8pp b/w photos additional diagrams
233 97130 0

FICTION

The Pope of Greenwich Village
VINCENT PATRICK
£6.50 216 x 138mm 232pp
233 97233 1

Silk and Steel
STEPHEN ALTER
£5.95 216 x 138mm 328pp
233 97165 3.

GRAFTON BOOKS

The Library in the University
Observations on a service
NORMAN HIGHAM
£7.50 216 x 138mm 208pp
233 97222 0

LANGUAGE LIBRARY

The Study of Dialect
An introduction to dialectology
K. M. PETYT
£8.95 216 x 138mm 240pp
line drawings and maps
233 97212 9

ANDRE DEUTSCH

William Trevor

his new novel

Other People's Worlds

'William Trevor is an extremely accomplished writer, and *Other People's Worlds* is as accomplished as anything he's so far written.'

JOHN LUCAS, *New Statesman*

'He never disappoints, and there are moments in the book . . . which will stick in the memory for as long as anyone can remember anything.'

AUBERON WAUGH, *E. Standard*

'William Trevor's masterly novel . . . Mr Trevor moves in flexible, unostentatious prose from elegant irony to a profound reflection of forgiveness and pity.'

STUART EVANS, *The Times*

0 370 30312 1 £5.95

BROOKE CRUTCHLEY

To be a Printer

When Brooke Crutchley joined the Cambridge University Press as Walter Lewis's assistant in 1930, he found himself in the midst of the typographical revival of the 1920s. His close association with Lewis, and with Stanley Morison, Oliver Simon, Francis Meynell, Eric Gill, Bruce Rogers and others, enables him to write authentically—and entertainingly—about their working methods and their personalities. Artists come into his autobiography too, among them Gwen Raverat, Reynolds Stone and Edward Ardizzone. And in a chapter on his visits to America he writes of their standards of book design and production and about American printers and publishers.

0 370 30304 0 £8.95 *Illustrated*

Santhana

One Man's Road to the East

Borna Bebek

An adventurous and observant traveller, forever open to strange encounters and new experiences, Borna Bebek set off one summer night from his native Yugoslavia and headed eastward with little luggage and less money. In his book he describes his hazardous journey through South Asia and his search for an underlying meaning to life.

'Borna Bebek's *Santhana* is a lively mixture of the adventurous and the mystical, and the wonder to me is that he came through it alive. It is a fine example of travelling against the odds.'

PAUL THEROUX

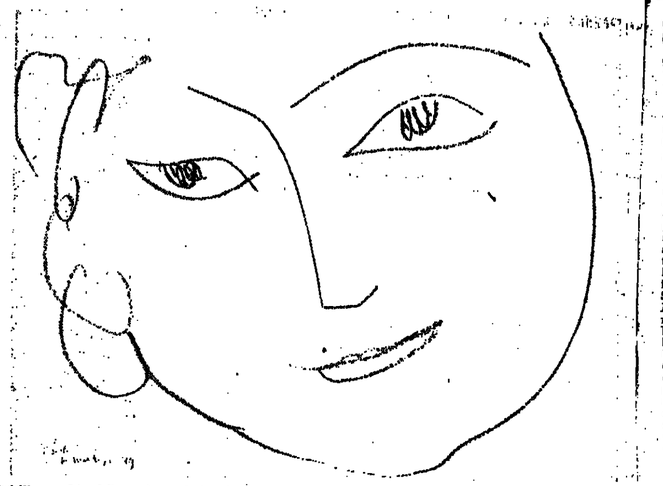
0 370 30260 5 £6.50

BODLEY HEAD

Selling up

Efforts to save an important part of the holdings of the Tennyson Research Centre in Lincoln appeared to have failed on July 22, when most of the items—previously loaned to the Centre by the Tennyson family trust—were sold at Sotheby's to dealers. The autograph manuscript of "In Memoriam" went for £100,000 to Quaritch, who also paid £1,900 for a notebook of poems by Hallam. The complete set of Edward Lear's 200 wash drawings illustrating Tennyson's poems was bought by Agnew's for £34,000, and other lots were widely dispersed.

The Bloomsbury items sold the previous day raised £74,960 towards the total of £350,000 needed by the Charleston Trust to preserve the former home of Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant. Again, a great amount went to dealers: a series of twenty-one early letters from Virginia Woolf to her brother Thoby went for £4,500 to Colin Franklin of Oxford, who also paid £2,800 for her writing desk. And a series of eleven letters from T. S. Eliot to Clive Bell fetched £500 from an unnamed buyer. At the same time, scholars will be relieved that the Tate Gallery is keeping some important parts of the collection together. The Gosley's purchases included about 800 letters and cards between Vanessa and her husband Clive (£2,500) and 1,000 between her and Roger Fry (£8,500). J. T.



"Brésilienne, Liserb", a charcoal drawing by Matisse, signed and dated 1949. It is on an exhibition of Matisse's drawings, paper cut-outs and illustrated books, at the Theo Waddington Gallery, 25 Cork Street, W1, until August 2.

Eden and Apocalypse

By Valentine Cunningham

Being There
Odeon Cinema, St Martin's Lane

The Black Stallion
ABC General Release

It takes intrusive outsiders like Jerzy Kosinski to show insiders what they are really like. Kosinski's wryly horrified little parable about the operations of power in the United States in his nouvelle *Being There* (1971), and now in Hal Ashby's film version of that fiction (for which Kosinski has done a fairly faithful screenplay), hits where it hurts, right on the button, again and again. A nearly catatonic goof, an illiterate Washington DC gardener with "rice pudding between his ears", whose nous has scarcely been advanced by his totally sheltered existence—a part topped up with relish by Peter Sellers—is knocked over by a posh limousine on his first venture into the streets and so falls among the cross-providers and crosser manipulators of powerful messages and images—tycoons and politicoes, their wives, television chatshow people, financial journalists, all the President's men—only to be clasped like the last word in holy fools to their collectively heaving bosom.

Chance the gardener enjoys a television success, in every sense. The powerful like him because he actually admits to never reading, only to watching television: "I like to watch", and so do they. Voyeurs all, they understand the needs of voyeurs. "You like to watch? I'll go get Warren", a wheedling gay obliges at a Russian ambassador's reception, and the dying tycoon's wife (fetchingly played by Shirley Maclaine) slaloms all over a bereskin to grant Chance his voyeuristic fill. Meanwhile, of course, he is watching television again, practising the yoga they are demonstrating. It is because he keeps in practice with televisual mannerisms that he is so successful a natural in a television-dominated world. The tricks he learns from the telly—Nixon, handshakes, repeating the last thing somebody says, using people's first names a lot—keep his slick social progress oiled. Power comes out of the barrel of his television remote control switch (he even waves it at a black thug's switchblade, and comes away unscathed).

Chance hits it off with the powerful, too, because his lack of linguistic versatility meshes neatly into the stupid verbal smash-up they inhabit. Instantly "Chance, a gardener" is misheard as Chauncey Gardiner. And they take Chauncey Gardiner's childish politenesses ("May I watch television, please?"; "Yes, please, I'm hungry") for an admirably unusual directness. "You don't", they awe, "play games with words." Every simple-minded confusion ("I can't write", "I can't read", "I do not read newspapers") is received as deftly ironic self-deprecation or mind-blowing honesty. And his maundering tosh about seasons, roots and growing things—the only approach to complex ideas or sentences he can manage—is welcomed on every hand ("brilliant", "remarkable") as precious wisdom about life, the economy, whatnot. The emptiness of this latent guru's gobbledegook (Chance's old friend, the black maid Louise's word) sounds impressive in a world full of little else: as tellingly ironic a result as the conclusion by Washington's best FBI and CIA snoopers that this man, who so resounding an absence of conventional ID (no credit cards, driver's licence, bank accounts, no record of any sort), must by that token be identified, in a society whose pocket-books have to be clamantly burly with bits of plastic as a very important citizen indeed.

Being There, of course, molestingly parodies the myth of the Natural Man. The urban sophisticates eagerly read Chance as the wise naïf of conversation, the unfeignedly delving Adam, a parish-encompassing Christ-type ("She, supposing Him to be the gardener", and so forth). But without the elegant rich-man's suitings and croc-skin baggage he got from his late employer's attic, Chance would have been instantly dumped in the charity ward. In his posh gear, his cultivated television manners, his garbling chat, the rich are seeing only their own image. The truly Natural Men are elsewhere: they're the grunting blacks with the switchblades, the derelicts lounging and boozing amid the garbage and gutted autos on Washington's vacant downtown lots.

A catatonic for the nation? Chance is that, at least for the nation's leaders. The United Nations take hugely to him too. Bleakly, in the original nouvelle, no one in fact sees through him. The only real softening I detected in the film was its supplying a clutch of shrewder sceptics. Louise the maid, the tycoon's family doctor, a wised-up attorney, who are able to spot the mere gardener in Gardiner. Even Hal Ashby, it seems, can't let America believe its cass to be as bad as Kosinski first made out.

The Black Stallion comes out of *Apocalypse Now* by D. H. Lawrence's *Apocalypse*. At least, it is a product of Francis Ford Coppola's Omni Zoetrope Studios, and of all the horsey texts it recalls, from *Black Beauty* to *National Velvet*, it is obviously tapped most into Lawrence's rhapsodies on John the Revelator's horses ("Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances . . . he stamps and threshes in the dark fields of your soul and of mine. This was of God who came down and knew the daughters of men and begot the great Titans, they had 'the members of horses', says Enoch"). And like Lawrence's Sons of God and the Bucephalus fable that conspicuously inspirits the film from the moment young Alex's dad gives him a bronze model of Alexander the Great's steed, aboard the throbbing ship that is about to fly and plunge boy and horse into a watery grave. *The Black Stallion* works a powerful myth for growing boys.

As in the best boys' books, *Oliver Twist* for instance, the big adult world is worryingly ambivalent. Grown-ups keep proving difficult to read. Even the ones who are in the end found friendliest look terrifying to start with. At first blush Alex's poker-preoccupied dad looms in the ship's saloon gleaming like the heaviest of mobsters. Will he, we're made tantalizingly to wonder, keep all his assorted heap of winnings—jewels, notes, penknife, Bucephalus—to himself? The sailors who insist on snatching Alex from his shipwrecked Mediterranean paradise only gradually twig they must take the horse too. Back in New York State, Alex's mum hovers over-anxiously about his soup-to-sect table-manners, and his Swiftian proclivity for sleeping out with the horse; and will she let him race "The Black"? Even Henry, the retired trainer who becomes Alex's great aide and co-conspirator in first moves menacingly in on the boy who's found his horse confined in Henry's barn ("You big fat thief. He's mine"). And suspicion is justified, for adults can actually be as menacing as the Arab who lashes the stallion, gobbles up sugar Alex intended for the horse, and steals the boy's life-jacket during the ship's sinking. "Him", the James Joyce look-alike Mr Big whom Henry persuades into granting The Black a race, is full of an awesome grudging.

Like orphaned Oliver, Alex surfaces on the Isle of Man (his shipwreck of his father. He recovers his mother. But only after The Black has comprehensively supped most of Lawrence's rhapsodies on John the Revelator's horses ("Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances . . . he stamps and threshes in the dark fields of your soul and of mine. This was of God who came down and knew the daughters of men and begot the great Titans, they had 'the members of horses', says Enoch"). And like Lawrence's Sons of God and the Bucephalus fable that conspicuously inspirits the film from the moment young Alex's dad gives him a bronze model of Alexander the Great's steed, aboard the throbbing ship that is about to fly and plunge boy and horse into a watery grave. *The Black Stallion* works a powerful myth for growing boys.

As in the best boys' books, *Oliver Twist* for instance, the big adult world is worryingly ambivalent. Grown-ups keep proving difficult to read. Even the ones who are in the end found friendliest look terrifying to start with. At first blush Alex's poker-preoccupied dad looms in the ship's saloon gleaming like the heaviest of mobsters. Will he, we're made tantalizingly to wonder, keep all his assorted heap of winnings—jewels, notes, penknife, Bucephalus—to himself? The sailors who insist on snatching Alex from his shipwrecked Mediterranean paradise only gradually twig they must take the horse too. Back in New York State, Alex's mum hovers over-anxiously about his soup-to-sect table-manners, and his Swiftian proclivity for sleeping out with the horse; and will she let him race "The Black"? Even Henry, the retired trainer who becomes Alex's great aide and co-conspirator in first moves menacingly in on the boy who's found his horse confined in Henry's barn ("You big fat thief. He's mine"). And suspicion is justified, for adults can actually be as menacing as the Arab who lashes the stallion, gobbles up sugar Alex intended for the horse, and steals the boy's life-jacket during the ship's sinking. "Him", the James Joyce look-alike Mr Big whom Henry persuades into granting The Black a race, is full of an awesome grudging.

Like orphaned Oliver, Alex surfaces on the Isle of Man (his shipwreck

An otherwise quiet AGM of the Poetry Society last Saturday was enlivened by a struggle between poets and politicians for places on the General Council. The following seven were voted on: Edward Brook-Partridge (Chairman of the GLC), Norman Buchan, MP, Cecil Gowrie (Minister at the DHSS), John Heath-Stubbs, Wes Magee, Jon Silkin and Fraser Steele.

So long more or less lives this

By Katherine Duncan-Jones

Shakespeare's Sonnets
Olivier Theatre

There is one feature that virtually all English sonnets, otherwise diverse, have traditionally had in common. They have been private poems, reflecting the more personal meditations of a public poet (Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth), and they have been designed for chamber perusal by solitary readers, not for recitation or declamation. Shakespeare's young men in *Love's Labour's Lost* are acutely embarrassed to have their recitations of love sonnets overheard by Berowne: how much more monumentally embarrassing to overhear Shakespeare's own mysterious sonnets in the company of nine hundred other people. How can such essentially solitary works, infused with *Esprit de Pescalier*—the thoughts of a social man when he retires to his own room—be satisfactorily rendered in a public theatre?

The inspiration for Michael Kustow's production of the *Sonnets*, read as a whole in a single performance on July 9 and in shorter sections on other dates, comes from the theories of Dr John Padel. These were first promulgated in the *TLS* on December 19, 1975, in an article subtitled "An introduction to Shakespeare's sonnets for psychotherapists and others"—a fascinating piece, multiplying hypotheses on hypotheses but reflecting an unusual synthesis of biographical data with psychological expertise. The most attractive hypothesis was that Shakespeare when he wrote the *Sonnets* was identifying himself with his father, John Shakespeare, aged seventy and perhaps, Padel hinted, lame. We know that John Shakespeare was failing to attend church or town council meetings, and Padel suggested that he was suffering from clinical depression following the death of his grandson Hamnet. This theory would help to explain why Shakespeare at thirty-three might write of himself as old and close to death.

The National Theatre production concentrates not on this part of Padel's theory, but on his account of Shakespeare's developing relationship with William Herbert. The narrative framework we are offered gives a crude and blobby incredible account of a series of commissioned poems and pretical epistles, in which Shakespeare was first invited by the Earl and Countess of Pembroke to persuade their son to marry or, failing that, at least to initiate him into heterosexual experience, sonnets being, of course, an effective means of doing this. The Earl and Countess sound a bit like worried parents descending on the Tavistock Clinic. Although we are warned at the beginning that hypotheses are being presented to us as facts, I suspect many of the audience must assume that Shakespeare's relationship with William Herbert has some historical documentation. We are told, for instance, of a "literary salon" presided over by William Herbert in the autumn of 1598. It met three times, Shakespeare coming only to the third meeting: this provoked what have previously been called the "rival poet" sonnets. When Dr Padel's edition of the *Sonnets* (to be published by the Herbert Press in 1981) appears, we will be able to see if there is any evidence whatsoever for such meetings. Meanwhile I know of none.

The arrangement of the *Sonnets* is mostly very baffling, though they are neatly slotted into sections reflecting stages in the Shakespeare-Herbert relationship. I was particularly struck by the way that the sonnets which seem to blend best into continuous whirles are the ones which are actually consecutive in the 1609 quarto, such as 66, 67, 68, or 88, 89, 90. But for the most part Padel's rearrangement involves petty juggling which suggests that he had noticed that there were many runs of closely related sonnets in the quarto, but could not bring himself to leave them alone. Some of the "literary salon" sonnets, for instance (formerly "Rival Poet"), are simply reversed—85, 84, 83, 82. There are constant inversions of pairs of sonnets, until it becomes easy to predict that a sonnet will be followed by its predecessor—58 by 57, 106 by 105, and so on. No account is given during the performance of the supposed reasons for rearrangement, but Dr Padel has said elsewhere that he believes that William Herbert himself rearranged the *Sonnets* and had them published. If so, it is very striking that Herbert felt such petty tinkering to be worthwhile—and also that he was prepared to allow such a large number of poems reproaching him for betrayal and duplicity to stand.

I do not know if Dr Padel's text will alter the wording as well as the arrangement of the quarto. Simon Callow, in his reading, certainly does. A whole line is dropped out of "That time of year thou may'st in me behold", the friend is praised for being "more lively and more temperate" than a summer's day, and there are innumerable inversions of word order and alterations of prepositions and conjunctions. This is partly a reading, partly a performance. Simon Callow, grey-haired and in black nylon sweater and jeans, stands behind a lectern with a loose-leaf binder of text. The mistakes come thickest in the best-known sonnets, perhaps the ones he believes he has fully memorized. His rendering is energetic, pugnacious, and for the most part exceedingly coarse. I had never imagined that Shakespeare could the "forward violet" in a peevish hairdresser's squeak, or that guttural gasps should punctuate the marvellous eulogy "Who is your substance . . ." (53). Yet it must be confessed that the audience at the performance I attended seemed to like it.

At times it appeared to be the sheer power of the verse that stunned us in spite of everything, as in the section (supposedly overshadowed by memories of Hamnet) which contains many of the most magnificent Time sonnets. But mostly, I suspect, it was simply the marathon aspect which impressed. After three and three-quarter hours of a single voice, perhaps few audiences who have stuck it out are prepared to admit that they have been largely bored and embarrassed. Sponsored "Shakespeare reads" have become popular among students as a way of raising money for charity, and with production costs absolutely minimal this must have been an inspired way of raising money for the National Theatre. Perhaps now some more of our national poets can be sent spinning in their graves with marathon readings of *The Fairie Queene*, *In Memoriam*, or *Sordello*, suitably hacked about.

The next performance of the Sonnets is in three parts, on September 4, 5 and 8 at 6.00 pm in the Lyttelton Theatre.

Excess of wisdom

By Dan Jacobson

Marigolds in August
Paris Pullman and Phoenix Cinemas

A Lesson from Aloes
Cottesloe Theatre

A generation ago there was much less South African writing in print than there is now. Reading what was available—the early poems of Roy Campbell, say, or the short stories of Pauline Smith—any South African was bound to feel a peculiar mixture of recognition and incredulity. The names and the places and the people may have been familiar to him; what was dislocating was to encounter them within the pages of a book. That was not where they belonged. Books were about other places and other peoples.

Things have changed somewhat since then. But I was reminded of that earlier state of affairs by my own response to much of *Marigolds in August*, a film directed by Ross Devenish and scripted by Athol Fugard, which is set on the outskirts of Port Elizabeth. Notwithstanding the two previous films Fugard and Devenish have made, one is still simply not used to seeing the kind of people they are interested in, those houses, those roads and clothes, filling the wide spaces of a cinema screen; one is not used to hearing those voices emerge from the accompanying big-game. A television documentary about the South African political and racial situation—yes, we know where we are there. The same goes for a cheerful yarn about massacring the Zulus in the good old days, or about carefully protecting big-game in these supposedly self-improving times. But a serious film is quite another matter. It is extraordinary how affecting it can be to see the familiar and commonplace and previously uncelebrated being given the dignity of use by an artist, and hence of contemplation by an audience.

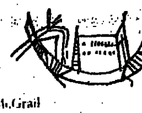
It would be wrong, however, to suggest that this is merely a "mechanical" process; something inherent in the transfer of the material into a new context. The most affecting moments in *Marigolds in August* are indeed commonplace; but they are commonplaces that have been carefully chosen and strongly composed—and then left to speak for themselves. One such sequence is that with which the film opens: it simply shows one of the main characters, in the drama (Winston Ntshona) setting out for work through the murky dawn of a black township. Another, perhaps the finest in the film, is the one in which a young, unemployed black (John Kani) goes from house to house in a trim white suburb, looking for work: the contrast between the disorder and despair of his life, and the incomprehensible and implacable solidity of the houses and gardens in which he is trying to get a foothold, is poignantly conveyed.

The plot of the film is essentially about the rivalry between the two men mentioned above; the first of whom fears that the latter, the interloper, will take from him some of the odd gardening jobs through which he makes his own meagre living. The rivalry between them is mediated and turned into a matter of a shared fate and identity by a third character, a coloured snake-hunter, played by Athol Fugard himself. The working-out of the moral—and the whole film is best towards working out a moral—is much less satisfactory and convincing than the presentation of the problem: it is in fact rather laborious and self-indulgent, with too much of the wisdom which we are offered coming directly from the lips of Fugard himself; and some of it still being suggested by the camera's inclination to linger upon his deep brown eyes and wry, long-suffering wrinkles.

August is of course a winter month in South Africa; the marigolds which the gardener plants will not survive; he tells us so himself, in case we should miss the point. As the title would indicate, an equally obtrusive horticultural symbol appears in the play, *A Lesson from Aloes*, which is written and directed by Athol Fugard, and in which the company from the Market Theatre, Johannesburg, is appearing at the Cottesloe Theatre. The aloes are collected and classified by a workaday Afrikaner radical who is suspected by his former comrades in an (unspecified) liberation movement of having been a police informer. The plants are bitter, thorny, drought-resistent, slow to flower; so, we are to understand, is this Afrikaner. His wife has suffered a nervous collapse; the Cape Coloured political agitator through whom he was drawn into the movement is on the point of leaving for England, abandoning the struggle, after a spell in prison. What is it, then, that will keep the hero going? The social clichés he utters with such despairingly heavy conviction at embarrassing moments? The lines of English poetry he loves to lean off by heart and recite with gestures and much feeling? As in the film, I found myself moved more by particular moments—vignettes, descriptions, random utterances; mass of ideas in the second act, incidentally—than by the overall design. The play does benefit, however, from not having in it any one character, not even its aloe-Afrikaner, whom we are asked to regard as being much wiser than everybody else. We feel all the more strongly for the man, as a result.

The excellent Half Moon Theatre in the East End has launched a £1,200,000 appeal towards the cost of building a new premises in the Mile End Road, replacing its popular but cramped and rundown site in Alie Street. The facade of the new theatre will juxtapose an existing Victorian chapel frontage with a glazed modern foyer. Behind it will be an adaptable auditorium, separate youth theatre, and a community centre, with a small garden and courtyard. The appeal organizer is Renée Deutsch, Half Moon Theatre, 27 Alie Street, E1. The theatre's next production is a revival of the 1940 Rodgers and Hart musical *Pal Joey*, opening on July 25.

The Sea-craft of Prehistory



PAUL JOHNSTONE

Prepared for publication by Seán McGrail

Paul Johnstone, the producer of BBC TV's Chronicle programmes until his death in 1976, was an acknowledged expert on prehistoric sea-craft. J. R. C. Anderson writes in New Society: He left some 150,000 words of studies in maritime prehistory. These have now been edited into a superb book by Seán McGrail, chief archaeologist of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. *The Sea-craft of Prehistory* will remain a seminal work: not only is it the distillation of a lifetime's scrupulous scholarship, but McGrail's arrangement of it, and the number and range of illustrations make it an ideal textbook for anyone starting a serious study of marine archaeology. . . . Their work will be fascinating reading for generations.'

0 7100 0500 8. 92 x 72 ins. *Illustrated with 85 line and 155 half-tone illustrations, 10 tip-in maps* £14.50

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

Oxford University Press

Destinations

Essays from *Rolling Stone*

Jan Morris

'This is a wonderful book, beautifully observed, funny, wise, and written with effortless elegance. I don't think there is a writer alive who has Jan Morris's serenity or strength. Not everyone knows that she climbed practically to the top of Mount Everest, but all her readers know that, as a historian and travel writer, she has scaled Parnassus.' *Paul Theroux.* £7.95

Theme and Image in the Poetry of Sá de Miranda

T. F. Earle

Sá de Miranda was a major Portuguese poet of the early sixteenth century. In this critical study, the first devoted to his work as a whole, the author discusses Sá de Miranda's use of classical and Italian sources and provides a detailed account of his use of imagery as well as commentaries on his best-known poems in Spanish and Portuguese. £9 *Oxford Modern Languages and Literature Monographs*

The Anglo-Norman Era in Scottish History

G. W. S. Barrow

This book examines the continental (mainly Norman) and insular (mainly English) influences at work in Scotland, under the patronage of the royal house, from 1093 to 1286, and the large-scale foreign settlement, mainly in the lowlands, which characterized this period. The latter was especially important for the development of the late medieval Scottish kingdom. £17.50 *The Ford Lectures, 1977*

The Rape of the Lock

and its Illustrations 1714–1896

Robert Halsband

Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* was often illustrated during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and showed clearly that illustrations to a literary work can elucidate, modify, and supplement the text. This book, the first devoted to the subject, deals with all known illustrations. Walker, Wale, Stothard, Burney, Hamilton, Fusell, and Beardsley were among the artists whose work was involved. Illustrated £11.50

British Literary Bibliography and Textual Criticism 1890–1969

An Index

T. H. Howard-Hill

This is Volume VI of the *Index to British Literary Bibliography*, and is a combined index to the four volumes already published. It provides a guide to the literature that enumerates works on topics likely to be of interest to the student of British literary and bibliographical history. £40

Two women

By Carol Rumens

Letters Home
New End Theatre, Hampstead

Rose Leiman Goldemberg has forged—in both senses of the word—an ingenious dialogue between Sylvia Plath and her mother Aurelia that is impressively performed and stylishly directed (by Penny Cherns), but ham-strung by the limitations of its source material.

The younger Plath at least has an entertaining script—her own intense, emotionally wide-ranging and often amusing *Letters Home*. But to build a character and dialogue on the thin foundations of Plath senior's introduction and commentary to that book is far more difficult. What are sad, grey, formal attempts at objectivity on the page are rendered into acid by June Brown: "Then I yielded to my husband's wish that I become a full-time home-maker" she snarls, through teeth more clenched, one suspects, than the real Mrs Plath's. Even the book's list of acknowledgments (to Ted Hughes and others) is delivered with a bitterness that seems to have no basis in the play itself.

Aurelia is at first presented as a clever, thwarted woman who wilfully fails to understand or even listen to her daughter. "Dearest Mummy", begins Anna Nygh's shiny-eyed Freshman Sylvia, but interrupted by Mama's casebook recitations, she is soon signing off with a sad, bewildered "Love, Sivvy". This cruel dramatic ploy exhausted, we are left with an Aurelia who is at times no more than her daughter's puppet. When Sylvia writes in ecstasies over Maureen Buckley's coming-out party, Mrs Plath has nothing to do but visualize it all, from "the hills of crimson sumac, yellow maples and scarlet oak" to the dress incredibly admired by "the daughters of millionaires", though she herself interjects words and phrases here and there as if the description were her own "letter home". Much later she echoes her distraught daughter like a congregation of one giving responses in church. And when the poet dies, Aurelia sobs out the words of the nine-year-old Sylvia on learning of her father's death: "I'll never speak to God again."

If Aurelia's character is derived merely from attempts to twist a dramatic confrontation out of nearly thin air, the Sylvia persona is equally incomplete, being based on material that reveals only the surface of her life, fascinating though that is. The selection of letters is perceptive, and Anna Nygh's performance faultless, but a few chapters from *The Bell Jar* could tell us infinitely more about the shaping of Plath the poet. The real drama—which one fears is already being written by some market-conscious Plathologist—is the dialogue between Sylvia and her heroine Esther.

It is left to Di Seymour's set to express the bell jar's symbolic closing in. A blown-up print of Sylvia basking during her "platinum summer", divided, like the rest of the backdrop, into revolving triangular sections, dominates the stage. These sections are turned over one by one like pages, to reveal a dark mirror of foil. The stage closes in, leaving Anna Nygh, whose performance has matured and intensified with the part, shrieking and beating the foil to a sussuration that seems to last for ever.

A play whose main character is a poet, a play half-written in the words of that poet yet lacking a single poem, must be haunted by the lack. It seems a perversity in the end, when Aurelia takes up her daughter's diary and reads from it the sort of impassioned self-dramatization any gifted seventeen-year-old might pen. How dramatically stronger, and truer to Sylvia Plath herself (the "real" Sylvia Plath this play is trying, I think, to be "about") if it had ended with one of the late poems. They are, after all, the truth behind the legend.

Three days?

By Douglas Johnson

Juillet 1830
Musée Carnavalet, Paris

The Revolution of July 1830 is everybody's favourite French revolution. It was short, and essentially accomplished in three days—"les trois glorieuses" of July 27, 28 and 29. And it was of manageable proportions, since fewer than 3,000 Parisians were killed or wounded in the fighting. The revolution was successful because Charles X was driven from the country and his government overthrown; but it was also so moderate that within a few months the Prime Minister was able to deny that it had taken place and claim that there had only been a change in the person of the king. This was the French equivalent of England's 1688, and what could have been more gloriously straightforward than that?

But already at the entrance to the commemorative exhibition "Juillet 1830", which is being held in the Musée Carnavalet in Paris until November 2, one is made aware of certain complexities which disturb this familiar story. There is a manuscript signed by all the ministers of Charles X's government, which accuses the press of responsibility for the deteriorating political situation. A lithograph of a crown, with a long list of names, honours the 221 deputies who had voted against the government as early as March 1830. Other medals and engravings represent the French expedition to Algiers and its capture on July 5. This venture had been decided by the government in an attempt to regain popularity in January 1830 at the latest. So it is clear that "les trois glorieuses" were preceded by a long and painful political crisis over many years, and that the government's so-called "coup d'état" of July was a carefully-considered response to the situation.

The public figures chosen by the organizers to represent 1830 tend to reinforce this view. We know from many sources that Thiers was the most active of the journalists and conspirators who rejected the government's decision to control the press. It was he who drafted the first protests, organized the early meetings and made the first approach to the Duke of Orléans. Yet he is represented in the exhibition only by a medal. Pride of place is given to Benjamin Constant, one of the intellectual leaders of the Liberal party after 1815, and Henry Scheffer's portrait of Armand Carrel, a republican. Neither of these played a vital role in the "trois glorieuses". Carrel, who was present in Paris, being only pleased to watch the situation worsen.

It is another matter of controversy whether this was a "bourgeois" revolution or not, and Delacroix's famous "Liberty on the barricades" (which is not in the exhibition as it could not be moved from the Louvre) has been criticized for giving prominence to a top-hatted fighter, rather than to one of the artisans who dominated the fighting. It is interesting, therefore, to see how many lithographs show the role played by members of the École Polytechnique in the fighting, and that one of them is described as leading the people against the troops "à la tête des bourgeois armés". Elsewhere the crowd is frequently shown as tidy and respectable. Those tending the wounded wear lace headdresses; the riff-raff who have profited from events by stealing have been shot for their villainy.

It was the most theatrical of revolutions. In Delaporte's lithograph "La première victime", a young worker carries the first victim towards the soldiery and lays her body before them. It was also a revolution of bitter disappointment. Next to the cards, plates, pipes, salad-dishes and soup-tureens which commemorate the great days, a selection of illustrations shows how "la révolution confisquée" was seen a few years later. In particular Daumier's famous drawing of 1835 shows three of those who died for liberty in 1830 emerging from their graves and looking at the scenes of oppression and conflict which still persisted in France. "C'était bien la peine de nous faire tuer" is the sad comment.



Daumier's "C'était vraiment bien la peine de nous faire tuer!"

remainders

By Eric Korn

I have been spending some time with an engaging octavo in blue-and-silver-checked boards called *100 Second Best Poems*, chosen by Lewis Hind (A. M. Philpot, Ltd, 1925). Not, you observe, *The 100 Second Best Poems*, nor yet *The Second Hundred Best Poems*, nor *Best Poems Nos 101 to 200*. According to Hind, second best poems have an appeal so direct as to be embarrassing, and people remember them in need, but out of context: consequently they are the kinds of poems that people write to the editors of literary supplements for help in tracing the authors of.

Lewis Hind, a sturdy second-best sort of writer himself (*Life's Little Things*, *Life's Lesser Moods*, *Authors and I*, *Days in Cornwall*, *Days with Velazquez*, *More Authors and I*) explains in the preface how the book came about. There he was at a literary luncheon: "I said, 'Have you seen today's *Times Literary Supplement*?'. Of course I did not desire an answer, I wanted to enlarge on something I had seen in that excellent journal. . ." He develops his *jeu d'esprit* about the poems everyone remembers and no one knows; somebody (A. M. Philpot, to be precise) asks him to put his pen where his mouth is, as it were; and there you are.

The preface, under the banner of a faintly shy-making Meredith quotation ("She does not rank among beautiful women. She has her moments for outshining them"), toys with various ostensive and stipulative definitions of the lovably second-rate, and does it all without mockery, though in a tone of such sincere condescension that one wishes for an honest sneer or so. But he is off and away with "Child of My Love, 'Lean Hard'", the one which provoked the original letter to the editor of the *TLS* on the curious grounds that the poem is "of some importance in connection with the biography of the late Dr Kuyper, the famous Dutch statesman". As any editor of the *TLS* worth his saltpetre can tell you, the poem is by Charlotte Bickersteth Ward; it is based on an incident on a Swiss hill road; and it inspired a sermon by the Rev G. Husband of Folkestone.

There's "Jenny Kissed Me" and "Strephon Kissed Me", and a distressing piece called "What My Lover Said" ("how the clover lifted each pink head") by Homer Greene, once improbably attributed to Horace Greeley. There is Felicia Hemans, how beautiful she stands, and Thomas Hood, and the Canadian Boat Song, still of disputed authorship, more of Longfellow and James Russell Lowell than they or we might care for, and an awful thing on the death of Kitchener by Christopher Morley: "And freed of mortal clogs his message rang."

Charles Wolfe is there, surely the most famous unknown poet; Emerson's "Brahma", which it takes a brave man to give the lemon to; and Edgar Lee Masters, fresh from the press to oblivion. The most unexpected entrant is "Heaven-Haven" (though not so called), by "Father Hopkins" with a prissy note of explanation: "Subject: A Nun about to take the veil". It is one of the few poems by Hopkins to be published in the nineteenth century—in Beeching's *Lyra Sacra* of 1895—but it is surprising that that, even taken together with the six hundred-odd copies of the 1918 *Poems* that had been sold by 1925, was sufficient exposure for the kind of repute that Hind is talking about.

Does Lewis Hind's category make any sense today? Some of his candidates ("Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" for instance) would surely be promoted to the First Division, while all those trinomials like Agnes Grozier Herbertson and Dorothy Frances Gurney are out in the bush leagues, or the Minor Counties. In an age of anomie, can there even be a second best? Perhaps Pudney and Ogden Nash and um and.

* * *

You'll forgive me, I'm sure, if I return to the ever-interesting topic of postal charges. I wrote to POUNC, the alleged Post Office watchdog, whose name apparently stands for Pusillanimous Otiose Unctuous Nerveless Collaborationism, asking did I have the right figures for the price of a parcel now, then, and in the future. They replied denying everything, and even invented some much higher rate for postage in 1971, to show the increase wasn't so great, until I checked some old invoices and they said yes, maybe their records weren't as good as they might be, but there were no plans to increase the rates and where did I get that information? From a POUNC paper on higher charges, I replied. "That's very interesting, we'll have to look into that." And later I received a letter saying that as I probably knew (the flattery bit) Post Office Imbalance Payments were due to rise from 1.5 to 5.5 gold francs per kilo (I had thought they were paid in moidores or Maria-Theresa thalers), but while it would be unrealistic to suggest that this will not affect postal charges (exquisite euphuism), Postal Headquarters had given POUNC (better called FAWN or CRINGE) an assurance that rates would not rise by the full 150 per cent. As my Cassandroid shrieks had been about a threatened increase from £1.15 to £2.60 for 2 Kg, which is a rise of 126 per cent, the assurance that the increase will actually be less than 150 per cent brings us naught for our comfort, yea naught for our desire, save that the post gets slower yet, and the cost rises higher.

* * *

I foresee hot competition over the film and paperback rights of *Zoological Society of London: Scientific Report 1977-79*, which has lust, mayhem and violent death on every page, to say nothing of an astoundingly beautiful X-ray photograph of a stork's skull. Aesthetics is not, though, the main concern of the dedicated workers at Regent's Park: artificial insemination is more what they are keen on. It's full steam ahead for the Puma, the Yak, and the Sooty Mangabey, but "the programme aimed at the artificial insemination of the female elephant 'Toto' was abandoned in 1978 owing to increasing practical difficulties", they laconically tell us. (Baron Corvo would have understood.) They are more explicit about the business of pandering to pandas, unrewarding work: "no sign of oestrus, but subsexual play, bleating and interest were shown in May 1979". Since May 1979 interest rates and bleating levels have both risen sharply, at least in my neck of the woods, but I can't tell about the other.

Meanwhile the pathologists tell sad stories of the death of birds, slender meerkats (it has been an especially rough year for slender meerkats) and gentoo penguins (broom bristles, alas). Lethargy in a Californian sealion is probably unavoidable, but hepatitis B in wild-caught chimpanzees had a more shocking origin: local animal dealers apparently inject them with human serum, with the intention of providing protection against human diseases, thereby making them carriers for a disease harmless to primates but potentially deadly to Man. But there are successes:

> a particularly nervous Black rhinoceros was transferred to Regent's Park from another collection but even after two weeks had refused to walk from the house into the paddock. Tranquillisation with 500 grams of Diazepam ("Valium"), given orally every 24-36 hours for three to five days at a time, persuaded the animal to accept its new environment.

Now 500 grams of Valium would persuade your average literary journalist to accept his environment for about ninety-two years, or to put it another way, would soothe some 50,000 particularly nervous booksellers. But when the black rhino gets nervous, boy, he get nervous, and the keeper who wandered up to him with a large pail full of pills is an unsung hero—though still greater feats of heroism are implied by the sentence: "a substantial number of faecal samples from animals with diarrhoea have not been examined." I learn also that ruffed lemurs have been suffering from BIDS syndrome, which sounds like the occupational disease of auctioneers, but actually stands for Brittle Hair, Impaired Intellect, Diminished Fertility and Short Stature, a totally different kettle of fish.

The tone in which these Gothic horrors are described is generally genial, but the writers become quite severe on the subject of budgie care: "Despite considerable publicity over the past two decades concerning the sensitivity of parakeets to iodine deficiency, thyroid pathology associated with a low iodine intake is still seen frequently, especially in pet Budgerigars submitted for autopsy." Even the report's list of acknowledgments is fascinating: "thanks are due to Dr Such for the supply of ram semen and computer facilities". Now that's what I call a well-rounded man.

* * *

The chief character in *The Patchwork Girl*, Larry Niven's new novel, is one Naomi Mitchison, described as the most beautiful woman on the moon. I looked for critical or satirical comment, but there was none: the name seemed to have been chosen in total ignorance, which does not say much for his publishers either.

I do not mean to suggest that Ms Mitchison is *not* the most beautiful woman on the moon, but if names are no longer privileged, we can look forward to some very curious passages:

> Swiftly Margaret Drabble seized her Kalashnikov and squeezed the trigger, but too late: Fay Weldon had scrambled aboard the chopper. Her three Brazilian bodyguards, Lessing, Murdoch and Atwood, gave covering fire, while French lobbed grenades. "Behind you" gasped Marghanita, and Drabble whirled. A tall, muscular Negress emerged from the bushes: it was George Eliot.

to the editor

'Severe and Mild Depression'

Sir,—In his letter (July 18) criticizing my review of Arieti and Bemporad's book *Severe and Mild Depression*, David Abrahamson implies a) that I do not recognize the importance of biological factors in depression; b) that I work in a setting which does not bring me into contact with other treatments for depression; and c) that I am unaware of, or deny, Sulloway's contention that Freud's psychoanalytic theory owed much to Darwin.

Of course I recognize that severe depression is accompanied by biological changes; but whether these are the result or the cause of depression is still uncertain. In my review, I emphasized the social and environmental causes of depression, especially those which I thought did not receive enough discussion in the book.

I work in a hospital in which all modern methods of treatment of depression are in use, and I have also myself administered electro-convulsive therapy and prescribed anti-depressant drugs in cases of depression in which these methods of treatment are indicated.

I reviewed Sulloway's book favourably, and am inclined to agree with him that Freud and his followers were far too inclined to regard psychoanalysis as a totally new inspiration. L. L. Whyte pointed out years ago some of the precursors of psychoanalytic theory in *The Unconscious Before Freud*, and Sulloway's discussion of Freud's debt to Darwin is particularly interesting.

I have also been at pains to point out that the enduring character traits of persons prone to depression are not to be confused with episodes in which the vulnerable person is actually suffering from depression: to draw attention to the importance of analogous conditions in experimental animals and *to press* for further laboratory research. In the review, I actually criticize the authors for their inadequate discussion of the Darwinian question: what biological purpose does depression serve?

Abrahamson is, however, right in supposing that I do not place depression in an entirely different category from what he calls "normal sadness". Even the latter is accompanied by physical changes; and I believe that there is an unbroken continuum between the two.

Freud's paper, "Mourning and Melancholia", to which Abrahamson refers, was highly influential in its day, but is now out of date. It seems likely to me that our understanding of depression is most likely to be deepened by further research into social factors along the lines begun by George Brown and his collaborators and by more experimentation with subhuman primates of the kind carried out by the Harlows in America and by Robert Hinde in this country.

ANTHONY STORR.

7 St Margaret's Road, Oxford OX2 6RU.

A Gift from Scott Fitzgerald

Sir,—Recently I received a letter from Matthew J. Bruccoli of the University of South Carolina asking to see my correspondence with Scott Fitzgerald. I replied that we had never communicated with each other. Professor Bruccoli then wrote as follows: "Alan Ross wrote an article for the December 1948 *Horizon* in which he quoted Fitzgerald's inscription to you in a copy of *Tender is the Night*: 'Dear David Garnett: Notice how neatly I stole and adapted your magnificent ending to *Lady Into Fox* (which I know practically as I used to know the Lord's Prayer in my Catholic days by heart).' Fitzgerald clearly intended to send the copy of *Tender* to you, but it would seem that someone intercepted it."

Mr Ross tells me that Cyril Connolly showed him the copy of *Tender is the Night* which had found its way on to a shelf in his library. Cyril's books have been sold, but no doubt the copy is in existence (it is not among those of his at Texas). This letter is written in the hope that if it comes to the notice of its possessor he will allow me to handle a book intended for me some forty years ago.

I regret the loss of the book, but the real injury done me is that I was unable to thank Fitzgerald for his gift. A correspondence, even an acquaintance, might have followed. It is wounding to know that he must have thought me a very churlish fellow not to have replied.

DAVID GARNETT.

Le Verger de Charry, Montcuq, 46800 France.

Samuel Beckett

Sir,—In his review of Samuel Beckett's *Company* (June 27), Jeremy Treglown refers to one of the narrator's recollections of his childhood: thinking about the blue sky he asks his mother "if it is not in reality much more distant than it appears". The question is ignored but when rephrased "She shook off your little hand and made a cutting retort you have never forgotten", Mr Treglown asks, what was the retort? He states that this, together with the mother's unexplained attitude, provides a satisfying double enigma conveying the confusingness of some childhood experiences.

Your readers may therefore wish to be reminded of a parallel passage from Beckett's story "La Fin" (1955 and translation 1960): "A small boy, stretching out his hands and looking up at the blue sky, asked his mother how such a thing was possible. Fuck off, she said."

ANDREW WALKER.

23 The Linkway, Barnet, Hertfordshire.

Sir,—Concerning Samuel Beckett's last book, *Company* (reviewed June 27), one finds on page 32 of the French version a sentence which reads: "La première fois tu leur en fis part et fus déridé". The most unlikely interpretation is that the latter verb was deliberately used in its proper meaning of "égayé". Now there remain two possibilities: either an unconscious *francisation* of the similar English verb ("I was derided"—*on se gaussa de moi*) or—more charitably—a wilful Joyce-like verbal trick with its intimation of the laughing narrator being laughed at.

Which of these two possibilities is right, only the author-translator can tell.

BERNARD CAZES.

60B rue Benoit Malon, 92130 Issy-les-Moulineaux, France.

The Hong Kong Club

Sir,—I have been commissioned by the general committee of the Hong Kong Club, which was founded in 1846, to write its history. A major problem is that all the records were destroyed during the war and so for the period up to 1941 there is very little material to work on.

If any of your readers have photographs, club lists, documents of any kind or even memories that could be made available they would be of great value. All such would be most carefully looked after and returned.

MICHAEL PAGE.

The Hong Kong Club, GPO Box 26, Hong Kong.

The Missing Link

Sir,—I would be grateful if any of your readers could supply me with instances of the use of the phrases "the missing link" and "the ape man" prior to 1914. The *OED* suggests that the first term was introduced by Charles Lyell but Ray Lankester mentions, without quoting, earlier instances. I am mainly interested in popular and semi-scientific uses of these terms rather than in the strictly scientific, though these would also be of interest.

PETER COSTELLO.

15 Wellington Place, Dublin 4.

Lewis Carroll

Sir,—As pleased as I am with Francis Watson's review of the *Letters of Lewis Carroll* (July 11), I would like to avail myself of your columns to comment on Mr Watson's statement that "There is no clue . . . to the unresolved question of Dodgson's reasons for abandoning, in about 1880, his ardent and fruitful photographic activity. . .". A number of clues do in fact exist.

Some biographers have blamed Oxford gossip and a rift with one or more of the mothers of child friends over Dodgson's practice of photographing young girls nude. Actually, no clear evidence appears in either Dodgson's diaries or in his letters that he ceased photographing for these reasons. On pages twenty-two to twenty-eight of *Lewis Carroll, Photographer of Children* (New York: Rosenbach Foundation/Clarkson N. Potter, 1979), I suggest other possibilities. One was just a shortage of time. We know, for instance, that, at forty-eight, Dodgson was feeling his age keenly and already thought of himself as an old man. He badly needed time to complete books he had either in hand or in mind. Indeed, on July 14, 1881, he decided to resign his Mathematical Lectureship at Christ Church in order to have "additional time . . . for bookwriting". And his later letters frequently express anxiety that he might not have time enough left to finish his books.

A second reason is that technical photographic methods were changing rapidly during the third quarter of the nineteenth century, and in 1880, the very year that Dodgson stopped taking pictures, the dry plate, whose products he considered artistically inferior, came commonly into use to replace the wet collodion plate with which he was accustomed to work. To use the new method, he would have had to compromise his standards, accustom himself to new equipment, and learn new techniques.

It is furthermore clear from his letters in Volume 1 that Dodgson did not actually decide in 1880 to abandon photography. Long after that year he continued to think as a photographer and even planned to take more pictures. Almost a year after he took his last photograph, on June 21, 1881, he wrote to the mother of two children who had been allowed to pose nude for him, asking her to be on the look-out for "parents who possess well-made children who have a taste for being taken without the encumbrance of dress".

But the demands of his busy life closed in on him and he never used a camera himself again. Instead he turned to the less time-consuming practice of sketching. Still he kept his files of negatives active until his death in 1898, he frequently had prints made at sitters' requests, and we know too that he encouraged his friend and illustrator Gertrude Thomson to hire the latest cameras and to photograph models of his choosing. As late as two months before he died, he wrote to Miss Thomson to ask: "Could you have a *camera*, as well as a model, on Saturday?"

What is clear, then, is that although Dodgson stopped photographing in 1880, he never abandoned photography. His own picture-taking lasted for a quarter of a century, but he always saw it as an indulgence, a luxury. When he confronted the hard facts of life, his sense of duty led him to give up his hobby and to devote the rest of his life to producing the books he felt called upon to write.

MORTON N. COHEN.

28 Pembridge Villas, London W11 3EL.

Elitism in Lincolnshire

Sir,—It is reported that the Lincolnshire County Council have donated £15,000 to a fund which aims to keep the manuscripts of the poet Tennyson in Lincoln. Is this a case of misguided élitism on the part of the County Council?

Only recently the Lincoln Library have stopped providing any "popular" national newspapers in their reading-room. And further restricted services to the general public by closing the library at lunch-time on Saturdays.

Half a league, half a league, half a league backward!

MAX NOTTINGHAM.

19 St Faith's Street, Lincoln, Lincolnshire LN1 1QJ.

'Why the Vietcong Fought'

Sir,—Jonathan Mirsky objects (July 11) to my review of W. D. Henderson's book of this title (June 27) because, he says, I must have witnessed in Vietnam "the agonies of fear displayed by Saigon and American soldiers" at "even the thought of NLF opposition". I did not. But no matter: bravery does not mean not being afraid—it means fighting on in spite of it.

The tactics of protracted war are designed so that victory will not depend on the bravery of the guerrillas but on avoidance of risk of defeat. That the Vietcong were exceptionally brave therefore cannot be assumed from the fact of victory and calls for evidence. Mr Henderson did not offer any; nor does Mr Mirsky.

DENNIS DUNCANSON.

Little Ansdore, Duckpit Lane, Petham, Canterbury.

Le prof dans le pif

Sir,—Please may I ask, *entre quatz' yeux*, if I am the only zozo among your readers beginning to have reviews by Richard Cobb *plutôt dans le pif*?

A few weeks ago we had to endure column after column about Jacques Mesrine. To read that review one might have thought Mesrine was little more than an amiable *bouftou* with a recondite knowledge of the remoter stations on the Métro, a potential *vieux pote* for the *prof* if he had not been removed by the *vaches*. This week (July 11) we are invited to *bander à zéro* about some *casse-pieds* and his "finely expressive insult" (*pue du cul !*) as he moved from seedy back alley to seedier back alley. Imagine some French academic *rabbiting on* about side streets in, say, Dalston and larding his account with *brasses, the Old Bill, gingers, a load of cobblers*, etc, to an equivalent audience in France.

Professor Cobb is entitled to his own nostalgias and he is, after all, something of a *mec das mecs* in his special field of research, but to have to read all his *bigorne* of the *milieu—de l'an quarante*, as it were—*enfin, ça te les brise, quoi ?*

CHRISTOPHER BUSBY.

44 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PA.

Eric Gill

Sir,—The centenary of the birth of Eric Gill is February 22, 1982. For this I am preparing a modest illustrated work dealing specifically with his sculpture. No such book has been produced since his death in 1940.

Any help which your readers feel able to give will be invaluable. Letters, photographs and documents will be collected personally, copied scrupulously and returned. All artifacts will be photographed personally *in situ* if necessary and acknowledgments will in all cases be given.

Gill was my master and I was his nephew and last apprentice.

JOHN SKELTON.

Oakwood Farmhouse, Streat, Hassocks, Sussex.

In the review of Kevin Andrews's *Athens Alive* by Patrick Leigh Fermor in the *TLS* of June 13, the full publication details were not given. The book is published by Hermes Publications, K. Smolensky Str 34, Athens 707. The price is $12, or £5, including postage.

Among this week's contributors

VALERIE ADAMS is lecturer in English at University College London.

G. P. BUTLER is Professor of Modern Languages at the University of Bath.

JAMES CAMPBELL is the Editor of *The New Edinburgh Review*.

STEFAN COLLINI is the author of *Liberalism and Society*, 1979.

VALENTINE CUNNINGHAM is the editor of *The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse* published earlier this year.

MASOLINO D'AMICO is a lecturer in English at Rome University.

DONALD DAVIE's most recent collection of poems is *In the Stopping Train*, 1977.

C. J. DEWEY's book on E. M. Forster and the Indian state of Dewas will be published shortly.

KATHERINE DUNCAN JONES's *Selected Poems of Sir Philip Sidney* has just been re-issued by Clarendon Press.

DOUGLAS DUNN's most recent collection of poems, *Barbarians*, was published in 1978.

CHRISTOPHER FYFE's books include *A Short History of Sierra Leone*, 1962, and *Sierra Leone Inheritance*, 1964.

HENRY GIFFORD's books include *The Novel in Russia*, 1964, *Tolstoy: a Critical Anthology*, 1971, and *Pasternak*, 1977.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON's most recent collection of poems, *The Fiesta*, was published last month.

J. F. HAYWARD's books include *English Desks and Bureaux*, 1968.

GRAHAM HOUGH's books include *The Dream and the Task*, 1967, and *Style and Stylistics*, 1969.

DAN JACOBSON's most recent novel is *The Confessions of Josef Baisz*, 1978.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON is Professor of French History at University College London.

JOHN JOUBERT's *Herefordshire Canticles* was performed at last year's Three Choirs Festival.

ERIC KORN is a book dealer in London.

E. LE ROY LADURIE's most recent book, *Carnival: a People's Uprising at Romans 1579-1580*, was published earlier this year.

JOHN LARNER's books include *Culture and Society in Italy 1290-1420*, 1971.

ZACHARY LEADER's *Reading Blake's Songs* will be published by Routledge and Kegan Paul in the autumn.

MARY LUTYENS has just completed a biography of Sir Edwin Lutyens.

PATRICK MCCARTHY is the author of *Céline*, 1975.

J. MORDAUNT CROOK is currently Slade Professor of Fine Art at the University of Oxford.

VIRGIL NEMOIANU teaches Comparative Literature at the Catholic University of America, Washington DC.

REDMOND O'HANLON has just finished a study of Joseph Conrad and Charles Darwin.

FRANK PARKIN's *Marxism and Class Theory: A Bourgeois Critique* was published earlier this year.

RUTH ISABEL ROSS is the author of *Irish Wild Flowers*, 1978.

C. B. SCHMITT is a lecturer at the Warburg Institute, University of London.

ROGER SCRUTON is the author of *The Aesthetics of Architecture*, 1979.

R. T. SHANNON's books include *The Crisis of Imperialism 1865-1915*, 1974.

NICHOLAS SHRIMPTON is lecturer in English at the University of Liverpool.

ANNE STEVENSON's latest collection of poems is *Enough of Green*, 1977.

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER's books include *The Rise of Christian Europe*, 1966, *Religion, the Reformation and Social Change*, 1972, and *Princes and Artists*, 1977.

KEITH WALKER is a lecturer in English at University College London.

BERNARD WASSERSTEIN is the author of *Britain and the Jews in Europe 1939-1945*, 1979.

FRANCIS WATSON's books include *A Concise History of India*.

A. N. WILSON's most recent novel, *The Healing Art*, was published earlier this year.

EDMOND LEO WRIGHT's new collection of poems, *The Jester Hennets*, will be published later this year.

Systematic Ideologies
Ideologies and Their Functions; A Study in Systematic Ideology by George Walford. 160pp. Paperback £2.95. Clothbound £5.95. From Bookshops or direct, postfree from, The Bookshop, 188 Upper St., London N1 1RA.

New from California

ENERGY IN TRANSITION

A Report on Energy Policy and Future Options

Måns Lönnroth, Peter Steen, and Thomas B. Johansson

"This is probably the most significant piece of policy work ever produced by a government energy related body in any industrialized country. . . . It presents a completely new picture of the energy problem and in doing so challenges both the government who instituted the study and the present government in Sweden."—*Lee Schipper, Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, and Better Institute of Energy and Human Ecology, Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences*

344 pages, £6.50

THE THIRD WORLD REASSESSED

Elbaki Hermassi

Following on the optimistic predictions of the 1950s and 1960s, recent developments in the Third World have led to a polarization in scholarship, telling into question theories associated with development. Professor Hermassi's contribution to this debate raises these central questions: Is what directions are Third World societies evolving? How should the Social Sciences be applied to societies for which they were not originally designed? And how can the Western Social Sciences be decolonialized by informing them with the experience of the Third World?

200 pages, £9.00

DECISIONS IN CRISIS

Israel 1967 and 1973

Michael Brecher

"Case studies of international crises are usually written as history and biography; they rarely reflect the theoretical perspectives of studies in social psychology, organizational, and decision-making. This book combines the best of all. It gives us the most complete insight into how Israel copes with crises. More important, it provides a sophisticated method for the comparative study of crises. The book is a major achievement."—*Ernst B. Haas*

500 pages, £15.00

PEOPLE STUDYING PEOPLE

The Human Element in Fieldwork

Robert A. Georges and Michael Owen Jones

The growing popularity of fieldwork for students of human behaviour and culture has led to a greater awareness of problems that evolve when people study people at first hand. Information about the human element in field-based studies is usually subordinated to discussions of fieldwork "methods", suggesting that the human problems in fieldwork are not important.

Georges and Jones challenge that view by developing the thesis that an appreciation of fieldwork as a unique mode of inquiry depends upon an understanding of the role the human element plays in it.

192 pages, £7.75 cloth

£2.00 paper

HENRY CABOT LODGE AND THE SEARCH FOR AN AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

William C. Widenor

Henry Cabot Lodge has often been depicted as a man whose actions were dictated entirely by personal vindictiveness and intense political partisanship. In this intellectual biography Professor Widenor shows that Lodge held and acted on a fairly consistent set of beliefs concerning America's role in the world. Those beliefs had a strong idealistic component—a conviction that invalidates the usual distinction between a "realistic" Lodge and an "idealistic" Wilson.

392 pages, £11.00

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

2-4 Brook Street, London W1Y 1AA

Curbing the collectivists

By J. Mordaunt Crook

DAVID WATKIN:
The Rise of Architectural History
204pp. Architectural Press. £8.95.
0 85139 545 7.

There are two Dr Watkins: the scholar and the pundit; the Fellow of Peterhouse and the scourge of the Modern Movement. Monographs on Thomas Hope (1968) and C. R. Cockerell (1974) established his name as a scholar. *Morality and Architecture* (1977) transformed him into a pundit, courted by the *Daily Telegraph*, photographed in *Harper's Queen* and cursed by the ageing mandarins of the architectural establishment. Riding two horses at once must be an uncomfortable occupation. Can Dr Jekyll live happily for long with Mr Hyde? Apparently not. *The Rise of Architectural History* is neither scholarly enough to be more than an interim bibliography, nor polemical enough to satisfy the young Turks.

Even so, this is a useful book on an important theme: the emergence of architectural history as an academic discipline, and its role in the evolving concept of architectural style. Like *Morality and Architecture*, *The Rise of Architectural History* began as a series of introductory lectures for Cambridge undergraduates. First we deal with the subject's theoretical founders: Winckelmann and Hegel, Burckhardt and Wölfflin, Riegl, Dvorak and Worringer. Then we trace the transplantation of the new discipline from Europe to America through the careers of Emil Kaufmann, Sigfried Giedion, Fiske Kimball, Erwin Panofsky and Paul Frankl. Finally—and this is the bulk of the book—we watch the growth of architectural history in England, from Dugdale and Stukeley to Pevsner, Summerson and Colvin, via Freeman, Fergusson, Banister Fletcher, Lethaby and Wittkower. Along the way we encounter a number of old friends—Ricken, Britton, Pugin, Ruskin—and renew several amusing acquaintances: Sir T. G. ("Anglo") Jackson and J. A. Gotch of Ketterings; Sir Reginald Blomfield, belligerent author of *Modernismus* (1934); H. Avray Tipping, the spirit of Edwardian *Country Life*; vintage originals like Robert Byron, Trystan Edwards and Clough Williams-Ellis; T. Francis Bumpus, ecclesiologist and plagiarist; and Sir John Summerson's meticulous predecessors at the Soane Museum: Wyatt Papworth and A. T. Bolton.

Watkin has fun with the Edwardians. He has even greater fun with the world of Betjeman and Goodhart-Rendal. Inevitably he moves too fast to do more than scatter a few names and titles as he goes. But E. A. Freeman and J. L. Petit emerge as specialists in need of reassessment. And two crucial books are taken down, dusted, and placed on an appropriately classical pedestal: Geoffrey Scott's brilliant *Architecture of Humanism* and Sir Albert Richardson's sumptuous *Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland*. Alas both were published in 1914 and thus failed to create quite the impact they deserved. Their time has come again.

Predictably, Watkin wears his prejudices on his sleeve: the Reformation, "that appalling process", "modern architects, with their barbarous Utopian dreams", "the ultimately Marxist policies of successive Liberal and Labour governments . . . in persistently and deliberately eroding the concept of the family and private property as the basis of society". No quarter is asked and none given. Pevsner and Gombrich are revisionist heroes; Pevsner and Banham wrong-headed prophets of a doomed collectivism. Those Lib-Lab mandarins at the RIBA can fume and growl. Our Cantabrian Ishmael revels in their hostility.

Such vehemence is part and parcel of the polemical tradition in British architectural historiography. In brief, the subject has been conceived by antiquaries, fostered by amateurs, distorted by architects, professionalized by historians and popularized by conservationists. Architectural history in England owes its origin to the

and eighteenth centuries, to the Society of Dilettanti and the Society of Antiquaries. In many ways its emergence in the mid-eighteenth century was a symptom of Neo-Classicism: a more precise awareness of the past. Equally, its development in the nineteenth century—sermons in stones—was a symptom of accelerating Romanticism. But whereas political history was institutionalized in the second half of the nineteenth century (in Oxford and Cambridge), and the history of painting in the second quarter of the twentieth century (in London), architectural history obstinately retained its amateur flavour in an age of academic specialists. In particular, it long remained outside the conventional university framework because of its connection with architectural training and practice. Only when the Modern Movement cut off architecture from its historical roots did architectural history emerge as an autonomous academic discipline with a neutralist stance. And at that very moment the conservation bandwaggon began to move: architectural historians found a new rôle as guardians of the nation's environmental conscience.

Now Watkin is not so much a conservationist as a conservative. His quarry is the Modern Movement as an expression of the collectivist mind. But there is little in his latest book for the lefties to get their teeth into. Generally speaking, publication of a critical bibliography is an easy method of lengthening the list of one's enemies. But this time our Peterhouse pundit plays safe. Or has over-practice simply blunted the acerbity of his pen? Either way, as a bibliographer he not only nods but sets his readers yawning too. Joseph Rykwert's "penchant for the arcane" hits the right nail on the head. But how could the *History of the King's Works*—six volumes, ten authors, several million words and twenty-five years in the writing—conceivably be summed up as "an all too rapid précis"? Or, for that matter, how could any aspect of the "monumental" 1972 Neo-Classical Exhibition possibly be described as "effortless"? As one point Watkin correctly dubs C. L. Eastlake's *Gothic Revival* (1872) "the first history of modern Engish architecture", and then spoils the effect by confusing its author with his artist-uncle, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A. And at times the boredom of labelling so many titles with appropriate adjectives clearly saps his stamina: "fascinating variety" . . . "fascinating record" . . . "perfect example" . . . "fascinating and important study" . . . "admirable monograph" . . . "fascinating pioneering study" . . . "admirable book. This is the language of Dr Pangloss dressed up in architectural criticism.

None the less there are some apt and perceptive judgements. The Continental origins of art-historical theory—German, French and Italian—are very nearly summarized. And in discussing the Cambridge contribution to architectural studies Watkin is on his home ground. Among the more interesting by-products of *Thomas Hope and the Neo-Classical Idea* was the emergence of an identifiable group of "Cambridge Hellenists". *The Rise of Architectural History* now draws attention to a similar team of "Cambridge Goths": James Essex and James Bentham; William Whewell and Robert Willis; J. M. Neale, Benjamin Webb and Bernard Hope; John Willis Clark and G. G. Scott Jnr.; W. St. John Hope and E. S. Prior. Without their efforts the Gothic Revival would have lacked a good deal of archaeological fibre and intellectual thrust. There is a meaty monograph lurking here: "Architectural History at Cambridge". Perhaps one day Dr Watkin—the scholar, not the pundit—will treat us to it.

Throwing stones at icicles

By Mary Lutyens

JOAN ABSE:
John Ruskin
The Passionate Moralist
366pp. Quartet Books. £10.95.
0 7043 2228 5.

Joan Abse, with a training in political economy and art, is exceptionally well qualified to write about Ruskin; all the same, it was brave of her, in what is presumably her first book, to tackle such a giant. Her courage is justified. The last full-scale biography was Joan Evans's *John Ruskin* in 1954, since when some fifty studies of various aspects of his life and work, including volumes of his letters and diaries and Quentin Bell's admirable brief life, have been published. A new full biography is, therefore, welcome. Ruskin's ideas on art and religion, and his passionate denunciations of the inequalities of society and the selfishness of the rich, have been paraphrased by Mrs Abse in a way which shows how deeply in sympathy she is with his thought, but oh, how hard it is for any writer to compete with his own spine-tingling prose.

Here he is, recalling his first drawing of a tree: ". . . at last the tree was there, and everything I had thought before about trees was no where. . . . The wood which I had looked on as a wilderness, full filled I then saw in their beauty, the same laws which guided the clouds, divided the light and balanced the wave." And here he is on his feeling for Swiss scenery: ". . . it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it, when after being some time away from hills, I first got to the shore of a mountain river, where the brown water circled among the pebbles, or when I first saw the swell of distant land against the sunset, or the first low broken wall, covered with mountain moss". And on his ideal of a home: ". . . it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. . . . And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head: the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is." And on throwing stones at the great icicles in a Swiss ravine: "I had all the delight of being allowed to throw stones in the vastest glass and china shop that was ever established", and "was very typical to my mind of my work in general."

Ruskin's prose style, he tells us, was formed from compulsory reading of the Bible in his lonely childhood. His ideas are full of inconsistencies for which he gracefully excuses himself: "All true opinions are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment, therefore of change. But this change is that of a tree—not a cloud." However, throughout his life he held to three unchanging beliefs: that there was an absolute standard of beauty and goodness for which he alone possessed the yardstick; that good art could only come out of a good society; and that "All noble work is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not his own"—thus a picture of a ship or cathedral must always be inferior to a portrait or a landscape.

The examination of Ruskin's work is Mrs Abse's chief concern, though the background of his life is clearly and sympathetically drawn. He was middle-aged before he painfully wooned himself from the domination of his parents whom he never really loved. There is tragedy in a letter he wrote to Lady Trevelyan about his father when he himself was forty-three:

> If he loved me less, and believed in me more, we should get on; but his whole life is bound up in me, and yet he thinks me a fool. . . . This form of affection galls me like hot iron, and I am in a state of subdued fury whenever I am at home, which dries all the marrow out of every bone of me.

Mrs Abse quotes passages from a score of Ruskin's unpublished letters, chiefly to Joan Agnew, a young cousin who came as companion to his mother after his father's death in 1864 and remained to look after him more or less until his own death in 1900, often to the neglect of her husband, Arthur Severn, and her children. Unfortunately Ruskin and Joan wrote to each other in embarrassing baby-talk; nevertheless, with the help of these letters, Mrs Abse has been particularly successful in dealing with the difficult years of Ruskin's recurring madness.

For the reproduction on the jacket of this book of Millais's famous portrait of Ruskin in shades of brown and yellow one must blame the publisher rather than the author. My one disagreement with the latter, apart from her not linking her source notes to page numbers, is that she is too dismissive of the effect on Ruskin of his first unrequited passion for Adèle Domecq, seeing him merely as "playing the part of romantic rejected lover". All the evidence shows that frustration made Ruskin really ill and that it was because his parents knew this that they gave their reluctant consent to his marriage to Effie Gray which turned out so disastrously. If Effie had played hot and cold with him as Rose La Touche afterwards did, his infatuation with her might well have lasted for years. He did not love either of these girls for what they were; he intended to change Rose if ever he had control of her just as he had tried and failed to change Effie. He should have married Joan Agnew, but, alas, he could only fall in love with lively girls when, as he put it, they were "just the very rose of dawn".

Mrs Abse rightly points out the feminine element in Ruskin's nature. One clearly sees this when a promised letter from Rose failed to arrive on Christmas Day, 1868, when he was nearly forty-nine and she twenty. He wrote to his chief confidante in those years of emotional turmoil: "I went roaring about all Xmas day & the day after—so giddy & wild that in looking back to it I can understand the worst thing that a man can do." Suicide? Or going with a prostitute? One does not know. For all his genius and intellectual power Ruskin was no more able to free himself from an obsession than any love-sick young lady. His letter evokes the intolerable claustrophobia of a woman's world at that time.

A more normal man would have had outlets for his frustration and men friends of the kind to jolly him out of his torment. Ruskin's only escape was in words. No wonder he wrote that he could prove his virility at once: emotional frustration is a powerful aphrodisiac. But given no chance to prove his virility with Rose, his frustration was released in increasingly passionate and unceasing eloquence until the strain became too much for his overtaxed brain and he suffered his first mental breakdown. At the same time he felt a growing self-disgust so that in 1881 he was writing: "I dislike myself so—and all I've ever written, and this hand I write it in and everything about me."

Yet in the intervals between breakdowns he gave us his enchanting autobiography, *Praeterita*, about which he wrote to Kate Greenaway: "It is—as you say—the 'natural' me—only peeled carefully." Yes, peeled of everything painful for him to look back upon and therefore of all his books the happiest and most enjoyable to read. The 1949 edition with Kenneth Clark's superb introduction was reprinted by Oxford a couple of years ago. But it was Ruskin's earlier books that had such a phenomenal and wide-spread influence on the taste and ideas of his own and subsequent generations. In showing how this influence was disseminated one can have no better guide than Mrs Abse.

In and out of history

By Roger Scruton

MANFREDO TAFURI:
Theories and History of Architecture
324pp. Granada. £12 (paperback, £6.95).
0 246 11175 5

This book is similar in style, thought and outlook to the author's widely known *Architecture and Utopia*, and is likely to have a similar success. Manfredo Tafuri is the model of the new Italian "meta-professor". He speaks not language but "metalanguage"; he has no methods, only "methodologies"; he discusses not questions but their "parameters", and even when engaged in architectural analysis, he refers not to the illustrations provided, but to others, related to them by unknowable chains of association. He utters propositions in order to withdraw from them, and casts over the whole subject a veil of fashionable pedantry, turning problem to "problematic", and solution to ideological stance. In this way Professor Tafuri conceals almost everything about his beliefs, except that, whatever you think, he thinks something meta. The one thing he professes openly is Marxism, to be understood in the "strict" sense which is becoming obligatory in the Italian academy. I do not suppose you would get your legs shot off if you tried to teach architecture to Italians without professing Marxism. But it is unlikely that you would become head of the school of architectural history in Venice. This is not to question Tafuri's sincerity. It may be that the one commitment which he expresses unhesitatingly is also the one about which he feels convinced. But I doubt it, since his incidental exposition of Marxist thought is as unclear as his exposition of everything else. And it is difficult to think that a man believes sincerely that which he has taken so little trouble to understand.

Consider the following introductory remark, which leads us directly to the main theme (as I understand it) of Tafuri's book:

> *. . . just as it is not possible to found a Political Economy based on class, so one cannot "anticipate" a class architecture (an architecture "for a liberated society"); what is possible is the class criticism of architecture.* (Tafuri's italics)

This, Tafuri assures us, is the expression of a "strict—but socialism and partial—Marxist point of view". "Just as"; just as what? Marx argued that the science of "Political Economy", as he found it, assumed the permanence and the autonomy of exchange-value, and thus represented as a part of "human nature" the transient economic structure which had created the bourgeois class. *Perhaps* that is what Tafuri means. But then; "so". So what? To "anticipate" (is that the same as to anticipate?) a class architecture is presumably to say what architecture would be generated by, or suited to, the dominance of a particular class. You can easily do that. It was done with minute exactitude by Palladio, and also, less systematically, by the Russian constructivists. Even if you think the enterprise presents problems, what have they to do with the "demystification" of "bourgeois" political economy? The "just as" and the "so" seem to have no intellectual relation. Perhaps that relation could be established; but it is thought, and not contiguity on the page, that would achieve this. What, moreover, is this "class criticism" that Tafuri seeks to introduce into architecture?

Is he going to tell us, in the manner of Viollet-le-Duc, how the Gothic style was more suited to collective activity, the Romanesque to the dominance of priests? Is he going to give us the familiar observations about the aristocratic character of Palladianism, the individualistic, and therefore bourgeois, nature of the bow-fronted house? Looked in his book for such things, but did not find them. His angry protestations of Marxist affiliation (which would be interesting if he could carry them through into the critical arm of architecture) seem to get lost precisely in the application to architectural thought and practice (I mean praxis) which he claims to unfold. Eventually all we have is a general rejection (or acceptance, depending on which sentence you happen to read) of architectural "ideology".

One of the few times that Marx writes in a manner relevant to the criticism of architecture (in the "18th Brumaire"), he speaks of the dignifying rule of classicism in the French Revolution, arguing that this reference to ancient forms was part of the bravura of the new order. You find the same kind of classicism in Schinkel; you also find it (or a version of it) in Albert Speer. Here it is commonly described as "ideology", and regarded as an attempt to falsify, rather than to dignify, the perception of the present. I myself do not see the difference: neo-classicism is a stylistic and social phenomenon that occurs and recurs. It can be used in the service of revolution or of reaction. It can generate bad architecture and good architecture. But, if it has a common spiritual essence, then this must remain the same in all those applications.

For a certain kind of Marxist that is impossible. Hence, I suppose, the difficulty Tafuri has in discovering whether he believes anything definite about architectural ideology.

There is an important enterprise represented by the attempt to find a Marxist "method" in architectural criticism. In Italy the motive for this attempt is obscured, since it is also the protestation which earns you respectability. But the intellectual task can be detached from its social origins. We all recognize the increasing importance of a sense of history in the practice of architecture. And "history" is one of the things for which Marxism offers a theory. Tafuri takes up Pevsner's concept of "historicism", in order to describe the adoption of a style that is motivated not by a sense of intrinsic fittingness, but by the association with some favoured and pre-existing social order. He points out that this practice of building in past forms and with past embellishments is not a single phenomenon. It can consist in random architectural "quotation", as in the classical references of Rudolph, Rauch, and Philip Johnson. Or it can consist in a thoroughgoing attempt to adopt the style of another age, as in the High Victorian Gothic.

In either case, you might argue (and it seems to me that Tafuri does at least suggest this point, although argument is not quite the right word for his manner) this "historicism" belongs in "ideology"—to that part of the system of architectural values which is concerned with the false representation of the present social world. And in contrast, you might point to those styles which, through refusing this game of reference, are more properly at one with their time. These styles, through being free of "historicism", achieve "historicity"; that is to say, by making a conscious identification with the present, they restore to architecture the historical nature that is its own. Historicism is the attempt to represent as natural and eternal what is in fact transient and socially determined. The style which truly represents the historical nature of architecture is the style which does not conceal the economic or social reality from which it grows.

Now the problem about French neoclassicism, conveniently answered for Tafuri by Marx, is constantly resurging. According to Marx there are revolutionary epochs in history, when the transition from one economic order to another generates the overthrow of all social institutions, from religious belief down to architectural style. And yet the odd fact seems to be that these revolutions have been accompanied by the most backward-looking of architectural idioms. The renaissance style of Florence is an example of this. It involves the attempt to revive something that is represented as the "eternal truth" about form and detail in architecture. Tafuri has a great interest in showing that this revival was not *really* a revival, but something else. For this was an architecture which, belonging to social revolution, reveals its own "historicity", perceiving truth in crisis.

Here is a task for the critic of architecture which is also historical: it involves re-describing the Florentine Renaissance at the deepest level, both as social phenomenon and as stylistic experiment. As Tafuri puts it, this is possible only for the historian who tries to "historicize" his criticism. The present "crisis of aesthetics" can be solved, we are informed, only through a "strongly historicist attitude, able to determine . . ." Before saying what this historicist attitude is able to determine, it is important to remind the reader of the task in hand, which is to inject into the description of architecture a method that will separate "ideology" from its opposite. I cannot see that there could be Marxist criticism which did not involve *at least* that attempt. But what Tafuri *says* that the "historicist" attitude will determine is, "each successive time and with an eye to the future, a horizon for the study of aesthetic problems that is constantly variable and determined by the concrete experience of art's unforeseeable changes". In other words, speaking honestly, nothing at all. (An "eye to the future determined by the experience of "unforeseeable changes"? A "horizon" for the study of "problems"?) So how do we describe the architecture of Brunelleschi?

There seem to be at least the following three possibilities. We could say that Brunelleschi's

Ruskin's View, Kirby Lonsdale

So this is Mr. Ruskin's View,
This ultimacy of green;
Benched beyond graves, I see
What Ruskin and Co mean.

A river draws a curve: parked
Meadows are marvellously wide;
And green shelves up, then back into wild
Fells on the far side.

It is October: trees not—or
So it seems—too intentionally set
In order and disorder, display
No dead tones yet.

I see past graves what that he-
Sotted aesthete and the others mean—
A peace-he-unto-us, in cool
Matt affinities of green.

Geoffrey Grigson

Middle and Near East Studies from Princeton

THE SHAPING OF 'ABBĀSID RULE
JACOB LASSNER
In order to understand the transition between the revolutionary movement that propelled the 'Abbāsids to power and the imperial government that later took root, Jacob Lassner studies those elements that served to shape the political attitudes and institutions of the emerging regime during the formative years. £13.90

LOYALTY AND LEADERSHIP IN AN EARLY ISLAMIC SOCIETY
ROY P. MOTTAHEDEH
Studying one early Islamic society and drawing extensively on primary Arabic and Persian sources, Roy Mottahedeh contends that Near Eastern social behavior of the Islamic period must be understood in its own terms, rather than those of Western history. In this study he examines the social and political life of western Iran and southern Iraq during the 10th and 11th centuries A.D. *Princeton Studies on the Near East.* £9.10

THE ORIGINS OF THE COLD WAR IN THE NEAR EAST
Great Power Conflict and Diplomacy in Iran, Turkey, and Greece
BRUCE R. KUNIHOLM
Taking a regional perspective to discern the development of the Cold War between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., Bruce Kuniholm focuses on post-war diplomacy in Iran, Turkey, and Greece and efforts in these countries to maintain their independence from the Great Powers. Cloth, £15.20. Limited Paperback Edition, £5.90

PALESTINIAN SOCIETY AND POLITICS
JOEL S. MIGDAL
Despite all the literature on the Arab-Israeli conflict in recent years, there has been little nonpolemical treatment of Palestinian social and political life. Relying principally on archival sources and interviews, and using a variety of methodologies and analytic perspectives, the contributors to this volume focus on the changing nature of the Arab population in Palestine and the leadership to which that population looks. Cloth, £11.00. Paper, £3.90

BUREAUCRATIC REFORM IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE
The Sublime Porte, 1789-1922
CARTER V. FINDLEY
The Ottoman Empire was one of the first independent, non-western states to attempt modernization of its traditional administrative institutions. Carter Findley studies this attempt by focusing on the most important of the bureaucratic organizations of the later empire, the Sublime Porte, and the branch of the ruling class that staffed it, the scribal service, later known as the civil bureaucracy. £13.90

Princeton University Press
15A Epsom Road
Guildford, Surrey,
GU1 3JT

architecture *is* "ideological", concerned with resuscitating a past "language" (the word that Tafuri always favours when he really means "style"), in the interests of concealing and consolidating some new economic order.

Or we could say that it is a revolutionary idiom which breaks through the veil of ideology to reveal architectural truth. Or else it is that third thing which Marx mentions, the flamboyant Romanism of the revolutionary, who uses the past only to hearten the present. Most of us would choose the second view, and I think that Tafuri wants to do so too, since it is the view that enables him to describe Brunelleschi's architecture as *true* to history (since it is true to itself). This is a property which it shares with the architecture of Gropius and the Modern Movement (in its "heroic" stage). But Tafuri is aware that the Marxist reference is now in danger of dropping out of consideration altogether. For you can now say that Brunelleschi simply discovered eternal architectural values, and also (although it is infinitely less plausible) that Gropius did the same. Hence there really is an architectural essence, of which the classical style partakes, and which is valid for all places and times, independently of the particular social context that gave rise to it. In other words, you have become (abhorred word) a "neoclassicist", who believes in a transhistorical reality that unites the forms of architecture with enduring features of human nature, and who regards the relation of those forms to any socio-economic "base" as irrelevant to understanding them.

Tafuri wriggles for a while on this point and comes up with an ingenious answer. "We have mentioned . . .", he writes, "the constant misunderstanding of the meanings piled up on architecture in the course of history. But we must also specify that this 'misunderstanding' is not only constant but also the only way available to approach architectural reality." In other words, the only way to understand architecture is to misunderstand it. Tafuri illustrates this interesting doctrine with a discourse on a drawing by Francesco di Giorgio, not reproduced in the book, but available, for those interested, in the Codice Saluzziano in Turin. (This is characteristic; just as most of the examples discussed are not illustrated, so are most of the "illustrations" not discussed.)

At the end of the book we learn that the only purpose with any "historical sense" is to "find out what architecture is, *as a discipline historically conditioned and institutionally functional, first, to the 'progress' of the pre-capitalist bourgeoisie and, later, to the new perspectives of capitalist 'Zivilisation'*". This sounds more like a coherent programme, and one to which Marxism might have something important to contribute. But even if we deck it out with all the "methodologies" which Tafuri's wide (perhaps one should say "scattered") reading has brought to his attention, I fail to see its *critical* value.

Let us leave aside the bizarre idea of a "pre-capitalist bourgeoisie" (which implies the existence of a bourgeoisie in the absence of exchange and surplus-value). What would result from seeing architecture in this way? Of course architecture is historically conditioned: so is everything human. And of course it may have a functional significance in relation to the social order in which it was conceived. But this functional significance belongs alike to the beautiful and to the ugly, to the skilled and the unskilled, to the harmonious and the ill-proportioned. It belongs to every style and every lack of it. Hence all the critical differences seem to be annihilated by the quest for historical function. What we begin to see are not the important features of architecture, but the unimportant accidents that belong to the *every* manifestation. It is not surprising if such a "method" is pedantic and uninteresting. We do not know how it will help us to understand (or misunderstand) architecture, any more (to use Tafuri's favourite analogy) than we could be helped to understand language by observing its "functional" role in consolidating the interests of a ruling class.

There *is* a real significance to architecture, but it is doubtful that we can approach it by separating what is ideology from what is not. That process will, if the Marxist is right, give us the reality of economics, but it will often give us the unreality of those cultural products which exist in the realm of ideas. Architecture bears (let us suppose) the same relation as every other cultural entity to the economic "base" which determines it, but it is not *this* relation which interests us when we try to understand a building. On the contrary. A man who looked for the economic determinants of every building and every street would have fallen out of communication with architecture. He would be like the man who looked for the physiological basis of every facial expression, for the anatomical causes of every feeling, who saw the skull beneath the skin. Such a man would miss what is there, namely, the human nature that exists in the surface of things and which is invisible, because non-existent, in the depths.

If we are to take the concept of ideology seriously (and Tafuri is adamant that he uses the term in a strict, Marxian, sense), then we must give a criterion which will distinguish what is ideology from what is not. In the case of a belief the criterion *might* be this: a belief is ideological when the *full* explanation of a man's holding it lies in its ability to secure his economic position, by concealing social reality. Otherwise it is not. The best guarantee that a belief is *not* ideological is that it is held because it is *true*.

The problem with architecture is that it is not a language and does not have the primary function of conveying truths. (Think of a man who walks down a street nodding at each house as he passes it with the words "True" or "False", offering arguments to one and accepting useful counsel from another. He too would be out of communication with architecture.) So what now becomes of our criterion of ideology? We might try this: a building is ideological if it *expresses* something which bolsters the economic position of, by concealing social reality from, the man to whom it appeals. But who is this man? The builder? The client? The spectator? Is "ideology" a permanent feature of a building, or just part of the explanation of its quondam popularity? Must a building be ideological even to those who can both identify with, and also see through, the act of concealment? Such questions go unanswered in Tafuri's work. Furthermore, we might ask how a building could ever, on this account, *not* be ideological. Everything that has been built was built because it appealed to someone who had the power to build. If the Marxist is right, the building must therefore have offered no direct affront to the economic order which conferred that power. So it must have expressed a picture which confirmed and consolidated the position of the builder. But every order that is not classless is also (we are told) unjust. If it is part of human nature (as it is) to abhor injustice, then this "picture" could not have revealed (and in that sense must have concealed) the injustice of the order which it served. So all buildings are or have been ideological. Or is there an alternative?

Even if we can pursue those speculations to some point of rest (or at least of exhaustion), we will not have said much that is relevant to the criticism of architecture. It is a known fact that the most beautiful buildings keep their beauty despite radical changes in economic circumstances. The economic order of modern Italy is unlike that of the Venetian Republic, yet even Professor Tafuri, who feels no great sympathy for either, is presumably not entirely anti-aesthetic to the architecture of that town. This is an architecture developed over many centuries and in many styles, in an active spirit of conservation and renewal, with its own internal traditions, yet seemingly unconstrained by the economic upheavals of the Adriatic. (Why did Sangallo urge the city council to restore the Doge's palace in the Gothic and not in the contemporary classical style? Why did the Venetian cresting survive for century after century throughout every stylistic revolution?) If we think that architecture is or ought to be understood in terms of some distinction between the ideological and the pure, then not only do we fail really to explain those facts, but our whole interest in architecture becomes topsy-turvy, just as our interest in each other would be topsy-turvy if we lost the sense of "a common human nature and saw every picture in historical terms.

Tafuri objects to something he calls "operative criticism" (typified, apparently, by Giedion), saying that it is "an ideological criticism (we always use the term ideological in its Marxian sense) that substitutes ready-made judgments of value (prepared for immediate use) for analytical rigour". By a criterion every value by which we live is ideological. Except for the existentialist values are ready-made, prepared for immediate use. This is what makes them useful to us, not as members of social classes, but simply as human beings. It is useful that we do not substitute analytical rigour (whatever this may mean?) for the immediate perception of the horror of murder, for the prompt response to an insult, to an injustice, to a fact of tyranny or violence. Most fully most people do not go around thinking analytically about their responses (or, if they do, they join the Red Brigades and try to kill them). These responses are part of our common human nature, and it is of no interest that someone may wish, for didactic purposes of his own, to describe them as ideological. It is to this common human nature that architecture addresses itself, and with which, if it is successful, it belongs.

Gracing the West Country

By Martin Robertson

ANDOR GOMME, MICHAEL JENNER and BRYAN LITTLE:
Bristol—an Architectural History
452pp. Lund Humphries in association with Bristol and West Building Society. £28.
0 85331 409 8

There has not so far been a worthwhile description of Bristol's architectural development, and in all but minor ways *Bristol—An Architectural History* fills the bill admirably. It is a city with a long and varied architectural history, the fabric of which was, up to 1938, preserved to a remarkable degree. This has since been changed, first by the blitz and yet more destructively by commercial development in the 1950s and 1960s. There still remains a cross-section of good quality architecture from the Middle Ages through to the present day and this is described and explained, much old information being combined with a deal of new, particularly in the later part of the book.

The task has been divided unequally between the three authors with Andor Gomme doing the lion's share. He says in the preface, "We have made no attempt to assimilate the personal approaches or styles of the writing of three very different people and can only hope that the resulting variety of concern and presentation may be of interest in itself and not lead to a book disastrously disjointed or broken-backed". The three approaches are indeed curiously different and the contributors do not deal with the same questions. The most annoying fault lies with the chronological arrangement, which means that the description of any building whose construction covers more than one period appears in different sections of the book. The Cathedral, for instance, is described in four different places.

The first of the authors is Bryan Little, who takes the story up to the mid-sixteenth century. Bristol was one of the largest and most prosperous of English cities at that time, but the redevelopment of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has meant that very little remains other than the churches. Mr Little's section is thus highly speculative in nature and he draws many parallels which, although interesting, are difficult to substantiate, such as the spread of architectural influences along the trade routes to and from Bristol. The importance of Welsh and Portuguese traders is limited but it is hard to imagine that many of them were interested in the finer points of architecture. There are other small complaints to make, as map showing Bristol following the new cut of the Frome in the mid-thirteenth century would have been easier to follow than a verbal description, Bristol's churches are usefully placed in a West-of-England context but there are no comparative drawings of towers or window tracery and little is said about Victorian renewal of medieval work.

Michael Jenner continues the story up to 1800, covering the period of Bristol's greatest prosperity when it was England's second city. Despite many architectural losses, which are described in detail, this period is still very well represented in Bristol.

Mr Jenner gives a competent account of the period; but it does not have anything particularly new to say and certainly does not supersede the pioneering *Georgian Buildings of Bristol* by Walter Ison to which a very fair acknowledgment is given. The description of the surviving timber-framed buildings is not very thorough, the praise for the restored Hatchet Inn unmerited, and the important series of buildings in Old Market Street is not mentioned at all. The attempt to explain the 1634 wing at Ashton Court remains unsatisfactory. I would take issue with the claim that the White Lion in Broad Street had sash windows in 1690. Colston's Almshouses of 1691, the Merchant Taylors' Almshouses and the Council House of 1701 were all fashionable buildings and all had the traditional mullioned windows. The sashes in 6 Kings Street of 1710 seem to be the oldest surviving, and the ones shown in the photograph here are clearly of late eighteenth-century date. The tower in the gardens at Goldney House is not given credit for being the oldest steam-engine house in Bristol. Finally, it would be most useful to have plans of some of the important houses like Kings Weston and the Royal Fort.

Dr Gomme carries on from the boom and slump of the late eighteenth century, through Victorian revival and expansion, up to the important buildings of the early twentieth century. The approach now returns to that of the art historian and looks for names, dates and trends rather than design. At the beginning there is some repetition of what has come before but once the nineteenth century gets under way Dr Gomme comes into his own.

He has plundered the City Engineer's Building Grant Plans to good effect, finding names and dates for many mystery buildings although some of those might deservedly have remained unknown. Much useful information on the development of the Bristol villa styles and on commercial and industrial buildings of all kinds is supplied. This includes some surprises, such as the very late date given for the "Pisanesina" warehouses, which look as if they ought to have been built circa 1840, and the very early date of 1868 given to the reinforced concrete WCA warehouse. Dr Gomme shows that architectural history is not only about good buildings and famous architects. The line-drawings are used effectively to show the Clifton villa types, but are rather wasted on the Fox Wills's factories. They could helpfully have demonstrated the variety of stone details used by the Paty in the earlier part of the period.

Bristol—An Architectural History is part of what has now become a series, beginning with Dr Gomme's own book on Glasgow, but the format does not seem so successful here. The wide margins, intended for footnotes and subsidiary photographs, cover approximately one third of each page, and seem an unnecessary addition to the length and cost of the book. Dr Gomme calls the price "tolerable" but it is salutary to remember that *Glasgow* was published at £4 15s and was a better quality production. The excellent photographs, mostly taken by John Tralawney-Ross, are one of the highlights of the book, but the sunshine of 1976 was needed to make the photo-litho printing worthwhile. Some older prints, with material from the Brakenridge collection, and from Reece Winstone's famous collection of historic Bristol photographs could also imaginatively used. There is a short bibliography (which leaves out Arrowsmith's *Dictionary of Bristol*), and a list of architects and their work which will have lasting value. All in all a most useful book, but openings remain for further research.

The Queen Anne Churches (255pp. Mansell Publishing. £21.50. 0 7201 0919 1) is a catalogue of the papers in Lambeth Palace Library relating to the Commission for Building Fifty New Churches" appointed in 1711, which has been compiled by the Lambeth Palace Librarian, E. G. W. Bill. The archive includes the minutes of the commissioners (who included Wren, Vanbrugh and Whitlock Bulstrode), books of works, contracts, reports, and a portfolio of plans for the construction of, among others, St George, Hanover Square; St Mary, Woolnoth; St John, Smith Square; St George, Bloomsbury, and Christ Church, Spitalfields.

FILIPPO BRUNELLESCHI
The Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore
HOWARD SAALMAN
An object of study and discussion since it was completed in the 15th century, this Florentine cupola remains a focus of comment and controversy. The largest eight-sided cloister vault ever built, many questions concerning its planning and execution, its structural system and its decoration have never been answered. The author has returned to the building; its history and all questions touching on its planning, structure and execution are treated in precise detail. The mass of documents utilised as the backbone of this study have not been published before. They throw light not only on the building and its development, but on all aspects of building economics, building technology and workshop practice as they relate to the largest building project of the Florentine 14th and 15th centuries.
Howard Saalman is Andrew Mellon Professor of Architecture at Carnegie-Mellon University, Pittsburgh.
Studies in Architecture Volume XX
420 pages, 180 illustrations
Buckram 0 302 02784 X £60.

HAWKSMOOR
KERRY DOWNES
A recently published revised edition of Kerry Downes' book which remains the standard work on Nicholas Hawksmoor.
Studies in Architecture Volume II
315 pages, 212 illustrations
Buckram 0 302 02783 1 £27.50.

A. ZWEMMER LTD.

Teaching the Town

By Keith Walker

EDWARD BLOOM and LILLIAN BLOOM:
Addison and Steele
The Critical Heritage
480pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £14.
0 7100 0375 7

Addison and Steele, Sunkey and Moody, Sackville and Norton, Gilbert and Sullivan, Fuxton and Whitfield . . . the pairings swallow up individual identities. You can't even vary the formula. Mindful that Steele was the elder by some weeks, *and initiated the periodical essay*, some scholars have tried referring to "Steele and Addison", but the new combination has not found favour, and in the title to their "Critical Heritage" volume Edward and Lillian Bloom revert to the traditional style.

In character the two men were very different. Steele open, generous, candid, and reckless; Addison furtive, calculating, cautious, and prudent. In Ford Madox Ford's distinction Addison was a writer who had read"; whereas Steele was "a writer who had lived". But perhaps the yoking of their names is just. The works they wrote apart from each other are forgotten, and in so far as they are remembered at all, it is by their joint endeavours on *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*.

The popularity of *The Spectator* especially was enormous. Everybody —except Swift (a significant dissenter)—read it when it came out, three times a week in folio sheets. It was read in New England and Sumatra. Perhaps 3,000 copies were sold, and every copy was read by several people. By 1729, when Steele died, twelve complete editions of the collected papers had been published. The young Benjamin Franklin learnt to write by its example, and Voltaire read it to improve his English. By the 1760s the Regius Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh was treating *Addison* as a "classic", and offering his students a "critical examination" of his prose style.

The Spectator consisted of stories, letters, reflections on manners and customs, popularizations of scientific and philosophical ideas, and essays in literary criticism. Some papers are linked by the personalities of a club of fictional eighteenth-century types. It patronized women and avoided politics, while being staunchly Whig. (Addison's was that most insidious of political stances —of a non-political "moderate".)

The Tatler and *Spectator* were successful more because they caught a popular mood than because they prepared the way for a reformation of manners. But the notion that they were powerful forces for reformation is expressed very early (it was propagated in *The Spectator* itself, and is duly accepted by Johnson in his *Life of Addison*). Just after the termination of *The Tatler* and when *The Spectator* had hardly got under way, John Gay wrote in *The Present State of Wit* about Steele:

> 'Tis incredible to conceive the effect his Writings have had on the Town; how many Thousand follies they have either quite banish'd or given a very great check to; how much Countenance they have added to Virtue and Religion; how many people they have reader'd happy, by shewing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and lastly, how entirely they have convinc'd our young Pups and Young Fellows, of the value and advantages of Learning . . .

(The Blooms make this passage quiver with excitement by substituting exclamation marks for semicolons.) Some readers might suspect irony, but there is no irony in Defoe's restatement of the position four years later:

> The fam'd Writer of the Tatlers and Spectators . . . exposed many a bad Custom to an eternal Ridicule, and deliver'd us from a load of *Foibles*, which in our Speech and Manners, Writings and Conversation, help'd to make us Ridiculous. The Absurdities of Speech, of Gesture, of Behaviour; the Rudeness of Men, the Immodesty of Women, Legitimated by Custom, receiv'd admirable Reproof from his Pen. . . .

But there were also, early on, complaints about the banality and vapidity of the papers. A satire from 1712 called "The British Censor" made some sharp points:

> But hold, all those are sure prescumptious Fools,
> Who dare affirm, thou wan'st Instructive Rules,
> All Things by Thee are clearly
> From *Homer*, to the *Children in the Wood*.
> Maxims of Schools, and the grave Ayrs of *France*,
> Ethics and Mode, Divinity and Dance;
> Pain, Bliss, Hate, Friendship, Lamebration, Song,
> To thy extended Province, all belong;
> But Poetry is thy peculiar Care,
> And here thy Judgment is beyond Compare.
> Thro' thy just praise each arch Pretender shines.
> With *Blackmore's* easie, clear and nervous Lines.
> But Tickell is, (thy Theam's Sublimer Scope)
> Of ev'ry Muse, and Grace the springing Hope.
> *Tickell* (surprizing Object of thy Love!)
> Who do's the just Reverse of *Dunham* prove.
> (Deep, yet not clear, not gentle, and yet dull,
> Raging, yet weak, o'erflowing, yet not full) . . .

For most of the eighteenth and nineteenth century the "British Censor" represents very much a minority view, although savagely abetted by Pope. (For some inexplicable reason Pope's lines on Addison in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* are not included here.)

But for whatever reason, manners change, and by the end of the century Jane Austen was to find the language of *The Spectator* "frequently so coarse as to give no very favourable idea of the age that could endure it". Her disgust may have come from exasperation with the fact it seems to us insufferable condescension to women. Addison catches the tone of Mr Collins exactly: "A virtuous Woman should expect the first Offer of Marriage. . . . As a good Man does that of a Bishoprick. . . ." For a woman an offer of marriage is like a prospect of a removal to a higher, more sanctified status.

When we contemplate the assurance of Macaulay's essay on Addison, it may seem that *The Spectator*'s period of greatest fame was the nineteenth century. Macaulay shared with Addison whiggish tendencies and commonplaceness of mind, and adulated him to a notable essay celebrating

> the unruffled statesman . . . the accomplished scholar . . . the master of pure English eloquence . . . the consummate painter of life and manners . . . the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtues, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

The first part of Macaulay's essay, which the Blooms don't reprint, severely qualifies the claims he makes for Addison's scholarship when he is in the panegyric vein. Generally I think it probable that here, as so often, far from "synthesizing the Victorian evaluation" Macaulay is offering an outmoded view. Arnold found Addison's mind "commonplace" this view is not represented) and Thackeray, with whom the volume ends, shared Hazlitt's preference for Steele.

After the Victorian period Addison's reputation declined sharply. In a lively essay on Addison (the Blooms in their introduction speak of it as venomous) Bonamy Dobrée calls him "the first Victorian" and readers after the Victorian period were unlikely to take avidly to a writer who was known to have called his stepson to his bedside to observe "in what peace a Christian can die". C. S. Eliot's chill "something very like" settled the matter: "a writer toward whom I feel some thing very like antipathy". As if Addison were no longer worth even common or garden antipathy.

Readers were not enticed back to Addison by C. S. Lewis's recommendation of him as "an admirable critic". Although in his passage where Steele, his benevolence for once deserting him, makes a pointed allusion to Addison's homosexuality.

Martial and Domitian

("*The Book Of The Games*")

> . . . those days it wasn't keeping up with the Joneses—
> it was keeping in with the Emperors.
> If he held Games, you had to praise them.
> *Over all, look what he provided:*
> *the amphitheatre filled with water, for a real sea battle,*
> *women killing lions on the dry sand,*
> *a condemned criminal crucified and eaten by animals,*
> *horseses fighting lions, bears, elephants,*
> *a rhinoceros goring a bull like an old leather ball—*
> *a prodigious banquet of assorted cruelties.*
> . . . could you fail to praise an Emperor like that?

Gavin Ewart

July Books from Yale

Class, Religion and Local Politics in Wilhelmine Germany
The Centre Party in Württemberg before 1914
David Blackbourn
Analyses the political significance of the Centre Party within both a national and a local context. It is an elegant and lucid example of political work, of manipulation from above, and of pressure from below. £12.00. Not for sale in Germany.

The Age of Reform, 1250-1550
An Intellectual and Religious History of Late Medieval and Reformation Europe
Steven Ozment
Ozment elucidates with great clarity the complex philosophical and theological issues that inspired antagonistic schools, traditions, and movements from Aquinas to Calvin. £15.75.

Oil, War, and American Security
The Search for a National Policy on Foreign Oil, 1941-1947
Michael B. Stoff
This book will be of great interest to historians of the Roosevelt era and American national policy, as well as anyone concerned with the origins of the current dilemma over importing oil. £9.45.

Race and State in Capitalist Development
Comparative Perspectives
Stanley B. Greenberg
Looks at three ethnically dominant groups of farmers, businessmen and workers drawing data from South Africa, Israel, Northern Ireland and Alabama to understand the reasons for the persistence of racial and ethnic divisions in advanced capitalist societies. Cloth £25.20. Paper £7.25.

Ezra Pound and 'The Cantos'
A Record of Struggle
Wendy Stallard Flory
This comprehensive study makes clear for the first time the extent to which Pound was writing autobiographically in The Cantos. £12.60.

Traces of the Brush
Studies in Chinese Calligraphy
Shen C. Y. Fu, in collaboration with Marilyn W. Fu, Mary C. Neill and Mary Jane Clark
Drawing upon 90 major examples from Western collections, this beautifully illustrated volume broadens the historical and aesthetic context in which calligraphy has been viewed outside China. Cloth £26.40. Paper £11.00. (Now available in paper.)

Manet and the Modern Tradition
Anne Coffin Hanson
Winner of the 1978 Charles Rufus Morey Book Award presented by the College Art Association. £6.95.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven & London
11 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3JF

New Books from Edward Arnold

Shakespeare : his world and his work
Revised Edition
M. M. Reese
'One can hardly imagine a better ordered or more lucidly presented introduction to the dramatist's age, life and work than this one, which fairly glows with reasonableness.' S. Schoenbaum, *Shakespeare's Lives* (of the first edition).
Boards £12.95 Paper £5.95 432 pages

Arctic Summer and other fiction
The Abinger Edition 9
E. M. Forster
This collection contains all the fiction unpublished at the time of Forster's death, with variant readings of drafts he had revised. Some of the pieces are essentially complete, others are fragments. Two are short novels, the rest short stories. The pieces cover the full span of Forster's creative life.
Boards £14 approx 377 pages
Publication September

The Canterbury Tales by Geoffrey Chaucer
Edited from the Hengwrt Manuscript by N.F. Blake
The Hengwrt is now thought by many scholars to be older and more authoritative than the Ellesmere manuscript, the basis of most standard texts. The order and line numbering follow Hengwrt but full cross references are given to the Ellesmere.
Boards £45 720 pages Publication September

English Drama : a critical introduction
Gámini Salgádo
An important new critical introduction which provides a concise, balanced and lively view of the major developments in drama in Britain, from its medieval beginnings to the 'New Wave' that followed *Look Back in Anger* in 1956.
Boards £11.50 Paper £4.95 250 pages
Publication September

Edward Arnold
41 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3DQ

The wild Robinsonian look

By Ruth Isabel Ross

EDWARD MALINS and PATRICK BOWE:
Irish Gardens and Demesnes from 1830
190pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £20.
0 214 20628 9

"Gossip and horses; horses and gossip! That's all there is to the Anglo-Irish, all there ever has been", someone said, and the statement is occasionally justified. Even now, when the Anglo-Irish are precariously thin on the ground, people among them who don't like horses can be miserable in certain counties. And, as in many côteries out of the main stream of national life, conversation lapses too easily into the jocular thrashing of neighbours. Yet the past and present Anglo-Irish, sociable and stylish, kind and set in their ways, had and still have valuable qualities. There are gifted writers among them. Their houses and streetscapes have an elegant dignity. Helped by the mild Irish climate many of their gardens show richness and originality.

For decades after the revolution, Ascendancy culture was as much out in the cold as Ascendancy politics. Georgian streets and houses were demolished. Though lip-service was paid to Lady Gregory's works, no one felt strongly enough to prevent her house from, shamefully, being pulled down. Gardens were smothered in brambles behind crumbling demesne walls. Official culture was purely that of the Celt.

Perhaps we found the endless contemplation of round towers and thatched cottages monotonous, or perhaps sophisticated tourists changed our minds. A few years ago the splendid buildings of Georgian Dublin and the charming, if desolate, country houses began to be newly valued as part of the national heritage. Subtle writers like Elizabeth Bowen were enthusiastically republished in Dublin. But the gardens—have the Irish developed enough interest yet to preserve and rescue those few that are left? This well-produced book should help stimulate that interest.

Irish Gardens and Demesnes from 1830 is a sequel to *The Last Demesnes*, by the late Edward Malins and the Knight of Glin, a scholarly and poetic record of Ireland's vanished landscape gardens, published in 1976. The new book is altogether less depressing. Many of the gardens the authors describe so adequately have disappeared, but some are still cultivated and often open for the public to enjoy. In order to fight for their survival we should understand their origins. The book, embellished endearingly with old photographs, traces their history with devotion.

The writers (it is not clear which of them is dominant) have a leaning towards architectural gardening, a form not always associated with Ireland. "Architect and craftsman must go hand in hand, not the one complimenting the other" they say, and "the Italian Renaissance found the key to the perfect garden". Naturally, then, their greatest enthusiasm is for the formality of parterres, like the one still at Kilruddery, and for the great Italianate gardens of Ireland, Powerscourt, Ilnacullin and, to a lesser extent, Mount Stewart. Powerscourt and Ilnacullin, sometimes confusingly called Garinish Island, are rightly highlighted against their beautiful settings.

The history of these two gardens is given in detail. The making of the one at Powerscourt was so plagued by untimely deaths and drunken and irresponsible designers that one is grateful that the work was ever finished. Powerscourt's magnificence and its easy accessibility from Dublin make it particularly attractive to visitors, especially those used to gardens in the Italian tradition. Ilnacullin, excitingly created out of a goat-ridden island in Glengarriff Bay, is enchanting in its own way, remote, classically designed by Harold Peto, and sumptuously planted. There is less ardour in the book for Mount Stewart; the planting is admired but not the grotesque, still unweathered statuary.

No one writing a history of gardens made during the past hundred years can ignore the work of the Irishman William Robinson. The remarkable change from formal to "natural" gardening which has spread over most of the world is largely a result of Robinson's dogmatic and energetic battle against formalism. Plants and their natural development were all-important to him; architectural gardening was abhorrent. He hated stonework and bedding-out. A whole chapter is rightly given to Robinsonian gardens, though the authors' personal bias is the other way.

It is here that we learn about the making of gardens which seem most typically Irish. They are wild, though not completely harmless. Plants are chosen for their qualities of individual beauty and allowed to fulfil themselves. Grass is used to set off informal shrubs. Water gardens, woodland gardens and tender plants abound. We read about the plantsmen, Lord Lansdowne of Dereen, with its tree ferns, arbutus and bamboo groves, Samuel Heard of Rossdohan, a garden lately revived after years of neglect, Richard Grove Annesley, who imported Himalayan seeds, making the most dramatic water garden in the country at Anne's Grove. There are more modern natural gardens too, Dargle Glen and Mount Congreve, both planted with great lavishness by their owners, Sir Basil Goulding and Ambrose Congreve.

Recently, the property of Mount Usher, the best-known river garden in Ireland, was put up for sale. Favoured by acid soil, a perfect climate and the personal advice of Robinson, the Walpole family built up a unique collection of plants there over a hundred years. Mature rhododendrons, eucryphias, camellias, magnolias and eucalyptus, all in a woodland setting, are underplanted with thousands of early Spring bulbs. The obvious difficulty of maintaining Mount Usher in private hands forces us to face up, somehow, to the problem of caring for our great gardens.

How can it be done? A government department has taken over Ilnacullin. Dublin Corporation now runs Malahide Castle. Fota Island belongs to Cork University. Powerscourt and Rossdohan changed hands some years ago and are well preserved by their present owners. Mount Stewart belongs to the National Trust of Northern Ireland. An Taisce, the Republic's National Trust, has no funds to help on the same scale. Opinion in the Republic is unlikely, in the present recession, to support the government in a scheme to buy and maintain any more gardens.

Gardens run by individuals have proved in other countries to have more personality than gardens managed, however conscientiously, by public bodies. Birr Castle demesne (well planned for certuries and wonderfully enriched by the late Lord Rosse), Anne's Grove, Kilruddery, and a few others are still in the hands of the families who planned them. Now they can only be run at a drastic loss. An effort has been made to preserve the Georgian architecture of Ireland. *Irish Gardens and Demesnes* brings home the importance of supporting and enjoying another part of the Anglo-Irish heritage.

The Eden tradition

By Francis Watson

ELIZABETH B. MOYNIHAN:
Paradise as a Garden in Persia and Mughal India
166pp. Scolar Press. £12.50.
0 85967 593 9

This sensitive and diligent study was completed, the publisher points out, before the development of the latest chapter in Western Asia's long history of disturbance: happily, for although the author is widely read in the academic and literary background of her subject the impulse for her book, and its particular character, derive from personal investigation.

In a sense this has proceeded backwards. Coming to India as the wife of an American senator, Elizabeth Moynihan found her interests as a former member of the Radcliffe Institute's Landscape Architecture Seminar quickened by the Mughal gardens of Kashmir, where it is still decipherable, of the palace-enclosures and the tomb-gardens of the great Moghuls and their imitative nobles, "the most Mughal and the least Indian of anything they built". The basically religious thematic form of the Paradise Garden she found in its best surviving in the Shalimar Bagh in Lahore; but the tracing of lost, or almost lost, evidence adds the excitement of discovery, and notably when she succeeded in identifying the site and a few remains of the Lotus Garden created just 250 years earlier at Dholpur, to the south of Agra, by that stout fighter and inveterate gardener Babur, whose memoirs are a quotable classic:

> "As orchids are universally acknowledged to rank amongst the most singular and most modified forms in the vegetable kingdom, I have thought that the facts to be given might lead some observers to look more curiously into the habits of our several native species." wrote Charles Darwin in the introduction to the second edition of *The Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilised by Insects*, first published in 1862. David Lang has been fulfilling this hopeful prediction for the past twenty-eight years and, with one exception, the master would be proud of this resulting work. There are no species in Britain quite as bizarre as that orchid in Madagascan with a nectar spur so long that it led Darwin to hypothesize a then undiscovered moth with the twelve-inch tongue needed for its cross-fertilization, but David Lang, with his pleasingly precise vocabulary, his eye for a good sentence as well as a good hybrid, his historical sense, his awareness of the small geographies of a beech wood or an older cart or a stretch of machair, vividly conveys the idiosyncrasies of our native members of the Orchidaceae. He is a veterinary surgeon, but his real credentials for this task are hidden away in his text—the hybrid between the White Helleborine and the Narrow-leaved Helleborine, for instance, "was first found in this country in May 1974, when John Lansley and I found two plants in flower in a wood in Hampshire".

He begins with an introductory discussion of orchid structure (diverse and perverse), germination (only possible with the help of a specific fungus), growth (some orchids tendril out underground stem-systems with their mycorrhizal fungi a good hundred metres through the leaf litter around each flower), vegetative and sexual reproduction (some plants of the *Ophrys* genus, beguile male insects—of one species only, in each case—to transfer pollen by seducing them into copulating with their flowers), variation, ecology, classification and hybridization. This last is a good section, but the genetics are occasionally shaky and Lang is wrong to say that interspecific hybridization is "necessarily" an essential step in evolution". What follows is an excellent series of detailed, if sometimes repetitious, descriptions of each of the British orchids—with a list of all recorded hybrids and rarities, a conclusion cheerfully pointing out that although some orchid populations are declining, others are exotic enough in their chemical needs to be able to colonize polluted and derelict industrial sites, distribution maps for each species clearly marked by vice-counties, an adequate bibliography, a sensible glossary and an efficient index.

As this book together with V. S. Summerhayes's *Wild Orchids of Britain* and John and Audrey Wilmott and Norman Ackert's privately published *Guide to the Orchids of Britain and Europe*, is likely to become a standard work for the British orchid hunter it is perhaps worth remarking that there are several bad misprints, including a real Irish's Nest Orchid(aceous) tangle (strangle) of their growing through page 105. And David Lang might have paused before deprecating that anonymous, received rural wisdom and visual humour which gave our orchids their names. Focused so close upon them for so many years, he can see the priapic soldiers dangling from the Military Orchid, the effloated gibbons suspended from the Monkey Orchid, but of the Frog Orchid he writes "it is difficult to understand how it acquired its name, since the flowers bear precious little resemblance to a frog"—well, not one frog perhaps, but there they are, shapes of unreason upon a flower no reasonable man would predict could exist in the first place, in vertically serried ranks, perched on every leaf, first-year brown, frogfor gargoyles, perpetually preparing to launch themselves into space.

Lastly, we must return to the one exception in Darwin's catalogue of praise, a lapse with which he of all people would sympathize: the Ghost Orchid remains ghostly. Lang has no full picture of the growing plant. Again, down in the New Forest there are rumours and counter-rumours of Summer Lady's tresses, the wife of an eminent lepidopterist had "an interesting story to tell". In a wet tussocky field, "800 metres downstream from one of the classic sites" there was something odd in full flower. But not when he got there. Not quite, not this year.

The Scottish Lochs by Tom Weir (288pp. Constable. £4.95. 0 09 463270 7) is a reissue of the author's original two-volume work on Scottish Lochs published in 1970-72. One of Constable's picturesque guides, the book contains brief descriptions of Scotland's major lochs, recommended routes and, in some cases, details of the local fishing and hotels. Photographs, of the kind she included

HAVELOCK·ELLIS
PHYLLIS·GROSSKURTH
"This excellent and sophisticated biography... Phyllis Grosskurth deals with his work, and his life, with magisterial fairness." — C.P. Snow, *Financial Times*
"A very rich and illuminating work, by far the most comprehensive study of Ellis yet published." — Jeffrey Weeks, *New Society*
"...admirably comprehensive." — Francis King, *Sunday Telegraph*
£10.00 illustrated
Allen Lane

Bouquets for Miss Blandish

By Redmond O'Hanlon

DAVID LANG:
Orchids of Britain
213pp. with 32 colour and 51 black-and-white illustrations. Oxford University Press. £9.50.
0 19 217692 7

Myths and elegies

By Edmond Leo Wright

ROLAND MATHIAS:
Snipe's Castle
66pp. Llandysul, Dyfed: Gomer Press. £2.
0 85608 741 0

JOHN HEWITT:
Kites in Spring
63pp. Belfast: Blackstaff Press. £2.95.
0 85640 205 0

LESLIE NORRIS:
Water Voices
47pp. Chatto and Windus. £5.50.
0 7011 2518 7

The poems of Roland Mathias draw the reader repeatedly to a serious concern. He is a man aware of the fading of a supportive myth. Across a variety of forms, rhymed and unrhymed, dramatic and meditative, the theme recurs. One speaker of his stands above a Welsh valley, looking about for clues of that support, and of the redemption it might bring. His impartial eye will not let him miss a plume of smoke from a rubbish-dump, which he sees as the town's "burning its pages from the Domesday Book". Mathias suggests here as elsewhere that an answer to the problem of loss of myth is to be found in the persistence of history and that there is therefore an increasing danger in the carelessness with which we throw our our traditions. In another poem of four brief and gnomic verses, "After Christmas", he reflects on the worth of the Christian message. We are left in doubt, a doubt which both shocks and invigorates, about who are the wise and who are the fools with regard to that message, and whether there might be some interpretation of it other than those of sincere believer and sincere atheist. There is the same healthy indecision between outright acceptance and outright rejection as in Hardy's "The Oxen".

All humours and all wills
Consult the dark: except fools
Trading a whisper that the Child
Is back from Egypt.

The myth has shrunk to a whisper, but Mathias has a keen ear that can pick out what matters. Such perceptiveness about words would not make a fine poet, but Mathias also has the power to create a text that can go on growing in meaning. One of his personae who seems to have lost his "nation" looks ahead at a broken fragment of inheritance and asks it for help:

> I who would quickly refashion
> My stony Yahwes, had I learned
> But how, call you to speak,
> Speak.

In that universal use of self-reference—a test of authentic poetic power—Mathias and Calfuir speak upon the self-renewal—it is plain that Mathias has "learned how". To quote from something he himself has written about David Jones, here is "tradition evolving in the present". There is great variety of drama in *Snipe's Castle*: we overhear personae in many voices and rhythms, and forget the interposing of print. As a Brechtian ode, and in spite of and from a veritable Welsh annotator, I must confess myself outside a myth like the dramatic sequence "Medor", but within some of the less allusive sections of "Tide-Reach".

John Hewitt's collection of sonnets on his Belfast childhood, *Kites in Spring*, is also an elegy for the lost Christian myth. In his earlier verse Hewitt came to reject the substitute myth of the romantic pastoral. In *The Ruin Dance* (1978), for example, he looked at an Easter flock safely grazing, as in a Samuel Palmer picture, and uneasily admitted that "neither they nor I have longer lease/of quiet". It is noteworthy and exciting that a poet so observant of rural sights and sounds should have come to distrust the pastoral as outworn, to discard "rustic images". He has no time for Hedges "who mouth slow proverbs and whose hands are deft/in many a woodcut-illustrated craft".

Hewitt's new book takes the form of an album of intimations without gilded hooks or flowers. Sepia they may be, but the snaps are ironic. What is novel about his sonnet form is its being used for a narrator, and one with such a deceptively plain style—which reminds one of John Clare—under which judgments are hidden, awaiting detection. The sonnets can be taken as direct autobiography: they will be enjoyable to many on this level, and rightly. Some of the detail is telling: the boy touching his dead uncle's nose; the "cone-topped regal order" of the elementary school; the Ulster volunteers with their wooden guns. And there is a chilling relevance, soberly understated, in those sonnets about the Troubles of 1922. Yet a myth is also being searched for—one of a mother, or grandfather. The child's Bezalel has now in the keel of his grandfather, who has recently died:

> No reason now for fear.
> I reached my hand out; no one was there.

Compare this with Hardy too: in his paradox there was the "same blessed hope of which he was, and with conviction, unaware. Elegies end with hope, even if they also remind us of "radiated dust". At one point the narrator shrugs off any claim to symbolize—"interpret them who can". The effort is worth while.

Leslie Norris also attempts the remaking of myth. Many of these *Water Voices* are would-be celebrants, but, unlike those of Hewitt, ignore what are by now glamorous doubts. Norris has not quite thrown off the too-neat fondness for hypallage that disfigured his collection *Ransoms* (1970)—"glib metal", "mild sund", "chained cars"; nor the derivations from Dylan Thomas (of "Poem in October" and "Fern Hill")—"turn away / Your sunlight") and Hopkins (Norris's birds, like windhovers, always "hang"). His grandfather-ancestor is still idealized: he "comes off that brutal soil with / Innocent power". Not until that power is questioned will Norris achieve the scope of Hewitt and Mathias, in whose elegies for the decay of the myth a new one is taking root.

Leavis had devoted most of his study to these three poets the younger man was enlisted as flag-bearer in the campaign; his work fitted the bill in an exemplary, almost programmatic way. Fierce the drastic overvaluing of those early poems. References to banks and girder-ribs; lurching syntax and clotted phrasing; a showy, resonant vocabulary and emphatic metres: in all these Dr Leavis saw evidence of the poet's seriousness and of modernity, his rhythmic vigour and "power to convince".

"At this distance in time, the poems Leavis quoted look far less convincing than those in *Reflections on the Nile*. When he moves away from the ravages of modern urban development, and from the human condition in foreign parts, Bottrall turns up poems of great metrical delicacy, combining jaunty rhythms with an oddly appealing flatness.

On the mysteries of personality and creativity Bottrall sounds either coyly evasive or over-direct—the uncertainty of tone again—but some lyrics show an enviable sureness and lightness of touch. "Cricket", for example, weaves together metaphors of cricket and fishing, land and water, to express a gently "metaphysical" sense of danger, doubt, and the recognition in the final, unobtrusively punning lines that with "great mastery/Of the elusive art of equilibrium/We could walk on water for a century". A performance appropriately enough of considerable elegance and wit. "Peggy Dishwasher" celebrates the seductive behaviour of the "Trim, slender-bodied, pixie waggtail", the poignant "A Dog Called Luke" and the beautifully reticent "Sunless nest": "We are cast off/Into a shuttered night./Why this small dismal place/Which hangs over us/Like an awning/Of surprised sorrow?", are top line poems. Though many pieces, while offering vivid or touching moments, seem too slight to be really memorable or satisfying the precision, clarity and restraint of language in *Reflections on the Nile* should be

Selected New Titles from Johns Hopkins

Love and Love Sickness: The Science of Sex, Gender Difference and Pair-Bonding
John Money
Drawing upon the behaviour of the sexes through the ages, the author's psychologized study proposes a new basis for understanding sexual behavior.
256 pages £9.50

Wallace Stevens: The Making of the Poem
Frank Doggett
This book looks at Stevens in the act of writing his poetry and sheds new light on the poet's art, touching upon reconcilement, the music inherent in the structure and discordance of his poetry. 160 pages £7.25

The Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley: Vol. 1, A part of the Elect
ed. Betty T. Bennett
Nearly 400 letters included here relate anecdotes about eminent figures of the time including Shelley, Byron, Godwin, Keats, Charles and Mary Lamb, and Sir Walter Scott.
650 pages £18.00

Prodigal Sons: A Study in Authorship and Authority
David Wyatt
This book renews the kind of criticism that relates literary works to the temporal contexts from which they develop. The author expands this theme as seen in the works of Yeats, Hemingway, Faulkner, and others. 256 pages £7.75

Waking to My Name: New and Selected Poems
Robert Pack
This volume includes poems written in forms both open and conventional and in a variety of voices ranging from the comic to the elegiac. The choice to accept one's individual biography is the value that Pack's poetry seeks to embody.
272 pages 19.50 cloth
£4.25 paper

Amish Society: Third Edition, Revised
John A. Hostetler
Books and articles on the Amish have been on the increase in recent years. Though a few of these are of good quality, the present work is in a class by itself."—*Journal of social and economic history*
672 pages £13.50 cloth
£4.25 paper

Bubonic Plague in Early Modern Russia: Public Health and Urban Disaster
John T. Alexander
This work makes a contribution to many aspects of Russian and European history: social, economic, medical, and urban. It is particularly enlightening in its discussion of eighteenth-century Russia's emergent medical profession and public health.
560 pages £15.50

Productivity in the United States: Trends and Cycles
John W. Kendrick
From an analysis of twenty industries, the authors illuminate the factors that can influence a decline or upsurge in productivity — worker education, unionisation, the composition of the labour force, or the number of hours worked per week.
224 pages £6.50

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS
2-4 Brook Street, London W1Y 1AA

OF BLOOD AND HOPE
Samuel Pisar
An intensely personal narrative, a compassionate link between the horrors of the past and the dangers of the future.
'A man of rare insight' — ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN
'*Of Blood and Hope* has suspense and wisdom in equal measure.' — WILLY BRANDT
'A book of great importance that brings hope to us all.' — MOSHE DAYAN
'The book is remarkable ... Pisar has written one of the most perceptive Auschwitz memoirs. But he has done more than simply record events: He has tried to make sense of the tattoo on his arm.' — NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS
'Perhaps no one is better equipped to discuss the future than a man who has come back from the dead.' — LOS ANGELES TIMES
'A book more fascinating than the best adventure novel. We are witnessing the birth of an apostle.' — LE FIGARO
Of Blood and Hope sold more than any other book in France last year — now read the English edition.
320 pages, 16pp black & white illustrations, £7.95
Published by Cassell on October 16

Better free than healthy

By R. T. Shannon

PAUL McHUGH:
Prostitution and Victorian Social Reform
306pp. Croom Helm. £12.95.
0 85664 938 4

The title is rather misleading. This is not one of that genre of too-frequent and overambitious exposés of the long-hidden "other side" of Victorian sexual morality. It is a closely-focused and much more valuable study of the movement to repeal the Contagious Diseases Act of 1864. The repealers eventually triumphed in 1883, when the Act was suspended, and in 1886 when it was removed from the Statute Book. The Contagious Diseases Act policy was conceived by the medico-military establishment as a sensible measure of policing, whereby certain garrison and dockyard towns were designated as areas in which prostitution was to be regulated and prostitutes became subject to compulsory medical inspection in order to reduce what was held to be a dangerously increasing incidence of venereal disease. Medical understanding of the disease was at that stage rudimentary; prevention seemed a much safer bet than cure. And it was much easier and cheaper to provide for inspection of the commercial providers of sexual relief rather than their more numerous and itinerant clients.

So far, so expedient: a hard-headed practicality in confronting a delicate problem of social hygiene. No use expecting hard-bitten soldiers and sailors to be saints and angels; the human rights of the services meant that no more than six per cent of enlisted men could be permitted to marry; prostitutes would soon see the benefits to themselves as well as to the public interest of regulation and inspection; a good example of an intelligent application of the principle that such matters were better managed in France. The War Office and Admiralty officials who introduced and managed the system saw themselves as social reformers. They represented the developing principle of state intervention to cure social malady. "Sanitary improvement" was very much in the fashion; and the Contagious Diseases Act was an important aspect of public health, to be introduced and handled discreetly and without fuss.

The paradox is that one's assumption about the use of the phrase "social reform", in the title of this book is that it naturally attaches to the opponents of the CDA policy. Why should this be so? Almost all of them were hostile to the general principle of state intervention in any aspect of social or political life, from factory regulations onwards. The explanation is that two quite different categories have become confused in our minds: it is part of our stock of received historical prejudices that social reform is a Good Thing; it is also part of our stock of received pieties that the movement to repeal the CDA was a Good Thing. Ergo, the one must somehow integrally involve the other.

In fact, the repeal movement was part of that general aspect of Victorian agitation which had to do with defending individualism against the creeping tide of state interference. (The repealers were not, of course, against interfering with people on a "private" basis: there were many fraternal, or rather sororal, links with the anti-alcohol forces, for example.) The repealers were never much interested in the "social" aspect of "rescuing" prostitutes from moral degradation. (It is not clear whether they appreciated what Mr Gladstone was up to in his nocturnal rambles). But the confusion has been further exacerbated by the circumstance that the repeal agitation has been retrospectively accorded a sacred status in the emergence of the movement for female emancipation. Again, the warm glow of prejudiced and celebratory approval gets in the way of knowledge and understanding. The ladies at the head of the National Association for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, led by the redoubtable Mrs Josephine Butler, would be absolutely horrified to see themselves celebrated as pioneers by the present "Women's Liberation" movement. Then, the point of the crusade was to force men to abandon their hypocritical "double standard" in sex and live up to a higher level of moral purity set by women; now, the demand is that women should abolish the double standard by renouncing their traditional claims to moral superiority and by asserting their rights to get down to any dirty tricks known to men. It was a sense that this was an implication of feminism that led Mrs Butler in old age to be very sniffy indeed about the female suffrage campaign.

Certainly the repeal agitation had about it an aura of sanctimonious self-approval; and historians have naively confirmed this verdict. How manifestly immoral the CDA policy was! How sinister was its state interventionism, redolent of "aristocratic libertinism", police oppression of poor females, disgusting mauling at the hands of shameless doctors, its degraded and *French* standards of public morality, its encouragement of poor soldiers and sailors in paths of self-indulgence instead of virtuous self-improvement! How noble, plucky and self-sacrificing the repealers were to take on the entire medico-military establishment! Fortified by nothing more than a total conviction of their monopoly of virtue, principle and righteousness, what an example they set of the power of morality in the hands of ordinary men—and, above all, ordinary *women* — to force the arrogant state to bow to the rule that whatever is morally wrong cannot be politically right! How beautifully inspiring was the leadership of Mrs Josephine Butler, who allowed no painful necessity, including particularly the wretchedness of her hapless husband's career, to divert her from her destiny to direct the "Great Crusade" against state-regulated and condoned vice! How glorious was the self-sacrifice of poor Mr Stansfeld, who renounced brilliant political prospects at the call of a higher public duty!

It was a good idea of Paul McHugh's to subject all this "saints and martyrs" interpretation to cool, dispassionate, critical examination. How one wishes he could have come up with something really offensive to the received pieties, then and now! He has, indeed, made a fair fist of exposing a good deal of neurotic puritanism and the kind of prurient sexuality never far below the surface of crusades for moral improvement. One of his most valuable services is to draw attention to the link between the repeal campaign and the efflorescence in the middle and later 1880s of a good deal of quite nasty manifestations of fanaticism and intolerance, especially the egregious National Vigilance Association with the "remorseless Coote" as its secretary. In exchange for being relieved of the burden and shame of the Contagious Diseases Act, the country was edified by the Criminal Law Amendment Act. And, in any case, Mr McHugh's techniques of functional analysis of pressure-group politics (which is what the book is mainly about) tend to involve romantic mythologies by exposing the nuts and bolts of agitation. This emphasis on finances, manoeuvres, wheeling and dealing, the shifting patterns of metropolitan-style and provincial-style pressure-group politics, leads to some unglamorous and neglected names being given proper due, especially the indefatigable R. J. Wilson of Sheffield, workhorse of so many crusades for the rule of virtue.

Still, by and large, Mr McHugh's conclusions are rather depressingly on the side of the received pieties. He comes through with considerable admiration for Mrs Butler; and even admits grudgingly that Stansfeld showed up better than he expected. Gladstone dropped Stansfeld from the cabinet in 1880 because he had to accommodate the much more pushing and important Chamberlain; but Stansfeld's preoccupation with repeal gave Gladstone a plausible excuse. Stansfeld was indignant; but in any case he is now better remembered for his part in the repeal of the CDA than he would have been as a Liberal president of the Local Government Board. One suspects that the author's critical rigour is perhaps been tempered by excessive respect for the mass and purposes of today's feminist intellectual fashions. The late Victorian whiggish weakness to be unduly kind to the repeal campaign because of its "wider significance" and its debt to which the "women of England" owe to it. Why should Mrs Fawcett be given the privilege of having the last word in this book?

Part of the explanation for the gratuitous indulgence is, no doubt, the regrettable circumstance that the CDA forces provide Mr McHugh with very little material for effective counter-attack or even much in the way of moral stiffening. The truth was that the medico-military establishment misread the signs. Venereal disease was not a growing threat to the efficiency of the services. The statistics quite clearly indicate, at a distance, that VD was declining. This is why the defenders of the CDA policy were never able to provide convincing proof of the efficacy of their measures. Again and again the shortcomings of their figures could be exposed by opponents of the CDA officials could prove their point to the hilt as far as the figures and prevention were concerned. The repeal campaign would continue relentlessly to oppose the immoral principle of the legislation. Consequently, the repealers thus shared the tremendous initial advantage of appearing as defenders of individual liberty with their moral enemies the anti-"temperance" people. "Better England free than England sober" was an unanswerable position. The CDA repealers appealed with the same simple urgency to the Englishman's natural right to be syphilitic. As Mrs Butler put it with a sure topical touch in 1871: "The attempt to regulate vice in this matter is so impossible that, if continued, it must fail sooner or later, and draw down the judgments of heaven upon this country, as they have been drawn upon France".

John Clarkson then embarked on a successful business career as manager of a limestone quarry at Purfleet. Enterprising and far-sighted, he installed a horse-drawn railway, diversified into the coal trade, and made it a flourishing concern. Eventually he moved to Woodbridge and became a partner in a banking firm.

Bred from boyhood to strict naval discipline, he had not, as governor, tolerated opposition even from his own beloved Nova Scotians. As applied threat to his authority, was answered with an unequivocal threat of hanging. Even the long prayer that he uttered on leaving Sierra Leone (which used to be hawked round Freetown as a political broadsheet in the last decades of colonial rule) contained the bloodthirsty petition that if anyone should disturb the peace and comfort of the colony "let him be rooted out, O God, from off the face of the earth". But his sympathies with the French Revolution appear to have softened his views. Unwilling to fight against France, he turned ultimately against war itself. In 1816 he and his brother were among the founders of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace, the first pacifist organization in this country. When Gilson Wilson has traced the story of an unusual career with patience, skill and diligence from a most impressively wide range of public and private sources.

Karari by Ismat Hasan Zolfo, translated by Peter Clark (262pp. Frederick Warne. £9.95. 0 7232 2677 6) tells the story of the Battle of Omdurman from the point of view of the Sudanese "enemy". Drawing on hitherto unpublished sources and the oral testimony of survivors of the battle, the book examines the Mahdist revolt which led to the battle, the personality of the Khalifa and the organization of his army and the five hours of fighting on the day itself. *Karari* was an immediate best-seller when it was first published in Arabic in 1973.

NORTON



Kolyma Tales
Varlam Shalamov
Translated and with a Foreword by John Glad

In 1937, Shalamov was arrested by the Soviet Secret Police for the crime of declaring that the Nobel Prize Laureate, Ivan Bunin, was a 'classic author of Russian literature. Shalamov spent seventeen years in the Kolyma region of northeastern Siberia. He has documented life in these camps in powerful stories, recorded here for the first time in English. The stories are grouped under the headings 'Survival', 'Hope', 'Defiance', 'The Criminal World', 'The Jailers' World', 'The American Connection' and 'Release'.

26 June cloth £5.95



American Dream Global Nightmare
Sandy Vogelgesang

Do human rights violations constitute a global problem requiring U.S. action? Or is advocacy of human rights unwarranted meddling in other nation's affairs? The author analyses recent U.S. policy initiatives and their domestic political considerations on the human rights front, including those involving Indochina, Iran, and Nicaragua. Not only does the book reveal the background of major decisions in this sensitive area, it also gives the human rights question a human dimension through the case histories of three victims of rights violations: a Cambodian refugee, a Soviet dissident, and a Salvadorean peasant.

26 June cloth £7.75

W. W. Norton & Company Ltd 25 New Street Square London EC4A 3NT

Settling Sierra Leone

By Christopher Fyfe

ELLEN GIBSON WILSON:
John Clarkson and the African Adventure
256pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 333 26594 7

John Clarkson is chiefly remembered for having been sent to Nova Scotia in 1791 by the Sierra Leone Company, to collect black loyalist settlers and bring them across the Atlantic to Sierra Leone. Ellen Gibson Wilson has already told the story in detail in *The Loyal Blacks* (so has James Walker in *The Black Loyalists*); now she widens her focus to include the whole of Clarkson's life. He and his more famous older brother Thomas were the sons of the headmaster of Wisbech Grammar School, with family connections which enabled John to become a naval officer. His naval career began at the age of twelve on board a seventy-four-gun warship. Within eighteen months he was in action at the battle of Ushant and served in the West Indies all through the American War. When the war ended he returned home, an unemployed lieutenant. At the same time his brother was embarking on his campaign against the slave trade.

Thomas Clarkson maintained that renouncing the slave trade would not bring ruin to Britain, as its champions claimed, but would make it possible to substitute a far more profitable trade in other commodities. Hence the Sierra Leone Company (of which he was a director) sought to inaugurate a new kind of commerce in West Africa. Instead of exchanging British manufactured goods for slaves, the company would exchange them for produce grown in their own settlements, established to trade with Africans inland. This demanded an immigrant labour force—the black Nova Scotians whom John Clarkson was sent to fetch.

The Company, a profit-making concern, proposed to levy annual quit-rents on all land grants. This Clarkson seems not to have been told. For when the prospective settlers asked if they would have to pay quit-rents on their land, he promised that this would not be necessary. His mistaken promise was to embitter irrevocably all future relations between the settlers and the Company, and eventually to provoke some of them into armed rebellion.

Clarkson stayed on in charge of the Sierra Leone settlement; a thankless, frustrating task. What irked him most was the unfeeling way in which the other Europeans treated the Nova Scotians, to whom he had become passionately devoted. He put their concerns first. Ellen Wilson seems to object to my having written somewhere that "he was ready to sacrifice the Company's policy to their peace of mind". But in *John Clarkson and the African Adventure* she shows clearly that that was what he did, without neglecting his (often very unhelpful) instructions, but giving priority to the humane duty of settling his people contentedly in their new homes.

He was made to pay for it. When he went home to marry, intending to return and resume his governorship, the Company's directors, until then full of praise, turned against him and dismissed him. Here Wilberforce played an unattractive part. Professing close personal attachment to Clarkson, he would not support him. Nor, despite repeated promises, would he use his enormous influence to find Clarkson alternative naval employment. Ellen Wilson reveals an underlying reason. Both Clarkson brothers were enthusiastic supporters of the French Revolution. Wilberforce, with his horror of Jacobinism, inevitably became estranged from John and even from Thomas, his intimate collaborator in the anti-slave trade campaign.

John Clarkson then embarked on a successful business career as manager of a limestone quarry at Purfleet. Enterprising and far-sighted, he installed a horse-drawn railway, diversified into the coal trade, and made it a flourishing concern. Eventually he moved to Woodbridge and became a partner in a banking firm.

Bred from boyhood to strict naval discipline, he had not, as governor, tolerated opposition even from his own beloved Nova Scotians. An applied threat to his authority was answered with an unequivocal threat of hanging. Even the long prayer that he uttered on leaving Sierra Leone (which used to be hawked round Freetown as a political broadsheet in the last decades of colonial rule) contained the bloodthirsty petition that if anyone should disturb the peace and comfort of the colony "let him be rooted out, O God, from off the face of the earth". But his sympathies with the French Revolution appear to have softened his views. Unwilling to fight against France, he turned ultimately against war itself. In 1816 he and his brother were among the founders of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace, the first pacifist organization in this country. When Gilson Wilson has traced the story of an unusual career with patience, skill and diligence from a most impressively wide range of public and private sources.

Karari by Ismat Hasan Zolfo, translated by Peter Clark (262pp. Frederick Warne. £9.95. 0 7232 2677 6) tells the story of the Battle of Omdurman from the point of view of the Sudanese "enemy". Drawing on hitherto unpublished sources and the oral testimony of survivors of the battle, the book examines the Mahdist revolt which led to the battle, the personality of the Khalifa and the organization of his army and the five hours of fighting on the day itself. *Karari* was an immediate best-seller when it was first published in Arabic in 1973.

The model mercantilists

By C. J. Dewey

K. N. CHAUDHURI:
The Trading World of Asia and the English East India Company 1660-1760
647pp. Cambridge University Press. £37.50.
0 521 21716 4

The European chartered companies trading with the East Indies have attracted a galaxy of talented historians since their demise, just as their activities attracted the attention of a host of talented economists—from Defoe to Mill via Smith—as long as they survived. With the publication of *The Trading World of Asia*, a new star appears—or rather re-appears—in this particular firmament. K. N. Chaudhuri's book advances the study of its subject by a generation. It represents the work of a lifetime, not only—or even mainly—in the sense that it took a significant proportion of Dr Chaudhuri's working life to write, but in the sense that such a book is only likely to be written once in a lifetime. Twenty years ago, perhaps as recently as ten years ago, it could hardly have been written; and there will be no need to re-examine the same ground for many years to come.

What makes *The Trading World of Asia* an elegant blend of the best of the old with the best of the new? Dr Chaudhuri has all the "mastery" of the classical historian at his fingertips—the appetite for "sources", the instinct for lines of inquiry, the judgment to appraise evidence, and a gift for lucid—even meticulous—exposition. To these qualities he has added the techniques of the "new economic history": the formal models, statistical series, and what Dr Chaudhuri at one point quaintly refers to as the "electronic computer". Few machines can have been as well loved as Dr Chaudhuri's coy mistress at the London University computing centre; the great deliverer of the educated "lumpenproletariat" from drudgery. The excitement of working with computer technology, Dr Chaudhuri tells us, was *intense*:

> The collection and the transformation of the quantitative data into machine-readable form took many years. During this time I had only a dim picture of the overall framework. In the event, the computer required no more than a few minutes to present the final results. The data which lie buried in millions of accounting entries in over 400 volumes, which took 100 years to accumulate, and more than five years to re-order, were made available to us in a tabular form within a day. The magnitude of the machine's achievement can be realised by remembering that the knowledge which we possess now on the Company's trading operations was not available to the participants at the time.

Like the early Bolsheviks with electricity, Dr Chaudhuri has seen the future—and it works.

It works so well, in Dr Chaudhuri's case, that *The Trading World of Asia* is a gold-mine of ideas and information on the organization and activities of the East India Company, the long-distance trade in which it participated, and the Asiatic economies on which that trade impinged. Dr Chaudhuri's great contribution to the history of the Company is to treat it as a *company*: as a great business enterprise—in many ways the most successful "multi-national" of all time. The perfect embodiment of the spirit of mercantilism depended on power; on its special relationship with the British government, which granted it a monopoly of the home market, and pressed its interests against its European rivals; and on the fortified settlements in India itself, backed by the Company's naval power. But the quest for profit—as Dr Chaudhuri shows—restricted the use of force to favourable (or compelling) circumstances. The cost of military action, and the risk of retaliation, were high and certain; the profits of concessions—like exemption from customs—and sovereignty (the sale of safe-conduct to foreign ships, the levy of customs) were hypothetical. Occasional flourishes of bellicosity—the Company took on the Mughal empire in 1688-89 and lost—were followed by revulsions in favour of peaceful corruption.

The point, then, that Dr Chaudhuri makes, is that in this "middle period" of its history it was the Company's ability to take the right commercial decisions (and implement them) that accounts for its survival. It traded under conditions of great uncertainty. There were the random shocks—the wars and famines—that dislocated routes, markets, and finance. There were the more regular cycles, as supply outran demand and demand outpaced supply. But it was the immense distance—and consequent delays between purchase and sale—that aggravated every inherent risk. The seasonality of the winds in the Indian Ocean meant that only one fleet could arrive and one fleet leave each year; the round-trip took some 18 months, so every decision was a speculation on a hazardous future market.

The Company's response to this challenge was to build up a rational decision-taking system, which by taking all the conflicting considerations into account minimized its risks and maximized its profits. The first step in the establishment of this system was to procure adequate commercial intelligence—to demand in Europe and supply in India. This the Directors did through their quarterly auctions in London, the standardized returns they required the factories in India to submit, and continuous correspondence.

The Company, in many ways, was an immense machine for bookkeeping and report-writing. Having secured their data, the sub-committees of the Court then appraised it according to general principles derived from past experience and clear-cut objectives, and arrived at sets of instructions. The size of the fleet sent out each year, the composition of its cargo, the inventory of Indian products the factories were expected to supply, the prices at which the Company was prepared to buy, the sums to be employed as capital and the sources from which they were to be obtained, the stocks to be held, were all initially decided in London, only to be amended by the officials in India, to take account of the inevitable discrepancies between the tonnage of the fleet when it finally arrived, the goods they had ordered in advance in response to the Company's orders, and the goods actually delivered by their Indian suppliers. "The Asian councils", Dr Chaudhuri explains, "had to find an optimum solution to four interrelated problems: the marginal cost of borrowing if the funds available were not enough, the cost of detaining the ships (in terms of freight and demurrage payments) if the cargo was not ready, the cost of sending them home half or partially laden, and the cost of oversupplying the goods." The success with which the Company made a myriad such decisions was a function of the impersonality with which decisions were made by councils or committees bound by rules. Despite the family connections and webs of patronage so conspicuous to historians, and the intermittent insubordination of its servants, Dr Chaudhuri insists that the personnel of the Company still operated within the system: it was "a form of business constitutionalism".

The context within which Dr Chaudhuri sets the operations of the Company—the trading world of Asia of his title—rests on a series of studies of markets, merchants, commodities, bullion, and long-term trends and fluctuations which defy summary in a brief review. What was the nature of Asian markets? Were they highly volatile, extremely fragmented, and dominated by pedlars—as Van Leur argued? Dr Chaudhuri recalls the merchant princes, the extent of commodities, the periods of relative stability. Why was Surat the premier port and commercial capital of India for so long, only to give way to Bombay? Dr Chaudhuri—after passing the alternative explanations in review—falls back on the commercial acumen of the Gujarati merchants as the key to Surat's pre-eminence; as the key to the political situation explains its fall. What were the sources of the bullion the Company exported in such huge quantities to the East, in return for textiles, raw silk, coffee, tea, pepper, indigo, saltpetre, Chinese porcelain? What—for that matter—was the nature of the Euro-Asian market for Indian exports? There are immense public questions to which Dr Chaudhuri provides better answers than we have ever had before, and answers to innumerable questions which have hardly been asked before.

Dr Chaudhuri's treatment of the economies—it would be wrong to speak of an Indian economy—affected by the Company's operations shows how much of the economic history of South Asia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries could be written from the archives of the East India Company. One chapter—on the Company and the Indian textile industry—illustrates the point to perfection. The diffusion of Indian textiles throughout Europe was comparable with the discovery and spread of tobacco, coffee, tea—or the potato. For a century and a half the Indian textile industry grew—despite mounting anarchy—because the European companies gave them access to the European market. Dr Chaudhuri's delicate yet vigorous analysis of the costs determining the industry's location shows how old centres of high-quality production—the Dacca muslins, or the cotton of Kossimbazaar—found new patrons, while new centres producing lower-cost cloth (like Bombay) were brought into existence in the "hot-house" micro-climate of the Company's settlements, which offered migrant weavers protection from political oppression and harvest failures. Entire towns were deserted and regions denuded of a staple industry by the flight of weavers "voting with their feet"; a degree of mobility enhanced by the complete absence of a capital-intensive technology. Even by the standard of contemporary Europe, the weavers' plant was as primitive as their manual skills were refined.

It was the combination of highly-developed hereditary skills and low wages that allowed them to penetrate the European market, till the mechanization of the British industry reversed the flow of commodities. The weavers' poverty—and their infinite distance from the fickle European market—forced the Company to finance production, advancing enormous sums of working capital through Indian brokers. There were no—or few—Indian capitalists capable of operating on the same scale as the great English clothiers; the political environment was too hostile to conspicuous accumulation. As the agent to Fort St George put it in 1676.

> In Europe industry is favoured and prosperity secured, and particularly weavers of all sorts like our clothiers and Indian fabriquers raise themselves vast estates; now with such the greater your dealings with ensyer your termos, it being sure gaines in the makers own hands. But here the quite contrary, where they dare not board nor increase their estates to any bulk. Its meat for Harpys. The merchants who are in some way of getting, spend it in a manner all in good workes and plentiful living where they dare; reserving little else but credit and a bare stock to carry on business. But the poore weavers between their inbred way of feading Baneneys and the extortions of their Avaldars, live merely from hand to mouth . . . and seldom able to put a peece upon the loome without the money beforehand.

What one wonders, will nationalist historians make of that?

Underpinning all of Dr Chaudhuri's conclusions is a mass of painstaking computation, which mainly surfaces in the eighty-odd pages of appendices. They contain a lucid description of his methods, an outline of his decision-taking model, and a series of tables on the commodity composition of Asian trade. Those tables which Cambridge University Press declined to print on the grounds of cost—one can understand why—are available on microfilm for use by other historians. One regrets a little more the exclusion of prospective chapters on the East India Company's shipping and shipwrecks; and one regrets a great deal more the price of this *magnum opus*, which places it beyond the reach of all but the most reckless bibliophile. But Dr Chaudhuri—and still more, Dr Chaudhuri's readers—are none the less indebted to the Press, which took up the production of an extremely costly book at a time of drastic financial stringency, and did it proud.

The History of the City
Leonardo Benevolo

First published in Italian in 1975, *The History of the City* is already a standard work on the history of town planning. It is now available in English for the first time. The book provides an extensive and comprehensive picture of urban development in Europe and the Near East, as well as showing developments in further flung parts of the world where they relate to events in Europe. The text is concise, with a wealth of examples, and is copiously illustrated with over 1500 plans, engravings and photographs. An essential feature of this survey is the detailed, heavily illustrated study of the growth of specific European cities.

1012 pages ISBN 0 85967 579 3 £45.00
Prospectus available on request

Reformation Principle & Practice
Essays in Honour of A. G. Dickens
Edited by Peter Newman Brooks

This volume of essays is being published to mark the seventieth birthday of Professor A. G. Dickens, arguably the greatest living authority on the English Reformation. Leading scholars in the field have contributed original essays which reflect his various interests in this volatile period—intellectual, local, social and essentially human. The volume is thus an appropriate tribute to one of the finest English historians and an important piece of scholarship in its own right.

256 pages ISBN 0 85967 579 3 £18.50
Prospectus available on request

Stephen Hales: Scientist and Philanthropist
D. G. C. Allan and R. E. Schofield

A new study of one of the most distinguished Englishmen of the eighteenth century, who brought inventiveness and scientific work to bear on the social and economic needs of the time.

240 pages ISBN 0 85967 482 7
£17.50 to 31.12.80, £22.50 thereafter

William Shipley: Founder of the Royal Society of Arts
D. G. C. Allan

This reprint makes available again the definitive biography of William Shipley (1715–1803), one of the most inventive men of his times.

272 pages cloth ISBN 0 85967 483 5 £10.00
paper ISBN 0 85967 484 3 £4.95

Imperial China: Photographs 1850–1912
Clark Worswick and Jonathan Spence

Now available in paperback, this fascinating collection of early photographs provides an insight into the landscapes and peoples of China during the final decades of the Dragon Throne.

152 pages cloth ISBN 0 85967 564 5 £12.50
paper ISBN 0 85967 565 3 £7.95

Poems (1857)
Alfred Lord Tennyson

First published by E. Moxon and Co. in 1866, this edition of Tennyson's *Poems* is prized for its wealth of pre-Raphaelite illustrations. Reprinted by Scolar Press in 1976, it is now available in paperback.

376 pages ISBN 0 85967 623 4 £4.95

For further information, and a copy of our Autumn list, write to
SCOLAR PRESS
90/91 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3PY

EP MICROFORM LTD
Academic Publishers of Microfilm and Microfiche

RELIGION, RADICALISM AND FREETHOUGHT IN VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN BRITAIN

Religion was a central issue in the lives of many of the people in Britain in the nineteenth century, and religious societies proliferated to express this concern and to reach out to the poor, who were, it was not to be religious enough and to be in special need of its message. Charity, education, social policy and even politics were seen as having an important anti-religious dimension. One consequence of this was that those, radicals, who dissented from the prevailing orthodoxies of their age felt obliged to attack the religious dimension as well, often substituting for it their own belief-systems and organizations.

In recent years there has been a growing realisation of the need to take the religious dimension seriously in the study of social and labour history and with the aim of assisting researchers in this field EP Microform announce a new series of microfilm publications, under the academic guidance of Dr Edward Royle, University of York.

The project will cover Religious Societies, Periodicals, Pamphlets and selected Local Studies. Full details on application.

East Ardsley, Wakefield WF3 2JN, Yorkshire, England.
Telephone: Wakefield 823971

Psychical skulduggery

By Graham Hough

C. E. M. HANSEL:
ESP and Parapsychology
A Critical Re-evaluation
325pp. New York : Prometheus. $15.95 (paperback, $7.95).
0 87975 119 3

C. E. M. Hansel, the hammer of the parapsychologists, is on the war-path again. His earlier book, *ESP : A Scientific Evaluation* (1966), was an uncompromisingly destructive assessment of research on ESP and other reputedly psychic phenomena. In *ESP and Parapsychology* he returns to the attack, reprinting most of his original material, updating it where necessary, and taking in new experimental work such as that on Uri Geller. His conclusions are the same : no such phenomenon as ESP exists, and any alleged evidence to the contrary is the result of either fraud or error. This flat rejection probably puts Professor Hansel in a minority among those who interest themselves in such matters. The general consensus today would be better represented by Hans Eysenck : unless there is a world-wide conspiracy to deceive " the only conclusion the unbiased observer can come to must be that there does exist a small number of people who obtain knowledge existing either in other people's minds or in the outer world by means yet unknown to science". But appeals to authority get us nowhere : *ad scrutinium*.

The extreme negative pole in this argument is that since ESP is a priori impossible no evidence could be strong enough to support it, and detailed investigation is not necessary. Professor Hansel does not go quite so far. His position is that ESP is so inherently improbable that any evidence alleged in its support must be absolutely water-tight, proof against any possibility of error or deceit. As long as any possibility of fraud exists it must be regarded as a more plausible explanation than ESP, and any experiment where such a loophole is left open can be dismissed out of hand. This means in practice that all will be dismissed, for however carefully an experiment is designed it is always possible for the *ex post facto* inquisitor to explain the results as due to some sort of collective fraud. And Hansel does not hesitate to suggest that where fraud is possible it is probable that it will occur. This bit of saturation bombing has naturally caused much offence to workers in the field, accustomed to believe each other as trustworthy as researchers of any other kind.

Nevertheless, the assault is a formidable one. The work of J. B. Rhine at Duke University and of Soal in London included certain classic card-guessing experiments generally regarded as proving the reality of ESP. Hansel has concentrated his attention on these, and has left the best of them looking decidedly shaky. His discussion of the Pearce-Pratt experiment at Duke (1933-34) depends on the suggestion that Pearce saw the target cards through a window. There is no evidence that this actually occurred; but Hansel called attention to the grossly unsatisfactory manner in which the experiment was reported. This is now generally admitted, and is bound to cast doubt on the status of the results. In the Pratt-Woodruff experiment, also at Duke (1938-39), Hansel demonstrates a perfectly possible method of fraud, and produces some internal evidence for it that at least needs consideration.

Soal's experiments with Shackleton in London (1944) had an additional interest in that they involved precognition as well as telepathy or clairvoyance. Soal's reputation as a careful and rather sceptical investigator was high. In 1955 George R. Price of Minnesota pointed out that if Soal wished to cheat and got others to collaborate with him there were several ways in which this could be done. Shortly after this Mrs Albert, one of the agents with whom Shackleton had been remarkably successful, said that she had seen Soal altering the figures in the score sheets. Hansel mounted his first attack on Soal in 1960; and after that controversy became general, with a number of distinguished investigators indignantly defending Soal's integrity. This was the state of play when *ESP: A Scientific Evaluation* came out in 1966.

Since then several things have happened to strengthen Hansel's position, as his present book records. The attacks on Soal's work continued until they became conclusive ; and it was finally admitted even by those who were least willing to believe Soal at fault, that the data had been manipulated. There are some who remain doubtful how far this was deliberate ; but it is clear that all Soal's work must now be regarded as invalid. And there have been other blows. In 1974 W. L. Levy, Director of the Institute for Parapsychology, was caught cheating in an experiment, admitted to having done so, and was sacked from his post. And in addition, though Hansel, with some restraint, does not mention it, there has been the extraordinary affair of the late Cyril Burt. This has nothing to do with parapsychology (though Burt had, as it happens, written excellently on the subject) but it does offer the spectacle of an eminent and respected psychologist, working in a borderline scientific area, deliberately and elaborately falsifying his results—thus affording an extra piece of evidence for Hansel's contention that where fraud is possible it will occur. So far, one would say, game and set to Professor Hansel. But it still remains open to question whether he has won the match.

He has concentrated his attention on the most celebrated experiments of Rhine and Soal, since it is these that are held up as the strongest evidence for ESP. If they fall, it is argued, so does the rest of the scientific parapsychology of the past fifty years. But it is worth asking why the laboratory experiments were undertaken in the first place. And the answer is clear. Their purpose was to test and clarify, if possible corroborate, a large mass of evidence for telepathy, clairvoyance and precognition derived from ordinary experience—evidence of the kind now called anecdotal. Apart from the celebrated ancient tales there is an immense modern literature on these topics, beginning in English with Gurney's *Phantasms of the Living* and continuing through the whole series of publications of the Society for Psychical Research. This material is of very uneven value, some of it indeed anecdotal in the worst sense, some of it carefully recorded and well attested. But it cannot simply be neglected, unless we are to dismiss all human testimony on such matters as self-evidently false. Hansel brushes it off in ten pages. He gives an even more cavalier treatment to all the phenomena of mediumship. He devotes six pages to exploding the physical mediumship of Eusapia Palladino. This is hardly news, since the exposures go back seventy years or more.

The whole subject of mental mediumship is disposed of in a further six pages. This includes an absurdly scrappy, inadequate and inaccurate account of the mediumship of Mrs Piper and Mrs Leonard ; while the most remarkable cases of all—the cross-correspondences and the work of Mrs Willett—are not mentioned at all. So there is no deplorable falling off in Hansel's book from the severe but penetrating examination of the laboratory work to the perfunctory and unjust treatment of other sides of psychical research.

The implication is that all these accounts of remarkable occurrences are equally worthless. The sum of any number of zeroes is of course zero. And that is how Hansel sees the whole parapsychological picture. But it is entirely reasonable to interpret it in another way. What we have before us is a mass of convergent evidence, of various kinds, all of it falling short of certainty but much of it well supported, pointing in the direction of ESP. Much of the mediumistic evidence was accumulated as part of a quasi-religious inquiry into the possibility of life after death. But leaving the question of survival entirely on one side (Hansel rightly mentions it) the phenomena of the séance-room must then be seen as providing some of the most striking examples of telepathy among the living.

Hansel's position in effect rejects all inquiry into such matters as possible, for everyone who embarks on an investigation that turns out badly is immediately stigmatized by him as an incompetent dupe or disqualified as an untrustworthy witness in all subsequent cases. He does not allow a condition that it is rarely to be admitted at the outset that anyone who takes up psychical research must be prepared at all times to be deluded with those who are themselves deluded, on occasion to be deceived by those who set out to deceive. Unless this or something like it is accepted by responsible observers all exploration of the shadowy areas must be at once abandoned. Hansel's short way with disease is an effective scourge of mental laxity, even in supposedly impregnable cases. When in his previous book he comes to the not recently reported case of wonder-working such as Uri Geller and Ted Serios he has little trouble. The case for mechanical tricks and investigator credulity seems unanswerable. But these trivial performances with cameras and cutlery have not much connection with the serious inquiries into human capacity in which psychical research began.

What I think Professor Hansel has shown is something rather different from what he intended. It is that most of the experimental work of the past forty or fifty years—moral-guessing and the like—has been a blind alley. The establishment of ESP effects so marginal that they can only be demonstrated in elaborate institutional settings by elaborate statistical methods will never be satisfactory. The results established are open to from the questions originally asked, and they will always be open to the possibility of experimental or computational error—not to mention charges of self-deception or fraud. The faith in statistics is pure superstition. It has brought no gain in precision or certainty. Statisticians are no more in agreement than theologians, and so far from telling their own story, figures are interpreted in the light of extraneous preconceptions or discredited as notational errors. And the material on which the experimenters have worked is so inexpressibly tedious, so insignificant, that the whole business must shortly die of inanition. So far as Hansel is helping to kill it off he is doing a useful job. But the field of psychical research extends beyond these ill-conceived experiments ; and most of it he has left untouched.

Trout

They are released from the capsized tanks
like a mass discharge of torpedoes

They rise, tying the surface in slipknots,
shattering the images of the monkish wondering trees

They boil up the depth like propellers—
like powerboats they ride their bellies' reflections

Overleaping the ripples
the shaken blanket of waters
they are dolphins vaulting the crests of Atlantic

Their ecstasy knows no horizons—
slitting the curtain of shallows
they thrash on up the shore . . .

They are hooked between light and dark—
trying to speak the air's language
trying to call back the water

one eye slapping earth
one fixed upon death

I. P. Taylor

Mansell Autumn Titles



The Bible: Texts and Translations of the Bible and the Apocrypha and Their Books from the National Union Catalog, Pre-1956 Imprints
35.5 x 26.5 cm, 5 vols., abt. 700 pp. per vol., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 1567 1, £200.00

Natural History Manuscript Resources in the British Isles
Compiled by Gavin D. R. Bridson, Valerie C. Phillips and Anthony P. Harvey
28.5 x 22.5 cm, abt. 612 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 1559 0, abt. £95.00

Inflation, Depression and Economic Policy in the West
Edited by Anthony S. Courakis
23.5 x 16 cm, abt. 288 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0916 9, abt. £15.00

The British Labour Movement to 1970
A bibliography
By Harold Smith, with a foreword by Asa Briggs
24 x 16 cm, abt. 272 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0924 8, abt. £30.00

The Middle East: Its Oil, Economies and Investment Policies
A guide to sources of financial information
By David Nicholas
22 x 14 cm, abt. 216 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0907 8, abt. £16.00

Islam in the Modern World
And other studies
By Elie Kedourie
23 x 16 cm, abt. 280 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 1570 1, abt. £10.00

The Status of the Arab Woman
A select bibliography
Compiled by Samira Rafidi Meghdessian
22 x 14 cm, 176 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 1517 5, £14.00

Women 1870-1928
A select guide to printed and archival sources in the United Kingdom
By Margaret Barrow
24 x 16 cm, abt. 260 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0923 X, abt. £15.00

The International Sherlock Holmes
A companion volume to the World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson
By Ronald Burt de Waal
25.5 x 19.5 cm, abt. 739 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 1600 7, £27.50.

Alternatives in Print
An international catalog of books, pamphlets, periodicals and audiovisual materials
Sixth edition, compiled by the Task Force on Alternatives in Print, Social Responsibilities Round Table, American Library Association
28 x 21.5 cm, 680 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 1519 1, £20.00

The Rise of Modern Urban Planning, 1800-1914
Edited by Anthony Sutcliffe
24 x 16 cm, abt. 220 pp., incl. illus., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0902 7, abt. £12.00

Shaping an Urban World
Planning in the twentieth century
Edited by Gordon E. Cherry
24 x 16 cm, abt. 220 pp., incl. illus., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0903 5, abt. £12.00

Planning for Conservation
An international perspective
Edited by Roger Kain
24 x 16 cm, abt. 400 pp., incl. illus., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0904 3, abt. £15.00

The History of Urban and Regional Planning
An annotated bibliography
By Anthony Sutcliffe
22 x 14 cm, abt. 280 pp., cloth, ISBN 0 7201 0901 9, abt. £13.00

Please write for a full list of forthcoming titles.

Mansell
3 BLOOMSBURY PLACE LONDON WC1A 2QA ENGLAND

Provisional performances

By Zachary Leader

SUSAN MORGAN :
In the Meantime : Character and Perception in Jane Austen's Fiction
210pp. University of Chicago Press. 19.50.
0 226 53763 3

DAVID MONAGHAN :
Jane Austen : Structure and Social Vision
176pp. Macmillan. £12.
0 333 27110 6

Susan Morgan, author of the more interesting of these two critical studies, almost always refers to her subject as Austen rather than Jane Austen. This sounds awkward, but ought to be approved, since the habitual use of Christian and given names for female writers whose male counterparts are of the stature of Scott, Dickens, or Joyce is sexist, and relatively easy or painless to try to change.

I raise this minor but tricky business of names because it bears interestingly on the nature and failure of both books under review. Whereas Austen herself would probably have approved neither of the conventional address, nor of any self-conscious effort to break it, Morgan, on the one hand, seems to see only its implied slight or insult, while David Monaghan, on the other, sees no problem at all. If the " Austen " of Morgan's book is unfamiliarly abstract, philosophical, and radical, often at odds with and eager to reform the conventional wisdom, David Monaghan's " Jane Austen " is altogether more familiar, writing from within and for " the social order which it has been the business of her literary career to explore and vindicate ". Both views are partial and limiting.

Morgan's *In the Meantime : Character and Perception in Jane Austen's Fiction* argues against too sharp a distinction between Austen's novels and the poetry of her Romantic contemporaries. What Austen shares with the Romantics is " not so much her conclusions but the dilemma to which those conclusions were her particular response ". At times—in Morgan's introductory chapter in particular—this dilemma is restricted to its epistemological dimension : " an intellectual position which, rejecting the inheritance of Locke, explains ideas of perception as temporal and creative ". Elsewhere, in the course of chapters on each of the six completed novels, the relation between Austen and the Romantics is widened to include other affinities, such as faith in the truth and goodness of the imagination (Shelley's " A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively " serves as epigraph to the chapter on *Emma*) ; a distrust of limits and fixed systems (the implacably sensibilitous Marianne Dashwood is deplored, in Blakean terms, as an example of closed or " systematic reasoning ") ; or the conviction that " freedom is only to be found beyond the boundaries of the self " (a truth associated with Elinor Dashwood, not Marianne, and with the Wordsworth of " Tintern Abbey ").

Though each of the novels, according to Morgan, shares a Romantic preoccupation with " the mind and its objects " the fictional forms in which this preoccupation is embodied are of two sorts. *Emma*, *Northanger Abbey*, and *Pride and Prejudice* are " novels of crisis " ; *Sense and Sensibility*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Persuasion* " novels of passage ". In novels of crisis epistemological and ethical interests coincide ; Emma's moment of revelation after Box Hill, like Catherine Morland's at Northanger Abbey, or Elizabeth Bennett's at Hunsford, is a perceptual failing in which is also a moral failing. In novels of passage epistemological and ethical concerns are separate : though Fanny Price, Elinor Dashwood, and Anne Elliot have much to make out, their goodness is clear from the start ; what is revealed to them, moreover, is only gradually revealed, without benefit of epiphanal or " privileged " moments. It is a larger truth of all the novels, but especially those of passage that what Trilling calls " the moral life " occurs " in the meantime ":

> Human relations do not wait for judgements to be conclusive. They happen in the meantime. That is why people keep moving at houses or walking into rooms when other characters are not prepared to see them. For it is that meantime, that in-between time, with which Austen is concerned.

This interesting observation is but one of many in Morgan's book. Another is that " The famous opening sentence of *Pride and Prejudice*, ' It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife ', locates the subject of the book in our tendency to generalize " ; or, again from the chapter on *Pride and Prejudice*, that " The aesthetic and the moral responsibility for creating a typical take most lie with Wickham rather than with his author . . . for Wickham, though villainous, is a subtle, subtle nor ingenious, and the mask he creates for Meryton's benefit and his own is tellingly unoriginal " ; or that true decorum, " based not on what one knows but on the recognition that knowledge continues . . . [is] a way of behaving that sustains the potential in experience for acting and changing relations between others and ourselves ".

The abstraction of this last passage points, however, to the first of several weaknesses in Morgan's book. To begin with, her writing is often awkward or needlessly abstract, as in a sentence like " The relations between Austen's completed novels need to be expressed in language more innocent than differences as departures or improvements." It can also balloon into florid portentousness, particularly at temptingly historical moments such as the ends of chapters or paragraphs (see, for instance, the concluding sentences of the introductory chapter, the title of which, " Perfect Felicity : A Robber in the Poultry House ", is itself somewhat overblown). As for weaknesses of method, the most important is the book's failure to mention, let alone discuss, other novelists of the period, particularly those who not only shared Austen's concern with the Romantic " dilemma ", but probably introduced her to it (along with Cowper, who ought also to have been mentioned). A final demur may in part be the product of the book's schizophrenic structure : *In the Meantime* conveys the impression of a novelist wholly at pence with her theme. Each of Austen's fictions is discussed as if it were a perfectly realized achievement rather than something provisional or worked towards, the expression of contradictory and shifting impulses.

In this respect, at least, David Monaghan's *Jane Austen : Structure and Social Vision*, is to be preferred. Monaghan starts with a potentially interesting idea : " the a study of social rituals, by which I mean events like balls, dinners, evening-parties and visits, will help us to understand how Jane Austen viewed her society ". Rituals are revealing, argues Monaghan, because Austen believed, with Burke, that " Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in great measure, the laws depend " ; that " it is in his more formal social contacts that the quality of a person's polite performance is most surely tested " ; and that formal social occasions or " ' ceremonies of life ' (*Mansfield Park*, page 93) were characterized by particularly strict codes of behaviour ".

At first Monaghan seeks for the identity of these strict codes in contemporary social and historical documents : La Rochefoucauld is quoted on the English dinner party and Philip J. S. Richardson on the balls at Bath. But historical and social sources soon fall away, leaving only evidence from the novels themselves, plus the comments of twentieth-century critics.

The result is predictable. Nothing new is revealed about codes of polite performance, and the social occasion as a focus of frame for discussion dissolves into its familiar components. What begins as a discussion of visiting or the visit, for example, turns into a discussion of places visited and the behaviour of visiting or visited characters—an approach which, though perfectly sensible, is hardly new. When Monaghan tells us that " In the course of *Sense and Sensibility* visits take Elinor and Marianne Dashwood into four distinct social milieux ", and then proceeds to build a chapter out of discussions of the people and places in each one, he's treading well-worn ground. So too with his discussion of the formal social occasion in Mansfield Park, the main business of which " is to trace the way in which Fanny effects a transition in her polite performance ":

> The process can be broken down into three stages . . . In the first part of the novel, Fanny remains passive, and is frequently left on the edge of the circle of involvement as the Bertrams move away from her and towards the Crawfords . . . In the second part, Fanny becomes more active and by attracting others towards her . . . is able to progress towards the centre of her social circle. In the third part, however, she must become still again, because further movements can only be achieved by giving in to attempts to make her marry Henry Crawford.

This, like the chapter from which it comes, is mere " telling the story." Though Monaghan writes well, he never really carries out the original and interesting proposal of his book. What we are left with, for all its obvious truth, is not enough.

Trojan treatments

By Valerie Adams

C. DAVID BENSON :
The History of Troy in Middle English Literature
174pp. Ipswich : Boydell and Brewer. £12.50.
0 85991 059 8

David Benson's book is about the Middle English versions of Guido delle Colonne's *Historia Destructionis Troiae*. He is interested, that is, in the Troy story as history (since Guido's account was accepted as the true one), and in those poets in particular—the authors of the alliterative *Destruction of Troy* and of the *Laud Troy Book*, and Lydgate ; writers who differed from Guido in assuming that it is possible to be both historian and poet. (But, pace Benson, Guido does not say that poetry and history are antipathetic ; he says merely that certain poets—Ovid, Virgil, Homer —were unwilling to exclude fiction from their accounts.) The English writers, Benson suggests, were " caught in the contradiction of serving two disciplines " ; they have been treated unfairly by modern writers who have not appreciated their serious concern with history. The book falls into three not very closely connected sections ; the first on Guido's work as history ; the second, and longest, on his three Middle English translators ; while in the third Benson argues for the relevance of Guido's work to the two major fictions of the Troy material — Chaucer's *Troilus* and Henryson's *Testaments of Cresseid*.

He begins with an interesting attempt to place Guido's *Historia* in the context of medieval historical writing, the better to understand what kind of work it was that his three poets thought they were dealing with. Depending rather heavily on the description of " clerical chronicles " and " aristocratic chronicles " in W. J. Brandt's *The Shape of Medieval History* (1966), he concludes that Guido is like the clerical chroniclers in the value he accords eye-witness testimony (provided of course in his special case by Dares and Dictys), but like the aristocratic chroniclers in his emphasis on celebration (rather than explanation) of the attitudes and deeds of heroes, and his alternating narration of both sides of the

The account is a little unclear however : fidelity to the " eye-witness style ", Benson says, is responsible for Guido's failure to go beneath the surface of his story. But aristocratic chroniclers (such as Froissart) also tend to deal only with the surface of things and to be short on explanation (according to Brandt, because modern ideas of causal relationships were alien to them, hence invisible). Leaving aside the consideration that medieval historiography is a more complex matter than it appears in Benson's account, the label " eyewitness style " seems overworked : it is used to characterize Guido's presentation of battles, and of human character ; his portraits of important figures, and his tendency to narrate events as if they were isolated from one another.

Benson has argued cogently elsewhere that some features of the aristocratic chronicle may be illuminating for *The Knight's Tale*. But his description of Guido as the kind of historian with whom his historian-poets might well be familiar is not in detail relevant to the next section of his book, which consists of a rather defensive account of the three Middle English verse translations. The changes which the English poets make to their source do not diminish their claims to be serious and careful historians, since those consist mainly of " non-essential " and " detachable " additions, or passages which expand on a hint in Guido and are thus " not genuinely original ". As the author himself says, " change is hard to define exactly ". Troubling (and no doubt unanswerable) questions are constantly thrown up by his approach : what constitutes " genuine originality " ? How might these poets have understood fidelity to their source ? How can we distinguish between essential and non-essential change ?

These questions present themselves most insistently in the account of the *Laud Troy Book*, the freest treatment of Guido's work. The *Laud*-poet's aim, as stated in his prologue, appears to be to write a " romaunce " of Hector, to stand beside those of " Bovis, Gy, and of Gauwayn " etc. Romances are about heroes. Thus in this work Hector emerges as the principal figure. After Hector's death, Achilles (no hero for Guido) becomes the centre of favourable attention, with consequent adjustments to Guido's account.

Benson's desire to defend his poets against previous less-than-enthusiastic critics is at odds with his honesty—the repetitiveness of his style underlines his defensiveness—and at times his judgments appear almost contradictory. The alliterative *Destruction* at its best is " a very good poem indeed " ; on the other hand it offers no more than " a number of excellent passages scattered through the poem [which] exist in a bland puddling ". The shortcomings of Lydgate's *Troy Book* actually help the argument : this poet's additions are superficial and contradictory—and therefore do not undermine his faithfulness to historical truth.

The book is weakest in the third section, in which Benson takes up the theme of Guido's pessimism in relation to Chaucer and Henryson. The *Historia*, he thinks, " may well be one of the most despairing works ever written ". But Guido's pessimism is intermittent : he punctuates his narrative with exclamations like " Oh, that it had not been so! " ; he is disturbed that such calamities occurred for such trivial reasons ; (though good finally came out of evil). Yet he hopes fairly confidently that his work will give pleasure to his readers. The suggestion in Benson's book is that Chaucer finds the same pessimistic lesson in the *Troilus* as may be found in Guido : man cannot foresee the consequences of his actions, and this leads to disaster. For Benson this is the main lesson of *Troilus and Criseyde* : a view so simplistic as not to deserve serious consideration.

Finally, his reading of the *Testament* is distorted because he sees it against the background not of Chaucer's work but of Guido's (though, as he admits, Henryson made no use of Guido and probably did not know him). When Troilus performs his spontaneous act of generosity to the leper Cresseid, whom he does not recognize but who reminds him of her former self, he is riding back to Troy after a victorious encounter with the Greeks. In the context of Chaucer's poem this can be seen as an ironic reminder of his riding past her window at the beginning of the love affair. But in the context of Guido's work Troilus here should put us in mind of human ignorance of future misfortune—he is a short-sighted figure of worldly vanity and his gift to Cresseid is selfishly motivated. This seems forced : the emphasis at this point in the poem is all on Cresseid's spiritual progress (via Troilus' act of giving), and Benson gets a heavy strain out of the text to justify his reading

PAN-AFRICA LIBRARY

New Series

CHIRUNDU
ES'KIA MPHAHLELE
A fascinating novel in which the author explores through the dominant symbol of *nsato*, the python, the sinister power wielded by his chief character, Chirundu, government minister in an independent African country.
0 17 511621 0

SONGS OF STEEL
ANDREW EKWURU
In this novel about the impact of the Biafran war on local villages and their people, action and dialogue are by turns moving and terrifying. Ekwuru depicts the brutalizing effects of fear and despair but shows too how the human spirit can survive unbroken.
0 17 511617 2

GOING TO STORM
ANDREW EKWURU
Ekwuru turns to lighter themes in this novel, painting a witty picture of low life in an African town. In this community there is no lack of inhumanity, bribery and deceit but there are also reassuring measures of charity, goodness and truth.
0 17 511619 9

BLACK BOY
RICHARD WRIGHT
Black Boy is the classic story of self education achieved in rebellion against the degredation of the Afro-American experience. The material is raw autobiography, the style eloquent with fury.
0 17 511616 4

SEASON OF ANOMY
WOLE SOYINKA
The search of the protagonist, Ofeyi, for his abducted mistress takes the reader through a contemporary Waste Land whose moral and physical devastation owes as much to the acquisitive desperation of a cynical elite, as to the failure of others to translate existing alternatives into political realities.
0 17 511618 0

THOMAS NELSON & SONS LTD., NELSON HOUSE, MAYFIELD ROAD, WALTON-ON-THAMES, SURREY KT12 5PL.

Nelson

The spirit of the age

By John Larner

LAURO MARTINES :
Power and Imagination
City-States in Renaissance Italy
356pp. Allen Lane. £12.
0 7139 1314 2

In this ambitious and wide-ranging study, Lauro Martines, who is well-known for his important contributions to the social history of Florence, presents what is basically a sociological interpretation of the Italian Renaissance. Abandoning the chronology of Burckhardt, he sees that Renaissance as extending from the birth of the communes of northern and central Italy in the eleventh century to the extinction of their power in the *sixteenth*. In chapters devoted to "Power" he describes the origin of the communes, their internal divisions, and the movement of the *popolo* in the thirteenth century which attempted to enlarge the representative base of their governments. He describes the transformation of the fourteenth-century city-states into either despotisms or restricted oligarchies, the rise of the princely courts in the Quattrocento, and, finally, the dissolution of their authority in the course of the Italian Wars.

Set within this framework, are chapters devoted to "Imagination" which seek to explain how changes in economic and political power transformed the "consciousness" of the Italian governing classes and of those intellectuals and artists on whom they bestowed patronage. The forms of art and literature in the age of Dante are related to the character of city-states which had been profoundly influenced by the birth of commercial capitalism and the *popolo* movement. Following Gene Brucker's adaptation of the celebrated thesis of Hans Baron, the introduction both of a fully developed humanism and of the styles of scientific realism in art are attributed to the ideological needs of the Florentine commune in the first half of the fifteenth century, a commune menaced by, yet triumphant over, the threat of external enemies. The court culture of the second half of the century is then shown as giving way to a final glorious and yet, inevitably, melancholy reflection of upper-class attitudes in the years in which the peninsula was overrun by the *barbari*.

There is much of interest here both for scholars and a more general audience. Yet how far the reader will be convinced by the detailed interpretations of the relations between art and the social order will probably depend on how far he accepts the credibility of any detailed sociology of culture. A test case could be Professor Martines's discussion of the ways in which the poetry of the *dolce stil novo* might have been influenced by the *popolo* movement.

Any summary is likely to do violence to the argument, but its main heads can be presented as follows: the diction of the verse is lucid ("related directly to the pervasive influence of the *popolo*") and yet it is "select"; it is written in the vernacular (language of the *popolo*) rather than in Latin; none the less its sentiments are those of social elitism. It is concluded therefore that: "*Stil novo* and *popolo* are vitally linked both in a dialect of opposition and, more concordantly, in the vernacular tongue". Quite apart from the consideration that this type of reasoning allows almost anything to be linked at will to anything else, what is puzzling here are the criteria by which the characteristics of the *popolo* are defined. Why, it might be asked, should not a *popolano* delivery-post be far more obscure in speech, enthusiastic about Latin, and obsessed with social status, than any aristocrat living in the palaces of the Conti Guidi?

Again, in defence of the proposition that "the art of Giotto and his followers would have been impossible without the psychological stamp of the *popolo*", the Giottesque "visual revolution" is explained by "its self-assurance and practicality of vision who lived by trade, stood at the head of the commune and reached out in aggressive control over the countryside". It could be so. (By its very amplitude, after all, this type of judgment largely defies either proof or refutation.) Yet to treat Giotto in these terms without reference to the way in which art may be supposed to develop (primarily?) in response to or reaction against other art, to ignore, for instance, the growing tendency towards naturalism in Gothic Art, is in a real sense to eliminate the artist himself. And to whatever extent art was produced under contract it was still not the rulers of the communes but the artists alone who devised volumetric form and the new space.

So too attempts to interpret intellectual movements in terms of "ruling-class consciousness" (a more limited, though still very broad, version of the *Zeitgeist*) *seem fraught with peril. If it be true, for instance, that enthusiasm for Platonism in the sixteenth century derived from "aggravated contradictions in social reality", it is not easy to understand why that Platonism should have been "reborn" and should have first flourished in a fifteenth-century Florence which is pictured as enjoying "a heightened hope and confidence in the material world".*

It must be granted however that in these difficult and often uncharted areas Professor Martines is one of a few lonely pioneers and provides us with important points of reference and discussion. In addition his wide learning offers us frequent sharp insights into the period: one thinks of his accounts of the "intimacy" of urban life, of the *popolo* movement (the fullest available in English); of the thought of Brunetto Latini and of the "Anonymous Genoese". With these come a remarkable series of vignettes from the life of the time: Genoese ladies with "beds like altars"; court huntsmen accompanied by trumpets and fifes; Cardinal Bone asking that his six-year-old son should close his letters to him with the phrase "obedient son and servitor"; and so on. Even those who may be sceptical of the author's general theses will still find here a great deal to instruct and entertain them.

This week in the Times Educational Supplement

WHO ARE THE REAL SERFS?

On the wings of an academic economics book, Terry ('Life of Brian') Jones leaps forward in time to examine the lot of the medieval peasant. He concludes that the modern peasant on £6,000 a year and living in Wimbledon will have to work far harder for his food and shelter.

Also this week we look at the uses and abuses of poetry competitions, and survey the work of the best of Britain's talented young illustrators.

Stones and their settings

By J. F. Hayward

YVONNE HACKENBROCH :
Renaissance Jewellery
424pp with 204 colour illustrations. Sotheby Parke Bernet. £55.
0 85667 056 1

This sumptuous book is the first to be devoted exclusively to what is historically the most significant and aesthetically the most creative period in European jewelry. It begins (unconventionally) with forty-five colour plates showing a comprehensive range of the finest sixteenth-century jewels. By a fortunate chance, Renaissance jewellery is better represented by surviving examples than that of succeeding periods. The typical Renaissance jewel was the work of the goldsmith as much as the jeweller; its appeal depended largely on the miniature sculpture of the figure subjects, whereas in all but the finest examples the precious stones themselves played a subordinate role. There was, therefore, less inducement to break the pieces up for re-setting, a fate which befell most jewels once the technique of facetting the diamond had been perfected.

Yvonne Hackenbroch's book is divided into six sections, covering Italy, France, Germany, The Netherlands, England and the Iberian Peninsula. In the course of twenty years of devoted research, Dr Hackenbroch has brought together every scrap of evidence which might help to establish the national origin of Renaissance jewels. Her system is to accompany each illustration of an extant jewel with a portrait of the period showing the sitter wearing a similar or, in a few fortunate cases, the same piece, and also an engraving upon which the design was based or to which it is related. The illustrations in the main body of the book thus provide a comprehensive survey of Renaissance portraiture and graphic design, including related areas such as Emblem Books, illuminated manuscripts and medals, as well as jewelry. The scholarly text is supported by a full apparatus of notes, bibliography and, a particularly valuable feature, extensive extracts from forty-one contemporary inventories covering each country discussed. These inventories range from one of the problems of jewelry history; such terms as *niederländische Arbeit, fatta alla tedescha* or *alla fiammingha* are very difficult to interpret, as we cannot be certain what the inventory clerk meant by them, nor whether they even had the same meaning in different inventories.

In seeking to identify the national character and origin of Renaissance jewels, Dr Hackenbroch has undertaken a challenging task. That there were local styles in jewelry there is no reason to doubt, but many circumstances militated against their persistence. First, all but the leading jewellers derived their designs from printed pattern books, mostly originating from Antwerp, Nuremberg and Augsburg, which travelled from city to city and tended to create a uniform style. Artists were often compelled to leave their home town and seek employment elsewhere because of plague, religious persecution, the death of a patron or other calamities: the Spanish Fury, for example, devastated Antwerp and sent skilled jewellers seeking work all over Western Europe. Finally, the patrons, who as a result of the enforcement of Sumptuary laws were mostly ruling princes or members of their court, were highly fashion-conscious and ordered jewels from abroad or summoned foreign artists to work for them. Even the Medici Grand-Dukes of Tuscany, with the Florentine masters at their service, employed German and Netherlandish jewellers. Only in the case of Spain is there sure ground for attributions, but the survival of the masterpiece drawings submitted by journeymen goldsmiths of Barcelona for admission to the guild. Even here the evidence is often confusing as some appear to be direct copies from contemporary Flemish or German pattern books.

Dr Hackenbroch has, nevertheless, grasped the nettle and, basing her deductions on the wealth of comparative evidence, grouped her material according to countries of origin. In the course of her studies she has developed a keenness of perception which not all can hope to achieve, for the distinction between some of the Italian and Spanish jewels she illustrates composed around figure subjects is hard to detect. Some of the most readily identifiable jewels are English, but even here there was much foreign influence, for Queen Elizabeth's chief jeweller, Master Spilman, was a German from Lindau, while Arnold Lulls, jeweller to James I's queen, and author of the pictorial inventory of her jewels, was Dutch. In one region, however, much progress in identification has been made: recent research in the Medici archives has thrown more light on Florentine jewellers' work, in particular the brilliant partnership of Bernardo Buontalenti and Jacopo Bilivert.

The gold *lazza* cover illustrated in the book raises a problem. It belonged to Queen Catherine de Medici and is pierced with the cypher of Henri II, King of France, the letter H combined with the letter C, and also with a second device usually interpreted as three interlaced crescent moons. The cypher has in the past been read as H and D instead of H and C, and thus to refer not to the Queen, but to Diane de Poitiers, the king's mistress; the crescent moon was also identified as her symbol. Another version of the cypher, shown on a bookbinding in one of the illustrations, is, however, clearly composed of the letters H and C. If the cypher refers to the Queen, is it conceivable that the same vessel could carry the device of Diane de Poitiers? The lazza is again included in the Exhibition "Firenze e la Toscana del Medici" where the crescents are correctly read as the letter C of Catherine de Medici.

The author does not deal in any detail with methods of manufacture, and for this reason might well have included in the Bibliography Fritz Falke's *Edelsteinschliff und Fassungsformen*, published in 1975, which contains much new information on this topic. Since the recent foundation in Britain of the Jewellery History Society, the study of jewellery has taken on a new life, and this book sets a standard which it will not be easy to maintain. It will be an essential tool for all students of the art of the Renaissance goldsmith and jeweller.

Renaissance Latin Poetry, edited by I. D. McFarlane (246pp, Manchester University Press £9.50. 0 06 494702 5), is the latest volume in the Literature in context series, under the general editorship of Douglas Brooks-Davies. One example of the neo-Latin Renaissance epigram speaks of "A woman's horis opportuna duabus: / cum lacet in thalamo, cum lanet in sumulo."

The philosophical mode

By C. B. Schmitt

PAUL OSKAR KRISTELLER :
Renaissance Thought and Its Sources
Edited by Michael Mooney
347pp. New York: Columbia University Press. $31.25.
0 231 04512 3

In a real sense Paul Oskar Kristeller is responsible for establishing Renaissance philosophy as a particular field of enquiry, at least among English-speaking scholars. As Professor of Philosophy at Columbia for more than forty years, he has written voluminously and lectured widely on the subject in several languages in many countries. Though his influence has been more evident among those working in other disciplines, it is important to underline his continued insistence that he has remained a professional philosopher concerned with the history of philosophy as an independent discipline. As one of his first students, Richard Popkin, pointed out several years ago, philosophers have significantly impoverished their subject by failing to realise the implication of Kristeller's method for their own work.

One of Kristeller's central theses has been that from the Renaissance down to the eighteenth century philosophy was often more closely linked with the humanities than with the sciences, even though the latter have become the almost universally accepted model for twentieth-century philosophizing. Consequently, some of his most important points—e.g. the relation of philosophy to classical philology, rhetoric and the historical disciplines—have fallen on the deaf ears of philosophers trained as highly competent but often narrow specialists in philosophy of science, logic, and formal linguistics. Historians and others, however, have frequently taken up his leads. Indeed, one can say without fear of contradiction that the influence exerted by Kristeller on the philosophico-intellectual side of Renaissance studies has been greater than that of any of his contemporaries. Though he has had fewer direct students than many lesser scholars, his teaching through indirect means has been remarkably broad and pervasive for two generations. There are few working in medieval cultural history who have not benefited from his erudition and generosity.

Kristeller's method is historical even though his form of expression has not generally been that favoured by historians, the book but that favoured by philosophers and scientists, the article. One of his brief monograph on Ficino (1929) and his subsequent book on Ficino (1943), his work is almost all appeared in article form more often than not derived from his many public lectures. Some of the best of these are now collected in a volume "edited" (the word is there used rather euphemistically) by Michael Mooney. The reprinted material (to which the new essays have been added) should now reach a younger generation of readers and make new converts for the uncompromisingly high standards set by Kristeller. The method of the essays involves first studying a carefully defined and manageable problem in depth and then relating the results to the general picture. Thus he examines the precision and care of the philosopher, while focusing upon historical problems, but he seldom falls prey to the temptation of extrapolating beyond his evidence or competence or pretending to solve the "big question".

The new material contained in this volume consists of three lectures under the title of "Philosophy and Rhetoric from Antiquity to the Renaissance". In these Kristeller examines again one of the themes for which he has become justly famous: the primary significance of rhetoric as a key to understanding Renaissance intellectual history. Here he traces the relation of rhetoric to philosophy from the time of the Sophists and Socrates down to the Renaissance, and casts an eye forward to the declining *fortuna* of rhetoric in more recent times.

Once again Kristeller shows himself to be a master of weaving together a convincing, but limited, synthesis based on extensive reading in a wide range of disciplines, and not only those favoured by the modern educational system. In fact, one of the keys to understanding the past which he has frequently stressed is that we must not remain passive victims of the modern division of knowledge. If we are to understand the past we must first of all look at it in its own terms—we cannot rely on modern textbooks or curricular organization to furnish us with all of the necessary means.

To study Renaissance philosophy the student must be conversant not only with the philosophical mode of argument, but also with such widely divergent fields as Latin, classical rhetoric, Ptolemaic astronomy and astrology, the magical arts, and medieval theology. Moreover, many of the most important facets of the subject are those which find no place in modern education. Some of what we learn from a study of Renaissance philosophy might be applicable to contemporary philosophical concerns, but it must first be studied and understood on its own terms. On the other hand, there are certainly continuities between past and present, but direct links of this kind must be carefully established through rigorous attention to the primary historical sources. Thus, the mere linking of ideas—the "history of ideas" approach—is not enough, since it does not adequately account for changing structures, vocabulary, and interactions.

These essays, like Kristeller's previous writings, will certainly continue to be read and to win new students to his method and, happily Kristeller continues to write and lecture in his retirement. What is unfortunate is that the philosophy department of Columbia University, amid much dithering and indecision, has not appointed a successor. Kristeller single-handedly established Columbia as the world centre for the study of Renaissance philosophy; now the tradition he started has been allowed to lapse.

Hemingway in action

By Masolino d'Amico

GIOVANNI CECCHIN :
Con Hemingway e Dos Passos sui campi di battaglia italiani della Grande Guerra
253pp. Milan: Mursia. L.10,000.

The thieves who stole Hadley Hemingway's handbag at the Gare de Lyon sometime around Christmas 1922, must be numbered among the many faceless benefactors of literature. The bag, which was lost for good, contained all but three of Hadley's husband's early short stories. At twenty-two Ernest Hemingway was thus confronted with the painful but healthy necessity of breaking away from his immature past and making a fresh start—with the results we all know.

Those same thieves were thus also the originators of the present book, Giovanni Cecchin's *Con Hemingway e Dos Passos sui campi di battaglia italiani della Grande Guerra*. Someone in America, who had heard of Cecchin as the author of *Invito alla lettura di Hemingway*, sent him a copy of an unpublished short story, "The Passing of Pickles McCarty", or "The Woppian Way". This was one of the three stories to survive the Paris theft, and the only one to be based on Hemingway's experiences on the Italian front during the First World War. It deals with a fictitious boxing champion, an Italian American who vanishes just before the crucial bout of his career. Scribe, a journalist who (like Hemingway) is driving a Red Cross ambulance, runs into him on the Italian front. Pickles is now an "Arditо": in other words he has joined that body of daredevil volunteers who were keen to become the backbone of the Fascist *squadracce*, and whose exploits seem to have immensely impressed the young Hemingway. Pickles describes those tough fighters to his old friend; and the following day Scribe himself has the chance of seeing them in action, during a battle at the Ponte San Lorenzo.

The story was written in the spring of 1919. It is not well written, even allowing for what may have been lost in Cecchin's translation (which is printed as an appendix in the volume together with eight contemporary pieces by Hemingway the journalist, from the *Kansas City Star*, the *Toronto Star Daily*, and *Ciao*, the paper of Section 4 of the ARC). But Cecchin was struck by the accuracy of its description of places and events which he himself was very much at home with; and he set himself the task of checking Hemingway's statements in the story, in his unpublished poetry, and in his other published work, against the actual geography of the area and the memories of survivors. He used the most sophisticated devices of modern scholarship—a computer at the State Archives in Washington set him straight, for example, about the activities of the American Red Cross in Italy; but he also began to travel the former theatre of war himself by car and on foot. He located the old billets of the ARC, and much more besides. He found a surprising number of people with first-hand recollections of the events, who were only too ready to share them with their interviewer over a glass of grappa. He went through private albums of photographs, and read long-forgotten letters and diaries.

Cecchin's book is not so much an account of his findings as the chronicle of his search. Through the portraits he gives us of many insignificant figures and episodes we get a very engaging, affectionate picture of how that largely forgotten war affected these places and lives; a small epic, as it were. Surprisingly, it all seems so close to us. More than sixty years later, people describe four years of misery as if they had happened only weeks before. The photographs which Cecchin prints are fascinating; the voices which he quotes, from letters, diaries and the like, still have an urgent, compelling ring.

He also resurrects some unforgettable characters. Lieutenant Edward McKey, for instance, who was killed in action—and who bears a close resemblance to Frederic Henry, the hero of *A Farewell to Arms*. Or Don Giuseppe Bianchi, the chaplain who baptized the wounded Hemingway and who gave him some surely disregarded good advice (although Bianchi was the one survivor from those days whom the writer wanted to see again during his Italian trip of 1927: he may have wanted spiritual assistance or, more likely, a record of that baptism, which he needed for his second—Catholic—marriage). Don Bianchi left some very touching notebooks in the abbey of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, one of which ends with the formula *Da pacem Domine in diebus nostris*. Cecchin suggests (as may have been said in conversation, and certainly it is recalled by *In Our Time*, the title of Hemingway's first collection of short stories).

Cecchin makes other connections too. He hints that Cesare Battisti, an irredentist whose execution by the Austrians was a talking point at the time, may have been the model for Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. And he has done a bit of detective work into the identity of the nurses in the Milan hospital where Hemingway was treated after being wounded in the leg by a grenade. Of course Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms* is a composite figure, for whom the dashing nineteen-year-old future author seems to have had several sitters. We all know all about Agnes von Kurowsky, with whom Hemingway fell in love and corresponded extensively (she was older and kept him at a distance, but she helped him to make up his mind at a turning point in his life, when he seemed inclined to hang on in Europe and become a spunger and a layabout). But he also addressed Elsie Jessup, a friend of Agnes's; and had a serious love affair with a hitherto mysterious Mercedes Turini (who might even have given him a son, now an unsuspecting lawyer in Turin according to an anonymous correspondent of the writer Mario Soldati). Cecchin has identified Miss Turini's face in a photograph. He also establishes the facts about Hemingway's famous wound. He got it through a lack of prudence and discipline, but he behaved gallantly under fire, and managed to save an Italian soldier's life. He deserved his silver medal.

Nothing very memorable seems to have happened in Italy on the other hand to John Dos Passos, who was on the same front and did briefly meet his fellow Chicagoan Ernest Hemingway, although in later life the two writers could never agree on the date or the place. Dos Passos's partially published notebooks describe little action and much rumbustiousness. He was one of the notorious ambulance-drivers on the Western Front whom the French authorities disliked so much (another was E. E. Cummings, who was sentenced to six months in a military gaol, vide *The Enormous Room*). His unit was broken up then allowed to cross the border and continue its operations on the Italian front. The drivers were in Milan by December, 1917, along with fifty brand-new Ford cars, "the gift of the American Poets" (who seem to have been much better off than their European confrères). From all accounts, they must have had a merry time of it until their final dismissal in May, 1918. Unlike Hemingway, Dos Passos made little use of this experience in his books.

Dandies among the ruins

By Virgil Nemoianu

OVIDIU COTRUS :
Opera lui Mateiu Caragiale
Bucharest: Minerva. 15.50 lei.

Mateiu Caragiale must have been a rather unlikeable individual. He was snobbish, cold and ambitious. He despised the gregarious habits and comic genius of his father (Romania's greatest nineteenth-century playwright) and according to one report let his mother die destitute in a stable. He invented an aristocratic ancestry for himself, dressed in an affected Edwardian manner, tried desperately to build a diplomatic career (and failed on a couple of foreign medals were all he had to show for his efforts), and finally settled for a *mariage d'intérêt* with a woman at least twenty years older than himself whose name and manor-house near Bucharest elevated him to the landed gentry. Thereafter he dedicated himself to studies of heraldry and genealogy. He died in 1936.

In spite of his aloof and disagreeable character, Mateiu attracted a small and distinguished literary following even during his lifetime. After his death his reputation grew, and although for a while the Communist authorities in Romania frowned on his work, his name now seems firmly implanted in literary history, as well as among readers at large—an idea that might have horrified him. The reason is that his affectations, when projected as literary images, give radical expression to a tradition typical in Romanian culture, of setting aesthetic values above moral or political ones.

Influenced by Barbey d'Aurevilly, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Huysmans, and ultimately Baudelaire and Poe, Caragiale evoked a world of mysterious, extravagant dandies, whose life is a continuous affront to a meaningless present. The leading characters in his main work (the title of which might be translated as "The Knights of the Ruined Court") include Pasadia, descended from the aristocracy and a former statesman, who becomes a bitter, disdainful cynic, pursuing vice and debauchery with gloomy ardour and impeccable elegance; and Pantazi, the immensely rich descendant of Mediterranean pirates, an adventurer and experimentalist, a technician of hedonism, serene and gracious, sensitive in matters of business or of honour, but not to good and evil. In what has often been read as a satire on an unstable, unprincipled and unstructured society "at the gates of the Orient" (Romania before the First World War), these dandies find themselves guided and ultimately superseded by Pirgu, a gambler and procurer of keen intelligence, who is without scruple and knowledgeable in the ways of sin and infamy.

Ovidiu Cotrus is a Romanian critic who suffered political persecution (in the 1950s he spent a number of years in jail); the present book, which appeared while he was dying, is the only one he published. It is also the best book so far written about Caragiale. Cotrus finds himself in a difficult position. He is sensitive to the moral dilemmas posed by Caragiale's work and takes an obvious delight in exposing his sly attempts at disguise and in pointing to ironic contradictions in the behaviour of his characters. At the same time Cotrus is quick to emphasize the unsurpassed suggestiveness and glitter of Caragiale's language. He analyses the imaginary pilgrimages which the heroes make through a crepuscular eighteenth century, whose refinement is feverishly enhanced by impending gloom, or over the perfumed, oleaginous waves of the South Seas; and a new and more problematic Caragiale emerges: one who is not an unqualified admirer of his heroes, but suspects perhaps that aesthetic challenge is both a part of and an expression of an ugly society. Cotrus's book is demystifying, almost hostile to Caragiale, but it makes a good case study of a cultural epoch marked by a fomenting fear and dislike of historical reality. It also suggests that a close reading of other European aesthetes might lead to surprising discoveries (both pleasant and unpleasant) being made behind the brilliant façade of their prose.

Early Romance Texts: An Anthology, edited by Rodney Sampson (339pp. Cambridge University Press. £22.50. 0 521 22260 5) includes texts from all Romance-speaking areas, beginning in the west with Portuguese-Galician texts and ending with Romanian texts in the east. The texts are of a length suitable for linguistic commentary and the anthology is aimed at students of the history of Romance languages, offering them a large selection of material for study and enabling them to acquire a first-hand knowledge of the early stages of Romance. A detailed glossary is also provided which includes most individual verb forms occurring in the texts.

MARTIN ROBERTSON

Radical Issues in Criminology
Edited by PAT CARLEN and MIKE COLLISON
An important re-examination of central issues in criminology, including juvenile justice, criminal violence, civil liberties, police powers and justice in prisons. The emphasis throughout is on specific problems and possible solutions, providing a welcome counterbalance to recent libertarian and utopian trends in criminology.
June case £12.95 paper £4.95

Dilemmas of the Curriculum
G. H. BANTOCK
Professor Bantock has engaged in a challenging confrontation with the problems facing curricula in schools today. This book will play a leading part in the debate about the direction of comprehensive education in the 1980s.
Issues and Ideas in Education Series
July case £9.95 paper £3.95

Money, Finance and Development
P. J. DRAKE
This comprehensive and clearly written textbook provides a framework for examining monetary and financial conditions in any developing economy, backed up with a wide range of applied studies of individual developing countries.
August case c. £15.00

Behaviorism and Schooling
I. S. STEINBERG
What relevance do behavioural techniques have for practising educationalists? This is a critical discussion of the values which underlie all attempts to condition behaviour and performance in schools.
Issues and Ideas in Education Series
August case £8.50

Administering Britain
BRIAN SMITH and JEFFREY STANYER
Available August paper c. £3.95

Understanding Local Government
JEFFREY STANYER
Available August paper c. £3.95

Both these standard textbooks for the study of public administration are reissued in paperback.

Folk Devils and Moral Panics
STAN COHEN



A new edition of a classic work in deviance studies, with an important new introduction that traces the most recent developments in youth cultures.
August case c. £12.00 paper c. £3.95

The Bureaucratic Leviathan
MARIA HIRSZOWICZ
A fascinating analysis, enriched by the author's firsthand experience, of the dominant feature of communist societies in E. Europe — the all-pervading bureaucracy which grips every aspect of public life.
August case c. £10.95

NEW IN PAPERBACK:

The Hidden Economy
STUART HENRY
"A unique, readable (and sometimes humorous) venture into all the crooks and nannies of amateur fencing . . . the best available book on this topic." — *Judith Ditton, International Journal of the Sociology of Law*
July case £9.50 paper £3.95

108 Cowley Road Oxford OX4 1JF

MR

VISION
Just Published!
Paperback Editions of:

THE ART OF EMILY BRONTË
edited by Anne Smith
(248pp/0 85478 354 7/£3.95)

LAWRENCE AND WOMEN
edited by Anne Smith
(217pp/0 85478 364 4/£3.75)

SCOTT FITZGERALD
by Thomas J. Stavola
(176pp/0 85478 374 1/£3.25)

Vision Press Ltd.,
11-14 Stanhope Mews West, London SW7 5RD

Two kinds of truth

By Guy Clifford

ANJA MOULENBELT :
The Shame Is Over
A political life story
Translated by Ann Oosthuizen
275pp. The Women's Press. £2.95.
0 7043 38548

This is a book which has many engaging qualities : the author is likeable, and her struggles and fights and self-mockeries in escaping from truly appalling conditions, and the resentment bred by them, are very cheering. The tone and the few factual episodes ring true, whether she is talking about her pregnancy at sixteen and precipitate and numbing marriage, or her fights with the double-think of the social security system, or the exhilaration of her great love-affair with a woman, in which at last pleasure and affection are not confused by power struggles. The end of the book, or rather the present self who is able write the book and its end, is happy. Not soppy-happy or fantasy into-the-sunset happy, but wry and self-possessed and able to laugh.

The structure is of a series of passages written in the present, while the author is on holiday in France, interspersed with her life of the preceding fifteen years : cold northern towns, domestic drudging, masculine bullying and betrayals, a feminist camp (which sounds almost too radiant to be true), and finally a peculiarly feminine betrayal. It is really "My Life and Loving" more than a public political autobiography : but no matter, we all know that politics seeps into the domestic, and that power shapes even our erotic life.

The book is cast almost entirely in the historic present, and I think this can be irritating—why no dates, why no nuance of tenses? No one possesses their life absolutely and immediately in the present, yet this is the trick or illusion of sentences beginning "I hear from my supervisor that a request has come", or "You know, I say," or "With a few words we are once again incorporated"—sentences which we then learn belong to ten or five or two years ago. The influence here is probably Anaïs Nin, whose *Journals* affect the same detachment from the demands of the chronological sense.

The people are mostly those loved by Anja Moulenbelt. The disadvantage of this is that everyone becomes an object in the least specific way available to literature. I wanted to know more about their looks, gestures, and their way of working and thinking ; not how they loved or were loving, but why.

It is a recurrent problem with autobiography that it itches at our attachment to two different and not always reconcilable kinds of truth : the truth of quotidian reportage and the truth of the imagination. Perhaps that this book is satisfying in the former way—the life-picture of a person who doesn't claim to be great—and not in the latter, is a sign of its strength. Women have needed to resist the enticements of literary imaginings more than most men—for those imaginings so often turn out to be ways of suggesting that women need to be something other than themselves. Ms Moulenbelt has attempted to make literature while avoiding conventional forms, and the result is a little over-confessional, but never unlikeable.

Prospects for mangoes

By Zachary Leader

ERIC BERGER :
Another Guggenheim
175pp. Hutchinson. £5.95.
0 09 142350 3

Jack Lerman, the hero of Eric Berger's intermittently amusing first novel, is an English research chemist and industrial consultant newly arrived in the Central American Republic of Tremolada. Lerman's company, Resource Control Associates, has sent him to Tremolada to fill in for an ailing agronomist, its recently hired adviser to the Ministry of Development. Though Lerman knows nothing about agronomy, nor about the promotion of new export industries in Central America, neither (he is relieved to learn) does his company's client, the Ministry's suavely dapper and Europeanised Dr Jeronimo. Jeronimo spends his office hours drinking innumerable cups of black coffee, reading novels, intercepting Lerman's desultory attempts at work (a feeble struggle with *Prospects for Mangoes in the North American Market*, Volume 7 of a previous and more energetic consultant's ten-volume report), and dropping names ("Did Lerman admire the New French Novel of Durds and Robbe-Grillet? . . . Had he read Lévi-Strauss on kinship and Emil Durkheim on suicide?").

Only Theodore Rivkin, the figurative "other Guggenheim" of the novel's title, knows and cares about what the Ministry should be doing. Rivkin, a squalid, aging Polish-Israeli "food technologist", dreams of the wonders of papaya, the large-scale processing of which, he believes, holds the key to his own and Tremolada's fortune.

It was the food the world had waited for. The yearning masses need yearn no longer. T. Rivkin had dreamt up, developed, plagiarized, an incredible variety of lines. Everyone was catered for. There was papaya ice-cream. There was smoked papaya in deep batter. There were papaya chunks in syrup and an exotic papaya fruit cocktail.

Though the novel begins on this somewhat flatly humorous note, it soon grows more solemn. Rivkin is meant to represent "raw Zoluesque energy", and his effect on the diffident and abstracted Lerman ("Big, sandyhaired, soft-bellied, alert-but-somewhere-else Lerman") is the novel's subject. At the beginning, Lerman is mostly appalled, his sense of Rivkin swamped (so to speak) by wafts of peripheral decay, relentless farting, soiled underclothes, ammoniacal socks ; as well as by a comparably reburbative and intrusive personality. Rivkin, unlike Lerman, *is all there*, intensely corporeal, insistent, crowding, nudging. His concerns, moreover, are wholly material : no waffling on about culture or principles, nothing but crude, sweaty, pushy energy and ambition. Those qualities Lerman gradually comes to admire.

If Rivkin is a dreamer, Lerman is merely dreamy—"of life, but not in it", only half worried about the half-heartedness of his commitments to his work, to his wife, to "culture". By the novel's end, though, he pulls himself together, thanks in part to the example of Rivkin, one of those fools whose "stupid" words, like those of Gogol's Nozdryov, from the novel's epigraph, are "sometimes sufficient to upset an intelligent man". Rivkin's offence to Lerman, in other words, is to make him feel, to quote again from the epigraph, "exactly as if he had stepped into a filthy, stinking puddle with a beautifully polished boot". This is meant to be all to the good, since, according to Lerman, it "made concrete—nakedly, unescapably—that life was *this* and not *that*". Hence our final image of the newly roused hero "squelching" along "in waterlogged shoes, open to the heavens".

There are several problems with all this. The first is that Rivkin is so repellent, his virtues, for this reader at least, overwhelmed by all the "coffee-burping", the flatulence, the "blob of houmus on his upper lip". Embracing life, warts and all, is one thing; embracing Rivkin is quite another, and something Rivkin-like hangs about a great deal of this novel, like "the odour of stewed meat [that] had taken up permanent residence in the mouthpiece" of Lerman's phone. Then there's the novel's treatment of matters artistic or intellectual. Embracing Rivkin (or "life") seems at times to involve a rejection of art or culture, so that one sign of Lerman's new-found engagement is that "For the first time, [he] had come out with no paperback poet in his pocket". Poetry, here and elsewhere, is crudely equated with escape; Lerman "felt better" with the poets, they "allowed him to think about life, life in general, without thinking about *his* life". This distrust, one suspects, is as much Berger's as his hero's, of a piece with the superficiality of the novel's study (and not always apt or comprehensible) literary references and quotations, and the crudeness of its construction (the several fashionable but unnecessary dislocations of narrative or time sequence, for example). "Art" in this novel is something stuck in or added on; hence the ease with which its claims are dissociated from the business of living.

Hearts of darkness

By David Wilson

BARRIE HUGHES :
Tribal Chieftains
180pp. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. £5.95.
0 297 77798 X

For young Nicholas Hill, South Africa is a place much like his native Australia, "with different problems and complexions but with the same old reptiles, insects and earthy-thumic indigenes". Nicholas is innocent beyond his years. Out on the veldt, where he has joined a Mickey Mouse oil exploration team, he listens to an African and begins to understand that the idea of a Dark Continent has been merely a conceit of the white man's. For Barrie Hughes, himself an Australian, his hero's sentimental education is a means of demonstrating that South Africa is a place not like any other.

The oil camp is a multi-national company of drifters. There is a Texan with an appetite to match his outsize stetson (and a mind as empty), whose method of testing his men is to ply them with beans soaked in tobasco sauce—an initiation by fire in the mouth. There are two former mercenaries, endlessly relishing stock horror tales from the Congo. The Afrikaners in camp, the proud, stubborn and sullen, built in the mould of their trekker forebears. Another American has wandered the world like a prairie cowboy, staking claims where the action is. On the perimeters is an Indian shopkeeper, who despises the blacks, exploits the whites, and displays "the traditional obsequiousness of the Indian merchant". Character, in this novel, is stamped like a Tahiti motif.

Nicholas is blended in this rough company. He is the novel's conscience, the voice of reason in a society closed to reason. The oil camp is a microcosm of a land where the right skin-colour means that, without trying, you are one step ahead of 80 per cent of the population. Barrie Hughes makes—states—this point at regular intervals, pausing only for Nicholas's further education on leave in Durban, where he falls in love with a part-time prostitute. Here, as they sit in a cinema watching *The Sound of Music* and the girl pops chocolates into his mouth, Nicholas muses about life in the camp, which "seemed to be lived on the edge of that shore which fringed the sea of discovery". This naive and sentimental lover has yet to learn the distancing of irony ; and so has his creator. Back in camp the boredom is relieved by drinking and dummy Russian roulette. Nicholas goes for a cleansing swim in the ocean.

Violence is the predictable release. Real bullets kill an African shepherd boy, and the simmering volcano which is the novel's underlying (and heavily underlined) metaphor explodes in a rush of schematic action. The whiting picks up here, there with a reasonably diverting account of the cyclone which portends the blood-letting climax. Or at least one is less aware of the novel's stylistic stutter, characterized by an aversion to apostrophes ("the eyes of Ed") keep meeting the silence of Nicholas") which seems less a writer's tic than an author's affectation.

Whether to act

By Peter Norman

JOHN WILES :
Homelands
233pp. Constable. £6.95.
0 09 463310 x

Warren Linden is a fairly successful theatre director who is invited at short notice to Dusseldorf to direct *Lazlo*, a political allegory by a maverick left-wing playwright. His view of the play (he has already directed it in England) is that it is artistically interesting, but of dubious political merit. In the course of his visit to Germany, however, he is forced to reassess not only his judgment of the work itself, but also his own professional, political and sexual identity.

Linden is South African by birth (as is the author of *Homelands*, John Wiles) but has lived in England since 1949. England is in every sense his adopted homeland, but he views despairingly its ingrained, smug complacency. His feeling for South Africa is one of nostalgia for his childhood, heavily laced with a double-edged guilt : he feels guilty for being a white South African, especially since English people tend to assume he is a supporter of the present regime, and at the same time guilty for not having stayed, like his old friend Noel, to fight the system. (This seems to be a recurrent theme in South African fiction : the protagonists of André Brink's *Rumours of Rain* and C. J. Driver's *Elegy for a Revolutionary*, for example, have similarly courageous friends active in the black liberation movement.)

Linden initially finds much to admire in Germany : the state-subsidized theatre is efficient, well-attended, and seems accepted as an integral part of life ; his actors respond to him warmly and involve themselves deeply in the production (in contrast with the camp cynicism he has encountered in England). As the rehearsals progress, however, political tensions rise to the surface. In the climate of post-Baader-Meinhof Germany, *Lazlo* is a political hot potato, and the everyday piece of radical rhetoric it was seen as in England. Linden receives subtle threats from the neo-Nazi right, there is pressure within the theatre to cancel the play for the sake of a quiet, state-subsidized life, and he begins to perceive that he must take up a stand on one side or the other.

In this country where political positions are clear-cut and in deadly earnest he is reminded of his original "homeland", and feels strangely remote from his adopted one, where politics is treated as a game, to be played cynically by politicians and apathetically by the public. "In England, politics is something you keep only for your General Election every five years", he is told by Kleinert, the right-wing industrialist. In fact Wiles's novel seems intended to serve as a salutary reminder to British readers that in most parts of the world moral and political choices are part of the fabric of everyday life. His protagonist discovers that typically English reaction—what ? It's only a play, after all—is not an available one in a society where everything is potentially political, including art.

Politics even enters the sphere of personal relationships, and as the novel progresses we realise that "homeland" is intended to suggest a private as well as a public domain ; Linden's confusion about where he belongs is mirrored in the chaotic state of his private life. Many years ago he has had a brief but intense homosexual affair with Noel, who still writes periodically to urge him to return to South Africa, telling him about the "homelands," now being created as instant ghettoes for the blacks ; England Linden has an estranged wife and two children, and is living with another woman, Karen, and her daughter. The latter has just had an abortion, maintaining a attitude of infuriating indifference throughout. This is clearly meant as a symbol of the carelessly destructive decadence of modern Britain ; indeed, Wiles discourages the reader slightly in the opening chapters with his insistently gloomy portrait of London : "The West End seemed to be full of strikes ... schoolteachers ... several of the buildings in the Strand seemed to be falling down ... officials in Waterloo) whined, 'Don't ask us. We only work here' . . . the floor of the carriage was ankle-deep in plastic cups. . .".

Not surprisingly, Linden sees Germany as an escape and plunges headlong into two affairs: one with Eva, an actress, and the other with Tayeb, a Turkish street-boy. Tayeb's family are migrant workers, and this adds another strand to the "homeland" theme: Germany has its own underprivileged and disenfranchised racial groups. When Tayeb finally pays the price for his involvement in the shadowy political manoeuvres going on around him, Linden finds the commitment he needs to produce an adapted version of the play which will genuinely shock the audience. he can drag the play through to opening night.

John Wiles has woven together his thematic threads skilfully, the pace of the novel never falters, apart from the rather crusty opening scenes) and the simple tension created by its basic framework will the play go ahead or not ? makes it compulsively readable. The texture of the theatrical setting seems, to an outsider at least, very authentic. The complex exploration of the "homeland" metaphor is effortlessly carried out. In the end, Linden has to make a choice ; he can remain in Germany with Eva, return to England and Karen, follow Noel's exhortation to return to South Africa, or make a fresh start by taking up professional invitations to Canada or California (the New World ?). It is a measure of this novel's integrity that one should care about his choice.

Criminal proceedings

JAMES McCLURE :
The Blood of an Englishman
270pp. Macmillian. £5.50.
0 333 28610 3

Another gripping chapter in the saga of those stalwarts of the Trekkersburg police, Lieutenant Tromp Kramer and his Bantu sidekick, Sergeant Zondi. Here they investigate the murder of Bonzo Hookham, former RAF type who has come from Hampshire to Trekkersburg to visit relations, only to be set upon, apparently by a giant, who proceeds, following the rhyme, to grind his bones.

For the time being James McClure has abandoned the more serious vein of his last novel, *The Sunday Hangman*. But at the same time he has given himself more elbow-room: *The Blood of an Englishman* is longer than previous books, and this makes possible another convolution or two in the plot, deeper, fuller characterization, and more richly ornamented detail.

Even, possibly, some irrelevancies. But the whole is so good it would be nit-picking to suggest that the inclusion of pretty hairdresser Elsa Huyes—with whom Kramer falls in love—is a pointless sentimentality which is, in any case, given the lie by the overall mood: rough, tough and rudely funny. Only James McClure would describe Bonzo's progress through his autopsy thus: "He lay unzipped from pubic arch to jaw bone, and looked as though he was passing through Customs. Zealous rummaging had left his colourful contents in gay disorder . . .".

SIMON BRETT :
The Dead Side of the Mike
176pp. Collancz. £4.95.
0 575 02851 3

Charles Paris, Simon Brett's ageing actor hero, has a spell of being the Mystery Voice on a radio programme, *The Showbiz Quiz*. No raves notices for this performance, maybe, but a chance to prop up the bar at the BBC club and become involved in a couple of murders. Light, neat and entertaining, especially in its recreation of the BBC scene—not too difficult a target, though.

T. J. Binyon

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

BASIC PRINT EDITOR

The smooth flow of Penguin's sales depends on an accurate catalogue and well produced promotional material. There is a vacancy in our Marketing Department for a Copy Editor who will be responsible for making sure that we get these things right.

Formal qualifications are not essential and age is immaterial but the ideal candidate will have a meticulous eye for detail and must demonstrate flawless spelling and grammatical English as well as having an interest in computer-assisted cataloguing.

The position is based in our Kings' Road, SW10 office.

In addition to the salary which will reflect expérience, we offer 75p per day Luncheon Vouchers and four weeks holiday per annum.

Please write enclosing details of your career to date to:
Jen Latham, Personnel Manager,
Penguin Books Limited,
Bath Road, Harmondsworth,
Middlesex.

PENGUIN BOOKS LIMITED

DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY REGIONAL COUNCIL
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
LIBRARY SERVICE

LIBRARIAN

£4,581-£5,130

plus an allowance for Saturday and irregular hours working

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the post of librarian based Dalbeattie. The person appointed will be in charge of Dalbeattie Branch Library which has recently been modernised and extended. Responsibility also includes the professional administration of Castle Douglas and Dairy branch libraries.

Further information can be obtained from the Regional Librarian (Telephone 0387 Dumfries 3820).

Disabled persons applying for this post should state the nature of their disability.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names of two referees to the Regional Personnel Officer, Dumfries and Galloway Regional Council, Council Offices, Dumfries DG1 2DD, not later than 15 August, 1980. Canvassing directly or indirectly will disqualify.

Details of all advertising categories carried in the TLS Classified Advertisement Pages may be obtained from
The Advertisement Manager,
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Times Newspapers Ltd.,
P.O. Box No. 7,
New Printing House Square,
Gray's Inn Road,
London WC1X 8EZ
Telephone : 01-837 1234 Extension 437.

LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK

DEPARTMENTAL PERSONNEL OFFICER

Salary up to £9,300 inclusive

Based in East Dulwich, you will be required to provide a Personnel Service to the 300 staff of the 21 locations in the busy Libraries and Museums Department of this South London Borough. Reporting to the Borough Librarian and Curator (but linked to the Central Personnel Department) you will be required to deal with recruitment, training, industrial relations, welfare, etc, and to contribute to policy formulation. We require qualifications in library and/or personnel work, preferably with experience in local government at a senior level.
Normal Local Government Conditions of Service apply, including 26 days holiday, season ticket purchase scheme and assistance with relocation in approved cases.
Telephone 01-701 2870 any time for an application form, or write on a postcard to The Personnel Officer, London Borough of Southwark, 27 Peckham Road SE5 8UB. Please quote ref : TLS/7/1667 and job title. Closing date : 29.8.80.

Cheshire

Deputy Director of Libraries and Museums

£12,606—£13,542

Re-advertisement

The Deputy Director of Libraries and Museums is responsible to the Director for the management of all library and information services administered by Cheshire County Council.
Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with considerable experience of library management at a senior level.
Relocation expenses will be paid in accordance with the Council's Scale.
Application forms and further particulars from the
Principal Personnel Officer,
Cheshire County Council,
County Hall, Chester. CH1 1SF.
Tel: (0244 602272)
Closing date 15th August, 1980.
Previous applicants need not re-apply

T.L.S.

CLASSIFICATIONS AND RATES

The Times Literary Supplement accepts classified advertising under the following headings :—

Appointments Vacant	Books and Prints
Archivists	Business Services
Educational	Courses
General	Educational
Librarians	For Sale and Wanted
Public and University	Lectures and Meetings
Publishing	Literature
Appointments Wanted	Personal
Other categories	Holidays and Travel
Sales and Auctions	Entertainments
	Exhibitions

The advertisement rates are :—

Display on Classified Pages

Single column centimetre	£5.20
Minimum space : 9cm × s.c.	£46.80

Copy date
7 days preceding publication

Lineage

All classifications	£1.00 per line
Minimum 3 lines	£3.00
Box numbers	£1.50

Contact Marie Corbett
The Times Literary Supplement,
P.O. Box 7,
New Printing House Square
Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ.
Tel : 01-837 1234, Ext. 437

Trainee Librarian

£3990-£5784

Applicants should have completed the Library Association Final Examination (or equivalent) and may be seeking a post which will provide the necessary supervised experience for admission to the Register of Chartered Librarians. Appointment will be made within the Authority's Librarian Career Grade (AP2/4) at a point dependent upon qualifications and experience.
Application forms and further details from Director of Leisure and Recreation (Staffing Section), 3 St. James's Road, Dudley, West Midlands (Tel: Dudley 55433, Ext. 5427/8), returnable by 9th August 1980.

DUDLEY Metropolitan Borough

Senior Library Assistant

£4,971 - 25,520

Applications are invited from qualified Librarians to act as third in charge of a busy District Library (Kidbrooke, S.E.3) and take responsibility for work with children.

Application forms and job description from the Borough Librarian and Curator, Greenwich Library, Woolwich Road, London SE10 0RL (Tel : 01-858 6656). Closing date : 8th August, 1980.

The Council is an equal opportunities employer. All applicants will be considered, irrespective of sex or country of origin.

GREENWICH

Central Regional Council

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Assistant Librarian

Falkirk College of Technology

Salary : A.P. I to III : £4,356-£5,973 (National Salary Award Pending)
Thirty-five-hour, five-day week, Monday to Friday
Application forms can be obtained from the Director of Education and completed applications should be returned within 15 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE POLYTECHNIC
Madeley, nr. Crewe, Cheshire

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(TEMPORARY)

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for a temporary post of Assistant Librarian at the Madeley site of the Polytechnic. The post has been established initially for six months and the Assistant Librarian will be in charge of a small re-classification and re-classification project.
Salary £3,408-£4,470 (Ref)-£4,130 per annum. (Maximum for Chartered Librarians £4,581 per annum.)
This is re-advertisement and previous applicants will automatically be reconsidered.
Application forms and further particulars are available from the Establishment Officer, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, College Road, Stoke-on-Trent ST4 2DE. Telephone : S.o.T. (0782) 45531.
Closing date : August 8, 1980.